Hail To The Magnanimous One!

Charanik

English translation of the Bengali book "Oi Mahamanab Ashe"

Hail...To the Magnanimous One!

[Preface to the latest edition of "Oi Mahamanab Ashe" in Bengali]

"Oi Mahamanab Ashe" the Bengali book [whose English translation is *"Hail...to the Magnanimous One!"*] was first published in two volumes. The writings in the first volume were published earlier in the Bengali monthly periodical "Jayasree" from January 1963 to January 1973 and the second volume contained articles published between September 1973 and January 1982. The first volume contained Jayasree editorials by Smt Leela Ray, quotes of Mahakal and related articles written by Charanik. The first edition of the second volume as well as the reprint of the second edition had long been exhausted and there were repeated demands for reprints of the book from the readership. Meanwhile several articles of Charanik had been published in the "Jayasree" between 1982 and 2002. In 2003 the consolidated edition of "Oi Mahamanab Ashe" was published. An extended edition was finally published in 2010 which incorporated the writings of Charanik appearing in Jayasree between 2004 to April 2010. Mahakal does not believe in anything incomplete, he is a worshipper of the whole.

According to Charanik, the compilation of the sayings of Mahakal is an intellectual fountainhead for regular study. Those studying it regularly have experienced the innate power of his words. Charan is eternally and completely engrossed in the preaching and spreading the powerful message borne herein to the best of his ability.

Publisher.

Publisher's note.

In the editorials of Smt Leela Ray in the Bengali monthly "Jayasree" from January 1963 till January 1968 of which she was the founder editor one could hear the indistinct footsteps, the footsteps that were distinctly heard by Deshnetri Leela Ray herself. Her startled mind had responded thus:

"Events sudden and unexpected
The ever impossible embodies itself
In form of the ever possible."

With time the footsteps became faster in her editorials. Perhaps, drawing a clue from these footsteps she had forewarned her trusted colleagues in April 1965 "**Lakhs of people will cross over the border from East Bengal into India"**. Following this clue, she had visited the border in the month of May 1965 despite ill health and infirmity. Thereafter from February 1968 she fought a prolonged struggle with illness for twenty-nine months. Her last editorial came out in January 1968. Thereafter words ceased flowing out from her pen forever.

These footsteps in the pages of Jayasree continued to echo and reverberate and in January 1970, they started appearing in the writings of Charanik. In the Durga Puja edition of the same year his words took the form of "Bajra Bani" or the '**Thundering message**'. Since then Mahakal's "Bajra Bani" have been appearing uninterrupted in Charan's writings in the pages of "Jayasree".

Questions have been raised in different quarters regarding the identity of "Mahakal" referred to in the pages of "Jayasree". From which unknown corner of the universe are his messages reaching us? What is their chronological sequence?

"Mahakal", like the midday sun is self-manifesting. It would be insane trying to introduce him. None can muster that courage.

In the dawn of India's history, a human being, courage and strength personified but in dire spiritual and moral dilemma had asked his guide in sheer bewilderment "who are you?" Instantly came the reply, "Kaloham Asmi" – I am Mahakal. The Mahakal who shall guide the nation torn asunder by intrigue and conflict and its rudderless humanity which has lost its sense of direction. The message of Mahakal that is an echoing murmur now shall most certainly spread all over the world. The Colossus is coming, "Oi Mahamanab Ashe" is the result of a collection of attempts at offering tributes at the footsteps of Mahakal, which, needless to say, fall short of perfection.

We express our gratitude to the publication "*Jayasree*" for permission to publish its articles.

Publisher

20-A, Prince Gholam Muhammad Road,
Kolkata-700026.
Baisakh 1, 1380.

Second print: Publisher's note.

The first print has long been out of stock. Despite repeated requests by readers inspired by 'Mahakal' we have not been able to bring out a reprint of "Oi Mahamanab Ashe" for unavoidable reasons. The first part contains the material which had been published earlier. The second part consists of columns of Charanik on 'Mahakal' that have been published in the subsequent issues of *Jayasree.*

'Oi Mahamanab Ashe'

The question is doing its rounds everywhere. The eternal question has several tentative answers, but no unanimous conclusion. There is no end to worldwide speculation about the life of a great human being. The "Reappearance" of someone will be the reward for a lifetime of sacrifice at the altar of ideals for some and for others the result of despair, pain and frustration.

The rustling of new leaves and chirping of birds in spring shall herald his return along with his evergreen poetic soul. The message of his coming had inspired the lady revolutionary leader; and that was reflected in her writings 1963 onwards. The message of his coming is echoing all around. Charanik is engaged in expressing these thoughts through his writings. He believes that the compilation of articles bearing this underlying message will inspire the entire nation to rise in firm resolve and shake off all feelings of inferiority and inertia and spur the nation to a new life and the emergence of a new and united India.

23rd January, 1973.

Charanik.

Translator's note: The words in **bold** are Bengali words in the original book which appear in bold. The words in *Italics* are the words which are in English in the original book. The words in ***bold and italics*** are expressions of Mahakal in English in the original book. The translators have tried their best to translate the original book written in archaic and poetic Bengali, the diction of which at places does not have an exact counterpart in English. Needless to say, their ability to do the job to its perfection fell short of the optimum, for which most they beg the reader's pardon in all humility. The need for translating the original work to English arose from the urge to let the rest of India know what has hitherto been known only to a select Bengali readership,

Translated by:
Dr Shankar Kumar Chatterjee.
& Shri Rajat Chakravarty.

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First volume

Where are those who shall respond?

Strange coincidence it is indeed. Never in India's history in several thousand years has she been subject to such national humiliation and degradation. The Chinese invasion with its suddenness has rudely jolted the nation from its state of complacency pathetically exposing its cowardice, passivity and abject unpreparedness. It has paid the price with a disastrous military defeat. The nation has been steeped in rhetoric of utopian idealism, vainglorious self righteousness, shameless contrast between precept and practice, self centred leadership with a blinkered vision, all pervading corruption and an abject lack of political will. Bereft of vision and direction, the nation has embarked on the high road to disaster. The storm that struck it has blown away the accumulated dust and shaken the country to its foundations. Alas, people in deep sleep behind closed doors seemed to wake up for a while raising hopes of an awakening, only to fall asleep once again laying to rest all hopes of reawakening and reorganisation. .

Who will wake this nation up from its slumber? Thunderous roars herald the appearance of two profiles on the horizon. Within a space of less than one week the birth centenary of a Saint-Warrior and the sixty sixth birth anniversary of the Warrior-Saint were celebrated. Is it mere coincidence?

What a great concordance in mentalities, personalities and their contributions to the nation! The Indian landmass is crisscrossed by paths trodden by saints and ascetics of every category but something like this has probably never been seen before. Also, such a passionately patriotic duo of firebrand freedom fighters is also hardly to be found in Indian history. This is a unique combination of a predecessor-mentor and his pupil-successor. The lives of both are burning examples of defiance and protest against ideological bankruptcy, hypocrisy, selfish attitudes and complacency.

Both of them have infused the cult of strength to India negating all endeavours from those quarters which want to make India weak by making it embrace an effete, passive and defeatist outlook. Man making is in the philosophy of both, men pure of heart with muscles of iron, nerves of steel along with razor sharp discernment and above all, undying love for the downtrodden and dispossessed underdog. One of them first lit the spark of socialism in India while the other first thought of rebuilding an India firmly rooted on her ancient heritage but tailored to the needs of the present. Both chose a path striking a balance between the past and

the present. Examples of such nation builders appearing in succession are rare. The coincidence therefore is so significant. Has the nation realised its importance? Has it been able to prepare itself to respond to the call of these lives led so exemplarily? Time has perhaps still not run out. May their lives awaken the nation from its slumber. May they beckon the nation on the path of truth, courage, sacrifice and service to mankind.

Time, perhaps has still not run out.

[20.1.1963]

Editorial, Jayasree, Pous, 1369(1963)

The sleepless night bird keeps a lonely vigil.

Jayasree has stepped into its twenty-eighth year of publication. It has been witness to the footprints of time that a multitude of events, unbearable insults and trauma, sacrifices of the many young lives fired with patriotic zeal who have left their imprints on the nation in its journey. Jayasree has been there all along as a witness. He appeared at the eastern frontier of the country after traversing half the breadth of the world, full of reassurance and hope. The fortune of India appeared to smile. The entire nation had waited with bated breath.

The nation's fate hung in balance. Suddenly India's skies were overcast by pitch dark clouds. The bright hopes seemed to be lost. The leadership tired of fighting and overcome by the lust for power treated national interests as dispensable pawns. The cries from the divided and blood soaked nation rent asunder the skies above India. It is a forgotten chapter after sixteen years of independence. The future is the subject of the scholar's research. Who bothers to remember the terrible dance of death at Noakhali, Dhaka, Barisal, Faridpur, etc and in every small hamlet of East Bengal? Who sighs at the depressing thought of the unbearable humiliation of the voiceless women and the cries of the helpless child, or the heaps of corpses in Calcutta? What a curse befell the two Bengals! Humiliated and tortured, leaving their homeland of thousands of years, uprooted men, women and children in hundreds of thousands left East Bengal and ended up in West Bengal. We have seen the indifferent attitude and the merciless behavior of the people in power. Both Bengal and Punjab paid the price for partition. There was nothing that the sleepless night birds busy breaking the Mother's shackles could not sacrifice.

This history does not belong to a distant past; neither of the recent past, it is inseparably linked to India's rebirth. What a dastardly endeavour to wipe it off the nation's collective memory, what a variety of perfidious means adopted to distort history and to downplay the truth! Jayasree is a comrade in the group of sleepless birds that keep vigil through the night even to

this day. Instead of the death defying heritage, what is the image of India today? Empty words of the power hungry too willing to hang on to power at any cost, indulgence in shameless luxury at the cost of crores of impoverished Indians, unbridled corruption behind the scenes with the full blessings of those in power, pursuance of policies detrimental to national interests at the behest of traitors who are hiding behind the scenes. The combined outcome of all this is the massive humiliation of our armed forces in face of the Chinese aggression. This is the heritage of today's India, and those who dare to speak out against these policies are labelled as traitors as they are against Nehruji. National interest and blind support to Nehru's policies are synonymous today. That is why Kripalaniji is not only persona non-grata, he is fair game, to be pursued, victimised and defeated with all available resources, as this is the next best substitute to patriotism!!

As Jayasree has taken part in the freedom struggle of the nation in the past, so shall it keep up its vigil in the dark days of the nation, keeping sleepless watch against every kind of exploitation, torture, corruption, inefficiency, treason and lack of principles. It is a matter of great relief and pleasure that Jayasree has obtained the assistance of a plethora of powerful veteran as well as young authors in its task. Jayasree shall remain steadfast in its duty in striving to be a remarkable example of a bold, healthy, socially responsible and truly independent literary enterprise simultaneously continuing to take part in its service towards the country and the nation.

[25.1.1963]
Editorial, Jayasree, Boishakh 1370 (1963)

The 23rd of January this year.

The morning newspapers of Calcutta on the 23rd January brought out reports of widespread Hindu massacres in East Pakistan, especially Dhaka and Narayanganj. We had anticipated something like this ever since the disturbances in Calcutta broke out. But the extent and intensity of the Hindu massacres has far exceeded our expectations. The violence in Narayanganj and its adjoining villages has exceeded the killings of 1950. According to some reporters the anti Hindu violence has been on an all-time high scale this time. The hospitals are full of dead bodies and injured, most of them being women and children. Foreign Missions and Voluntary organizations are not being allowed to visit the riot affected areas. All non governmental medical and nursing aid is being refused. All press reports regarding this communal violence have been gagged making it extremely difficult to assess the situation. However from the accounts of the Hindus who have crossed over from the other side of the border it was not too difficult to form an idea of the extent and intensity of violence in East Bengal.

The question arises, what are we to do about this in India, especially in West Bengal? As far as we know apart from a few newspapers, most of the mainstream pan-India newspapers are not giving the importance to the news it deserves. The press in London has not only overplayed the violence in Calcutta, it has directly implicated the incidents in Calcutta as being responsible for the violence in East Pakistan. There is nothing to indicate that India has ever realized the concerns of Bengal and for the last 17 years, all states barring Bengal and Punjab have enjoyed the fruits of Independence to an extent that they would settle for nothing less; and Bengal is paying the price with its blood for the crocodile tears that have been shed and sermons that have been delivered for preserving the unity and integrity of the country. The stand adopted by the mainstream Indian print media is that reporting the massacres of Hindus in East Pakistan may reignite communal passions in Calcutta which has been pacified with great difficulty. The whole idea is to keep West Bengal calm, even if that means suppression or sublimation of news about whatever is happening in East Pakistan. The brutal ravishing of women, cries of children, bestial attack on humanity are constantly appealing to the conscience of West Bengal and India and its millennia old historical and geographical ethos of peace and coexistence for succour. Are we preparing to carry out some remedial measures? In response to the central ministerial trio visiting Calcutta for seeking a remedy for the "many ills" a representative committee of the local Civil Society has strongly recommended to "Throw open the borders" to "Save our mothers, sisters, daughters and brothers" from this humiliation, degradation and annihilation. The Hindus of both East and West Bengal should share each other's agony, and out of this all round destruction should arise the resolve of a revival, strength, new horizons, a new Bengal and a new India.

Is it time for the fruition of ages of meditation and lifetime of hard penance of the great Indian mendicant in the form of emergence of a great new India? Is this the reason the thunder clouds have overcast the skies on the 23rd of January? Is it the darkest hour before dawn of the rebirth of a new India? Is this the crucial juncture of Indian history that all of us have been waiting for?

Time has come for all of us to make not a piecemeal but the supreme and complete sacrifice so that this opportunity knocking at the door is not lost.

[23rd January 1964]
Editorial, Jayasree, Pous, 1370 (1964).

We need single minded preparation.

India has finally woken up to hard reality from its pipedream of peace. Just as everyone has to pay the price for any achievement, every nation has to be prepared to pay the price for

obtaining and preserving its freedom and sovereignty. To that end, those who chose the easy way out through compromise with deceit avoiding the path of confrontation, struggle and sacrifice are simply not followers of anything that is good or great and are certainly not apostles of truth. One cannot wish away a problem by applying convoluted logic without taking it face on. Whatever is achieved by the aforementioned means cannot be termed as 'peace'. We refuse to accept whatever is achieved by avoiding struggle, martyrdom, bloodshed and by accepting subjugation, self degradation and humiliation, accepting a life of somehow 'making a living' and term it 'peace'. Maybe we do not understand such 'peace' and it is the last thing that we desire. We have always detested and derided the 'peace' which teaches us to somehow survive and eke out a living and acts as a stumbling block to the mission of making 'men' out of people.

What we appallingly lack in post Independence India is a specific national objective or vision along with an utter lack of direction. Not only that, having been constantly fed wrong ideals, the nation has paid dearly in many ways and the present generation has completely lost its sense of direction. By the constant espousal of outlandish, ill-conceived and impractical ideas about violence and non-violence, struggle and peace, unity and diversity etc before the nation it has been reduced to a narrow minded self-centred emasculated nation that is totally bereft of national pride, drive and diligence. In case the inhabitants of this utopian world incidentally come to their senses after coming face to face with harsh reality we can indeed consider ourselves twice blessed.

Since the 5th of August last, Pakistani infiltrators have been crossing the Line of Control in Kashmir. The United Nations and India's moral guardians, especially the United States and Britain haven't made the slightest ado about it. 1st September onwards, the Indian Army has been giving a fitting reply to the Pakistani invaders who had the temerity of violating our independence and sovereignty. The Indian Army has electrified the nation with its intense patriotism, valour and fighting tactics. A cause for cheer is the optimistic change we have noticed in the words and actions of the Indian Government, especially that of Prime Minister Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri. The nation will look forward to a similar fortitude, sense of purpose and determination in the face of future complexities and challenges from the government to which it will extend its full-fledged support and cooperation.

India's fears that China would utilize this opportunity to humiliate India and to bring it to heel and thereby emerge as a dictator of not only southeast Asia but of Asia in its entirety- came true via the latter's audacity to give India a 72 hour ultimatum on the 17th September on fictitious grounds. The articulate well wishers of India who had been providing her wise counsel to their satisfaction at the top of their voices have now realised the ground reality and have quietly changed tack. An even more welcome development is of Shastriji boldly voicing the nation's tough stand that India would not budge or compromise even a wee bit on her sovereignty and on what is rightfully hers in face of threats emanating from China. On the other hand U Thant, after having turned a Nelson's eye to Pakistan's mischief for so long has sheepishly moved a resolution for a ceasefire between India and Pakistan in the UN. Today the 20th September the United Nations has given an ultimatum to both India and Pakistan to cease fire within 48 hours. A clear picture of the Indo-Pak conflict will emerge within the next couple

of days. India does not have much of a choice in influencing the course of events, especially with regard to the behavior of the world powers putting their weight this way or that. This is not because it was not within India's capacity to do so, but for the fact that in the last 18 years since independence India has failed to capitalize on its ancient history, geographical diversities and its massive human resource. On the contrary it has pursued a negativist, weak-kneed and impractical internal and foreign policy which has made India's directionless and demoralized populace wallow in hunger, ill-health, illiteracy and corruption. The communists have used this opportunity to showcase their ideology of "internationalism" thereby trying to kill the spirit of nationalism and furthering the interests of Communist powers and internationalist designs to which they devote themselves even at the cost of their motherland.

We saw the stark example during the Second World War, how these champions of the have-nots turned into bootlickers of the British and acted as their patriotic paid agents handing over the nationalists to the police and took the great pledge of collaboration with the British against the revolutionaries in every possible way to 'deliver the world from oppression and emancipate the proletariat'. These valiant folks had welcomed the alliance between the Soviet Union and the Allied powers and took the sacred oath of fighting Netaji and his INA at the Imphal front and shook India with their slogans of "resist the Japanese". Indian nationalists cutting across political lines gave their clarion call to the country rather than be a sacrifice for the British. With the passage of time the communists have changed colours several times. Their moral guardian is China and their godfather is Mao Tse Tung. The nation has heard ever fresh commentaries on his immortal words repeatedly. During the Sino-Indian conflict of 1962, these luminaries with blinkered vision even declared that it was India, not China who was the aggressor! Even during the present Indo-Pak conflict over Kashmir, these communists have begun campaigning zealously in the self appointed patriotic role of the principal opposition party, downplaying the Pak aggression as much as possible and warning the country against the bourgeoisie and for the protection of the minorities of India and Pakistan.

Our unequivocal stand.

1. We are against condemning conflict, struggle or war as being essentially evil and undesirable. The present Pakistani aggression ought to be fought with full force. No price to be paid for it is too great and of this we are in no doubt. In the present situation, raising the issues of friendly relationship with neighbours, inevitability of Hindu-Muslim relations and warning against the conspiracy of the bourgeoisie are convenient methods to confuse the nation, make it lose sight of its target, undermine its resolve to fight its enemies and ultimately hopelessly drop its guard.

2. It is of utmost importance to have a clear perspective about India's political objectives in this conflict and the ways and means to achieve it. To those who take the high moral ground and derive immense pleasure in lecturing us on Hindu-Muslim unity, and fix responsibilities and blames on this Hindu-Muslim chasm in a patronizing manner according to their convenient understanding and interpretation, we ask; what is their analysis on the genesis of this communal conflict? Apart from making speeches, do they have a viable lasting solution on resolving this communal divide? What, in their opinion, is the way to get rid of communal venom- is it by keeping the country divided on religious grounds and maintaining a religious

majority in each part? There are the good and bad in both the Hindus and the Muslims. As individuals, some Hindus and some Muslims will always rise above narrow communal considerations and respond to the call of humanity at large. However, those who bemoan this liberal segment losing ground do not in any way help create ground for the expression of the best attributes of a human being, courage being the foremost among them. This is our clear understanding. The monumental blunder of partitioning the country on communal grounds can only be undone by establishing a democratic process in both countries empowering a mature adult electorate and after a period of mental preparation annulling the partition for good. For a beginning, there should be opening up of the border and promotion of unfettered exchange of every kind, so that in the near future at least a confederation of two countries can be established. Neither the government of India nor the opposition parties have adopted these objectives. The Government of In thanks to its utter lack of foresight is persistently wary of international repercussions and the opposition parties are content playing their negative roles. To engender an atmosphere which is diametrically opposite of the prevailing one is beyond their capacity. They are incapable of undoing the mischief carried out only 18 years ago despite the history and traditions of millennia behind us. They are too scared to restore the harmonious situation which prevailed as late as 18 years ago and cast the present flawed dispensation to the fore winds. On the contrary, addressing the issue properly is beyond their scope of thinking. The nation needs to be clear about its objectives to this end.

3. Demands must be raised for a radical shift in India's internal and foreign policy. Self sufficiency in defence needs to be achieved by every means possible. For India's defence requirements there should be a strong army and we should develop ordnance factories for the production of armaments. Running around for help from all and sundry with a begging bowl before others in the event of a foreign aggression not only smacks of myopia in policymaking, it is a stumbling block in the adoption of a genuinely neutral and non-aligned policy for which demands should be raised regarding changes to be made in the fourth five year planning. The Indian embassies abroad should be clearly briefed regarding the way they conduct themselves which should be consistent with the above mentioned objectives so that the image of India and wrong impressions about her national objectives are not created before the world.

4. India should clearly understand China's motives. It offers excuses like friendly relations of Pakistan, border violations, etc to bully India constantly and emerge as the Asian superpower for which they see India as their rival. For this reason, although a temporary truce has been achieved with Pakistan, we do not see any possibility of being able to avoid an ultimate confrontation with China in the long run.

India will have to carry on continuous long term preparations extending over an indefinite time frame. This continued state of preparedness is India's only guarantee for her security. Use of the terms "ahimsa", "peace" at the drop of a hat will only serve to distract the nation and should be shunned.

5. To guarantee internal security the Government should ensure the minimum necessary provision of food, clothing and shelter. No civil society will condone abysmal corruption over and above the lack of minimum basic needs. If the authorities do not tackle these issues with a firm hand for the sake of holding on to power and capitalist greed ignoring public interest, we are certain the consequences will be inevitable. Let those who have a sense of history with an ear on the ground prepare themselves for the coming events; it is futile and meaningless to talk to those who don't hear or see.

Resume:

Lastly we on behalf of the Sharadiya Jayasree invite the attention of the subscribers to two important documents relating to Netaji. It has been quite an effort for the editorial staff and publishers of Jayasree to bring them out. These two documents, especially the one from 'Interpress', biographers of international repute are very significant. Especially, the information -"Satyanarayan Sinha's articles and his answers to questions in the Lok Sabha has been admitted as true by the Indian Government" has caused public discontent in India. It won't be wrong to presume that the Government of India is not only reluctant to pursue and investigate the facts about Netaji, they also do not want to seek the irrefutable evidence of his still being alive.

We also regard the conclusions of the Shah Nawaz Committee regarding the death of Netaji as totally unacceptable. We don't believe the news of his so-called death as there is not a shred of evidence to support it. – The biography that Interpress, well known biographers from Germany have published in 1949 will shed light on the conclusions of the Shah Nawaz Committee on Netaji's death. The Government of India can establish facts all too easily; but do they have anything to say in this regard? Netaji's being alive or not is of utmost importance to the country at such a critical juncture. It would be an unpardonable crime to deprive the country of the benefit of his leadership even if there is the remotest possibility, and the country will not forgive it. Let's hope the present leadership in the country realises this.

[2.9.1965]
Editorial, Sharadiya Jayasree, 1372 (1965)

"The impossible materializes from the void"

"The magic that your ordainment weaves
Unknown, hidden from the world's sight
At the time and place you think right
The impossible appears from the void
Manifesting itself in its own light. "

\- Rabindranath Tagore.

There are times when history moves too fast. The pressure that slowly builds up over decades suddenly bursts forth and changes take place which would otherwise have taken decades to come about on their own. August 1965 to January 1966 has been such a period. The various aspects of the 22 day Indo-Pak war has affected and influenced crores of people of this great

country like never before; and several old principles have been discarded like abandoned clothing in the face of hard reality. Unfortunately, hosannas are still being sung for these obsolete principles.

After a lot of deliberations and wrangling, rhetoric and bluster, our Prime Minister Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri had to accept the invitation from the Soviet Union to Tashkent for peace negotiations with Pakistan on the 7th January last. Within hours of a peace agreement somehow signed as the talks were on the verge of breaking down, Shastriji passed away under the most tragic circumstances.

Death! The sheer suddenness of his death has shocked India and the rest of the world. As a result we did not have the proper frame of mind to analyse the outcome of the Tashkent Declaration and its impact on India; who knows, that might have been the whole idea. Some quarters and some observers have hailed the declaration as historic. Though for us, this was nothing more than a mere repetition of the well known formal procedures of the member states of the UNO. On the contrary, we feel, apart from a misleading ambience created by the rhetoric of 'peace', India has lost more ground and prestige than it has gained. Pakistan has not only been the aggressor in the latest Indo-Pak war, it has consistently taken advantage of Indian inaction by pushing in infiltrators all along. The Western nations, especially Britain, have however consistently labelled India as the aggressor as part of their sinister diplomatic ploy. Pakistan has been humbled before an independent Indian Army for the first time. They have been somehow able to save face courtesy their Western mentors and protectors. Not only that, they have been able to sit and negotiate on equal terms with India at Tashkent at the invitation of the Soviet Prime Minister and have been able to offset Soviet hostility as well. Undoubtedly this was a diplomatic victory for Pakistan. After Tashkent, the Soviets will not be able to adopt a position favouring India against Pakistan and will be forced to toe a neutral line. With this diplomatic coup they have been able to wrest Pakistan from the Chinese sphere of influence into their own. As a result, the Soviets have emerged as the leading power and the mover-shaker in the Asian landmass thwarting China's aspirations to attain the same objective, besides the Pakistani diplomatic victory. So long they have been able to play the West against the Chinese, obtaining favours from both in the process. Now the Soviets have been added into the picture placing India and Pakistan on an even keel before these three great powers. Perhaps, as a sequel to the Tashkent Declaration we shall see newer equations and complexities emerging in the international chequerboard. As far as India is concerned, the Tashkent Declaration has provided us precious little apart from the moral defeat and humiliation under the garb of a meaningless jargon of peace with all advantages to Pakistan. A wholesome outcome will emerge in near future.

In this backdrop Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri's death has been tragic for India especially since this has been the first occasion in which an Indian Prime Minister has acted decisively in the national interest in accordance with the wishes of its people for which he shall earn the everlasting respect and gratefulness of his countrymen.

Before he left for Tashkent, he for the first time revealed a bronze statue of Netaji on the 23rd of December. Although Netaji's statues have been erected earlier in other places in India, this was the first time in Bengal that a statue of Netaji was unveiled.

We have a lot of reservations and grievances about the erection of the statue. Primarily the choice of 23rd of December instead of the 23rd of January has struck us as the most demeaning and undignified. Secondly there are many artistic errors which in our opinion are unpardonable. Having said that, the first question that strikes us is, what is the significance and implications of the unveiling of the statue? Shastriji's speech was in Hindi, so it is difficult to say whether it was properly expressed in the English and Bengali print media. The 'Akashvani' (All India Radio) has been requested by this publication to provide a copy of his address on that occasion; we are yet to receive it. We will be able to analyse it further if we obtain the transcript and be able to gauge the attitude of the Government towards this supremely devoted and self-sacrificing greatest freedom fighter of our country. But is it really that difficult to fathom? In this context we would like to invite the attention of the reader to an article of Dr Ramesh Chandra Majumdar, a reputed historian of contemporary India. Some distinguished representatives of West Bengal including Dr Ramesh Chandra Majumdar had asked for an appointment with the late Indian Prime Minister to raise a demand for a proper inquiry regarding the so-called death of Netaji; but the late Prime Minister could either not find time for it or find it too important an issue. Further comments are unnecessary. So shall we be far wrong if we conclude that it is neither the 'life' nor 'return' of Netaji, rather it is his 'death' which is more convenient and relieving for the Government? A photocopy of the reply that the Prime Minister of India Jawaharlal Nehru had given to the letter of Shri Suresh Chandra Bose, the elder brother of Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose has been published in this issue. Does it appear from that letter that the writer is eager for and is looking forward to the return of Netaji? Also, is it too difficult to understand the underlying meaning of the words that the second Prime Minister of India, known as a worthy successor of Shri Jawaharlal Nehru and the bearer of his legacy had to speak addressing Netaji as 'India's leader of utmost importance'. What were the primary characteristic differences between the policies of the first two Prime Ministers of Independent India and 'India's leader of utmost significance'? Has any leader in this 'free' 'socialist' 'democracy' ever bothered to shed light on why he left the country at the peak of the second world war in the midst of uncertainty and chaos? Have they given him his due by keeping mum over the ultimate fallout of his efforts and its bearing on India's achieving her independence? Does all this not make the attitude of India's current leadership towards 'India's leader of utmost importance' abundantly clear? What sort of interpretation of Indian history are they presenting to the people of India? The legacy that has been established and followed in post-independence India simply cannot be dispensed in favour of the legacy of 'India's leader of utmost importance' for then one cannot compromise with falsehood where India's traditions, respect and the well being of sixty crore of India's inhabitants are concerned. We therefore really do not pin much hopes on who shall be India's third Prime Minister . We shall rather wait for the arrival of a new leadership with a new vision and a new sunrise - for someone whose "so-called death" has deprived the nation of his services and leadership for so long.

[17th January 1966]

Editorial Jayasree Pous 1372 (1966).

Pledge on the twentieth Independence Day.

I have heard a lot of people telling that there has never been an independence day so devoid of joy and enthusiasm. But then did anyone really hope for anything different? The Government might stage manage a celebration with pomp, but for the people, it is hard to conceal the frustration of poverty. One cannot wish away the all pervading corruption, loss of principles, self centred attitudes, conflicting national policies, ambiguity, dependence on others……everything driving the nation towards a bottomless pit. We do not see any miraculous rescue act happening for the nation to stage a turnaround.

A ruthless campaign is on its way against India's present and future. The one party rule and exploitation for the last 19 years has left the ruling party cocky and devoid of inhibitions and the people with a sense of shame. Its true colours have been repeatedly exposed before the people. The opposition parties are trying to fulfil their job within their limitations in the Lok Sabha, but their no-confidence motions are all being dismissed one after the other by the brute majority of the ruling party. But is that enough to convince the country and the world- 'sab thik hai'? Even the ruling party knows it is impossible. Louder the shrill cry of 'Ahimsa' grows, more the inner ruthlessness of the Government gets exposed. The ruling class does not have the moral courage to face the people. They are protecting themselves behind a wall of lathis, tear gas and bayonets. The protesting multitudes are also becoming more and more daring, preferring either emancipation or death in a sharp struggle rather than die an agonizingly slow death. To preach 'Ahimsa' before them is meaningless, rather inhuman.

The fourth general elections of the country have been scheduled for February 1967. Elections are a major event in any democracy. Expectedly the political parties and their respective candidates in the fray would be wooing the electorate to the best of their ability and our country is no exception. The eternal claim of the ruling party is that they are steering the country on the path of democracy, unity, prosperity and progress. If we consider the ever increasing mass of hungry people and their determined struggle, layoffs and unemployment, then according to the latest surveys the daily income of one-third of the country's rural population is two rupees or even less; in contrast the cost of essential commodities is skyrocketing along with a loss in productivity as a result of fall in the price of the rupee instead of increase in exports. The shadow of recession has hit even the export of raw materials like jute and tea. In view of all this- where is the progress? Mentioning further parameters is unnecessary- do we still have to agree that the country has made great strides on the way to economic progress? There is also no need to evaluate the progress towards the socialist model. As a precondition to receiving foreign aid, especially American aid, our economic freedom is being steadily surrendered with the expansion of the private sector and the shrinking public sector. In the backdrop of this economic scenario, an increasingly hostile situation is developing

across our borders on both sides and instability is gaining ground within with constant efforts aimed at subverting our unity and integrity. That the Indian people are not awake to the unfolding scenario is worrisome. The frustrations of everyday struggle is so all pervading that it is not surprising that the first reaction might be to overcome it by any means; fair or foul. The opposition parties try to dislodge the ruling party unitedly because it is not within their power to do so individually. This short-sighted blanket unity of all opposition parties carries the potential of all round danger. The Communist Party in particular is over enthusiastic in forming the 'United Front'. It has been the worldwide experience that forming an 'United Front' with Communists has resulted in the smaller constituent groups sacrificing their identities in favour of the Communists serving only to add to the strength of the Communists. The lure of dumping national interests at the altar of the International Communist movement is overpowering, as the Communist parties get financial, logistic and several other forms of assistance from the Communist states. To increase their membership through elections and for the sake of party's interest they sacrifice national interests unhesitatingly. On the other hand, India refuses to draw any lesson from the crisis and conflict in Southeast Asia. The scenario of conflict between nations in the neighbourhood of India and the old and neo-imperialists might well be replicated in India. Strangely, the opposition parties do not seem to learn any lessons from the behaviour of the ruling Congress party and the Indian Communists over the last 19 years. With eyes wide open, these people seem to have decided that power, self interest and interest of the party is above national interest. Communists of all hues, right or left, share the uniform underlying view--See how happy and progressing the people of Russia and China are! As if it is the bounden duty of Indians to learn from them and toe their line and along with it a steady and subtle campaign denouncing India's traditions, culture and past and goading people to be apologetic about them. This well known Communist tactic has been in place for pretty long. On the other hand the aimless, corrupt and haughty ways of the ruling party is creating fertile ground for the Communists to flourish. Sandwiched between the two the nationalistic non-congress and non-communist (and no doubt, 'reactionary'!) opposition finds itself walking on thin ice falling easy prey to malicious misrepresentation by both anti national groups. However, if the nation's present and future are to be kept secure, one has to work through immense self sacrifice, courage and determination without hankering for power and position. We do not know of any easier way than this, and we have attempted to highlight this in our present issue.

The whole purpose of the present issue is to highlight how the revolutionary nature of the Indian freedom struggle was cleverly misdirected into the path of compromise and partition. Leading the nation up the wrong path quoting myriad potential problems of post independence undivided India through the queer logic of nonviolence and peace has resulted in the price of partition being paid by the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives, an equal number of women being ravished and over a crore human beings having been uprooted from the land of their birth to unknown places, leaving behind their home and hearth. All we have gained after paying this terrible price is; besides a thousand other problems, an economically weak India constantly looking up to others for succour. And as a result of an impractical foreign policy, has been added diplomatic bungling throughout the world and added to it is a constant looming threat of attack from across the border; from China and Pakistan. There is no strong and realistic policy in this regard till date. Even as the country is constantly being cautioned against

attacks from across the border, simultaneously loud announcements are being made of peaceful resolution of differences through dialogue. Do the rulers of this country not realise that men are not mere puppets? It is dangerous to constantly air contradictory views and foster opposing sentiments at the same time as it sends out confusing signals to the public who end up being puzzled. This dichotomy has been highlighted in this issue, especially in the article by Dr Ashok Majumdar "Partition and the role of our leaders"; a realistic analysis of how the Congress leadership adopted impractical policies in the later stages of our freedom movement leading crores of people who had put their faith in them to their calamity. The sin of their blunder has rendered their lives fruitless and has robbed their future of possibilities. That the blame of partition does not lie on Muslim League and Jinnah alone but Mahatma Gandhi-Nehru-Patel etc, leaders were also equally to blame, needs to be brought out and established. Every Indian needs to know this fact with all its details and understand it completely, or else the greatest tragedy of modern India, which is the mother of innumerable ensuing tragedies will remain an enigma to him. If we begin from a wrong premise, we will reach the wrong conclusions and the course that our country takes in the future will also be full of pitfalls and lurking dangers. We recommend the book "Jinnah and Gandhi" by Mr S K Majumdar and published by Mr K L Mukhopadhyay as a must read for understanding the background of our partition. Perhaps the reader will be able to glean a lot of hitherto unknown information regarding the role played by our leaders during partition, of their actions behind the facade of holier-than-thou pronouncements and several other not-so-well-known facts and will be able to evaluate this monumental historical event and arrive at a dispassionate analysis. They will realise how misery and ruin was wrecked upon crores of our people by our leaders' folly of adopting shortsighted and disastrous policies quoting lofty ideals, their lack of character and lust for power, and judge for themselves, the present Congress leadership-the same leadership which was guided in principle and deed by the leadership and the ideals of Mahatma Gandhi since 1919 which it conveniently dispensed with just prior to the transfer of power. Not only that, they found Gandhi's leadership, who through his experiments and trials of non-violence had earned the absolute mastery and loyalty of the hearts and minds of the crores of Indians bringing the vast populace to an extreme position from which they could not be moved, too inconvenient at the crunch. On the other hand the only opposing force to Mahatma Gandhi's thinking and his ideals was somebody who for the sake of the nation was prepared to accept extreme self effacement, hardship and sacrifice, undertake any difficult or perilous journey all alone and whose only dream was to see India independent, seeking friends among the enemy's enemy for India with the sole objective of India's independence in mind, whose detractors did not hesitate to label him as power hungry, fascist, Japanese stooge, etc. Some over enthusiastic progressive leaders of the Congress did not feel any qualms of conscience to be in cahoots with the British, the Communist Party of India left no stone unturned to lower his image before the Indians. Made of different material, ideas and principles he could clearly visualise the looming danger to the nation amid the chaotic and difficult times. That is why in the 1938 Haripura Congress he had said ***"an internal partition is necessary in order to neutralise the transference of power".***

Predictably, the veteran and wise internationalists had rejected these thoughts as immature. But this was the only non-conformist leader in the Gandhi-era, who disregarding his present

and future, was totally immersed in the sole mission of his life- 'to establish India at the top of the family of nations'. All other leaders had their own interests, targets and agenda.

Over the last nineteen years hasn't the nation not had enough evidence as to whose vision and philosophy has been borne out and proved correct? The leaders who have led the nation with their declared ideals unopposed for the past nineteen years have given us partition and its consequence-the India of today. A powerful India will not kowtow to others for the sake of their interests or their sabre rattling. But today's India becomes overwhelmed with childlike gratitude in turns with England, Russia and the US believing them to be our true friends. No nation can and will never dump self interest and engage in niceties. Those who had helped India with weapons during the Sino-Indian war did so in their own interest, or at best their interests might have coincided with ours for the time being. This had nothing to do with lofty ideals and goodness. Till date Russia has supported the Indian stand that Kashmir is an inseparable part of India. To those who sing paeans in Russia's praise for favouring us over Pakistan, we would ask them to refer to the peculiar deal they handed us out at Tashkent. We also advise them to go look into the nature of friendship between theocratic Pakistan and Communist China and the United States. No words are enough to condemn the selfish, unprincipled and weak-kneed policies those who want to dissuade India from the path of developing nuclear weapons for the sake of non-violence and are continuously praying for protection to the two nuclear superpowers, at the same time feeling no pangs of guilt in arming our own jawans with inferior and obsolete arms and ammunition and offering them as cannon fodder to the enemy. We appeal to the younger generation of India to replace the selfish and power hungry leadership of this country and to instill a leadership based on its own power, honour and traditions and till such time we are not blessed with Netaji's leadership- for we believe that we will have the good fortune of enjoying his leadership one day - to study, imbibe and follow his life, thoughts and works and usher in the Subhas era in this country. India needs neither Mao Tse Tung nor Lenin- India does not hesitate to learn whatever is worth learning from them, but she will follow the greatest revolutionary of this age from whose name and influence the ruling party relentlessly tries to keep the nation away; and whose name the "pro-people" Communist Party of India does not dare utter. We appeal to the people of this country to distance themselves from the malicious propaganda of both these forces. On the eve of the fourth general election and as a pledge for the twentieth Independence day we appeal to the country to embark on the path of Subhash Chandra Bose and beckon the Subhas era not only in India but also in the world, especially the newly de-colonised countries of Asia and Africa. We put forth this new internationalism- whose base is nationalism. This new nationalism-internationalism shall be based on the complete freedom, full sovereignty, enrichment of each in its own national traditions,, internationalism and exchange based on mutual respect for each other, free of imperial domination and exploitation or sermonizing from moral guardians; free from the global imposition of an 'American Century' or the extending shadows of the spheres of Russian or Chinese influence. We believe in the progress of each civilization in its own unique way, in accordance with its own needs, abilities, culture, and tastes. We are determined to steer India in that direction with that goal in mind. Our ideology - we are pure Indian nationalists.

18th August, 1966

Editorial, Jayasree, Shravan 1373 (1966).

The duty of the electorate in the fourth general election.

On the 23rd January, 1967, Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose stepped into his 71st year. In his sojourn of 71 years, the nation and the world has directly felt his presence till the 16th of January, 1941, that is, for 45 years of his life. After this we have not had his direct presence for the 25 long years. Various motivated and agenda driven 'research' and guesswork have been revolving around him and has been creating a web of mystery from different quarters, but from the rulers in India, he has only been subject to indifference and ignored completely. The present rulers and Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose are made of completely different material. The aims, objectives and the modus operandi of each are therefore entirely different. In this issue Shankari Prasad Basu's discussion about Netaji's ideals, objectives and way of functioning and Dr Pal's [Justice Radha Binode Pal] evaluation, has given a well founded objective basis to vague and romantic opinions about Netaji. On the other hand the thinking and policies of the present rulers in India is not only unclear, but to shift from one goal to the next is their uniqueness. They have been taking one thoughtless action after the next and by way of damage control on an ad hoc basis giving rise to further complications- in the very recent period, regarding Punjab, and in the latest instance in Assam, by dividing the hills and the plains into separate federations which has satisfied neither side and has solved no problem. The general expectation was that in post-independence India there would be unity and peace but louder the calls for unity and integrity get, the more the divisive policies are adopted in practice, adding to the discomfiture of the country. The economic situation is disastrous in the extreme. Let's take the food problem, something which is every inch essential for human existence- food from foreign sources are still being brought in to cater for the nation's hunger even after twenty years of Independence. The present rulers haven't been able to figure out any other means than begging as a solution to this problem. In spite of this, the present Prime Minister Mrs Indira Gandhi proudly boasts that during the last one year there have been no deaths in the country due to hunger. No one can think of a more shameless statement than this. The Government has completely failed to stem the unbridled price rise of essential commodities; one can easily guess the hard times the common man is facing, but Mrs Gandhi gloats over there having been no hunger related deaths in the past one year. The people in this country have been in a moribund state for so long that indeed it is difficult to differentiate between the dead and living!

In this backdrop the fourth general election is knocking at the door. The uniqueness of this election- the attempt by all opposition parties to form a united front with the sole purpose of defeating the Congress. Though efforts were on for over three months by the left parties to achieve unity, finally, a lot of wrangling has resulted in a face off between the right and the left factions of the Communist Party of India. The agenda of defeating the Congress has been put in

the back burner. The news is full of the barbs being flung by the two Communist factions at each other. Despite this, there is no dearth of loud appeals being made for left unity. Most surprisingly the rest of the opposition parties have taken sides in this conflict and are working for the interests of either the right or the left factions of the Communist party abdicating the interests of their own respective parties. Therefore is there really anything for the people at large to look forward to the fourth general elections?The last 20 years have proved that no change can come through elections. Instead the ruling class is becoming increasingly haughty in sync with the growing despair of the people. In this situation the question, in what way the salvation of the country shall come legitimately rings aloud in all quarters.

In answering this question we invite the attention of the readers to two articles. A thoroughly analytical essay of the past, present and future and - the other- a deeply introspective evaluation and perspective from an unswerving standard bearer of India's honour, renowned lawyer - recently deceased Dr Radha Binode Pal. His essay written in 1949 reads like a perfect depiction of the India of 1967, as if; time stood still in India for the past 18 years; the only exception being Dr Pal's belief that when the ruling party would come to know of the loss of confidence of the public, it would abdicate power in the larger interest of the country. His simplistic belief born of honesty has been proved to be a cruel joke. The dark clouds of greed, pride, falsehood and hypocrisy are spread all over India. The cremation ground is agog with boastful claims of the hypocrites of India being the world's largest democracy. The largest democracy can be bought and sold with money. An account of how many crores of rupees have been spent in the last three elections will make the picture clear. No truly sacrificing penniless patriot can have anything to do with such colossal amounts of money changing hands--thus the biggest democracy is the noisy old game of purchasing political workers and voters by money power. In this process, full fledged efforts are on to hook India into the power orbit of either the US, Russia or China. These hidden moves are causing powerful explosions every now and then in the visible front. The younger generation is exposing itself to bullets, tear gas and lathis; sometimes for food, sometimes for employment and sometimes for education. The ruling party is solemnly forming one after the other enquiry commission to look into the causes and preventive or remedial measures of such incidents resulting in the accumulation of piles of paper in different government departments- it is difficult to keep track of how many enquiry commissions have been formed in the last one year alone. The nation is least interested in knowing when an inquiry commission will be over, remedial measures will be adopted and the public will benefit from it. By a policy of relentless suppression, the rulers are driving public discontent from the open to the subterranean depths. Dr Pal has made a very pertinent comment in his essay- that it is a dangerous trend to dismiss every discontent and disturbance anyhow by labelling it communist-instigated or influenced. This will certainly not lead to any solution; simultaneously we believe that actual problems have to be addressed by going to the roots of the problem and finding out solutions by addressing genuine grievances; only this will lead to lasting solutions. We also invite attention to another observation of Dr Pal, for every country at all times, the youth is the pillar of strength of all its progress. No progress is possible by repressing the youth. But where is the place for the youth in India today? Either they are incapacitated in body and mind and are selling themselves to petty interests or have become pawns in the global struggle for power. Unless the youth is freed from these two conditions it is impossible for them to shape themselves up as harbingers of progress. Who will initiate this

change? Who will be the role model for the youth to acquire irrepressible strength; self-confidence; unity, sacrifice, and idealism? The nation has had the leadership of several freedom fighters, including Gandhiji, Nehru, and their successors. But has there been any lasting solution to any major problem till date? Hopefully there will be no two opinions on the contention that everyone has had some opportunity to taste power and play his/her role in Independent India barring one personality, of whom Dr Pal has made this solemn observation "To his compatriots sharing the same dream and vision, how gracefully and with what sweetness and self effacement Subhas Chandra Bose handed over the responsibility of serving the country; removing himself from the scene" the Indian pilgrim whose dream since childhood has been the complete independence of India.

Today's India-especially its ruling party could not care less about recalling the great servant of India and reinstate him in his rightful position. Rather they gloat over their own lowly actions and celebrate it as a tactical victory. But will their smugness be able to see India through its ultimate disaster when it strikes? There is no reason to believe so. So we join the appeal of Dr Pal in one voice and declare- India today needs Netaji's leadership. The moot question is which path we should adopt to achieve our objective. The fourth general election as an instrument will definitely not help us to proceed in that direction- so we do not have any hopes from it. Having said that if the electorate elects any Netaji follower; there are still a few such around- not political parties since no such political party exists- even that will be a welcome development, however insignificant it is. We do not believe the fourth general elections will pave the way for India's salvation from its bondages. It may provide salvation for some individuals no doubt, so we appeal to all our countrymen to create conditions propitious for the leadership of Netaji. This is the only way to survive.

23rd January, 1967

Editorial, Jayasree, Pous, 1373 (1967)

Why this hesitation?

In January 1967, on the eve of the last birthday of Netaji - we had analysed the prospects of the fourth general election and had voiced our opinions putting forth in its backdrop a plan of action for the public. But the election candidates have found it much more profitable to win elections to share a piece of the cake of power rather than to devote themselves in the welfare of the country and its people. The electorate on their part, after being thoroughly deprived and frustrated after twenty years of Congress rule, formed coalition ministries by throwing out the Congress in nine states. This is no doubt a remarkable event in twenty years of democracy in India. Though for political parties with conflicting ideologies, goals and modus operandi, it is relatively easy to create a movement against a particular policy, it is not so easy to work with a

well defined policy, uniform goal and plan of action and thereby govern a country. It has been amply evident in the last eleven months. Especially however much we praise Indian democracy, the time has come to reconsider how far imitating western model of democracy is helping the Indian public in realising its hopes and aspirations.

We do not think any single political system will successfully fit any given historical or geographical scenario. The Congress and the Muslim League have come to power by vivisecting India and tearing apart its millennia old historical and geographical entity through compromise and power sharing with the British. This is the single most important root cause of the nation's misfortunes. As a result we have had communal killings in phases, social and economic ruin, Kashmir problem, tribal problems of the Indo-Pak border, infiltration and a hundred odd other problems. Everyday the government comes up with an ad-hoc solution that diverts the public attention away from the real issues confronting the nation and only serves to push the country further into either the Anglo American sphere of influence or that of the Russian or Chinese falling prey to their selfish designs. These powers are primarily concerned with their own interests. But common to them is their pro Pakistani and anti Indian stance because it serves their interests in the best possible way. Especially in sync with the way in which the Congress policies for the past two decades have made India dependent on external aid, on the diplomatic front its external policies have cost India her prestige and friends. It was beyond the capacity of the post election dispensation of the combined front of the parties with conflicting ideologies and programmes to make amends to the complicated realities facing the country. They have not been able to adopt an all party common minimum programme for addressing the agricultural and language issues. In this scenario we are at the eve of another 23rd January; but has this brought about a change in our vision, thinking or direction?

When the electorate dislodged the Congress in the last general election in nine states, the people had actually been looking for a solution for the problems accumulated over the past two decades. They had some expectations for changes in their day to day lives with some improvement in food, clothing and employment. But the present incumbents have disappointed their electorate completely in this regard. We don't think that the majority of the electorate wants the Congress back in power. However much the Congress project itself as a holy cow, there is no doubt that it has used a variety of forces and interests to oust united front ministries in many states. The Congress is being helped in this regard by several vested interests along with the unprincipled and mindless behaviour of the United Front ministries in different states in no small measure, especially the aggressive pursuance of the international agendas of their respective foreign mentors by the two Communist parties. Added to this is the unprincipled defections by the elected representatives; of which no scientific preventive has been designed till date. Result, the so-called democratic elections in India have been reduced to a joke. Directionless and fruitless movements have surfaced , and the country's sovereignty and self sufficiency has been jeopardized by the inflow of foreign funds. Who will provide direction and leadership in this depressing scenario? For India, it is a question of life and death.

While the members as well as the defectors from the Congress are singing hosannas in Gandhiji's praise, the Indian Communists are raising slogans for International Communism and armed revolution. The political parties of India have witnessed the result of the influx of the

Chinese and their policies into Burma and Indonesia, both neighbours of India, but do not feel the need to draw any lessons from the same. Not even the party which touts itself as Netaji's ideological heir. They are content with attributing Netaji with various epithets and erecting his statues at road crossings and thus discharging their responsibilities towards the greatest anti-imperialist crusader of Asia. Describing him as a great military leader they indirectly ignore the statesman in him who had a clear vision about the growth and development of the nation after independence. In the Pous issue of Jayasree Shri Pabitra Kumar Ghosh who compiled contemporary anecdotes and gave a comprehensive account of the constructive side of his leadership has done a great service to the nation.

We ask the vociferous revolutionary patriots how many among them have dreamed of a clear and well defined plan for nation building during the time of the momentous struggle with the British, when revolution did not merely imply the luxury of moving around streets waving pictures in hand and people had to lay down their lives for the sake of their ideals and principles all too often? The history of a nation does not comprise only a few decades. In today's prevailing atmosphere of despair, we appeal to the followers of Netaji among the populace, especially the younger generation to take the oath of nation-building anew. They have paid the price of moving in wrong directions for the last two decades. So that they do not have to continue to pay the price, we ask them to study and understand Netaji, imbibe his vision, ideals and put his national and international policies into practice to be able to build a truly independent, sovereign and self sufficient India.

No leader shall come from abroad and do what we need to do for our country. We have to do everything ourselves, however difficult that may be. Netaji has left a well-defined perspective for us in this regard.

There was only one leader in India who did not have any ambiguity in solving post-independence problems of India. Has anyone studied and understood the down-to-earth realistic and farsighted vision of this amazing person variously labelled as "Japanese stooge", "Enemy of the nation", "Fascist", "Mystic" and "Spiritual" by his detractors, while he was embroiled in a grim and bloody struggle to liberate India from the clutches of her enemies? Has the Congress been able to identify, address and solve the gigantic problems faced by the nation with its pragmatic intelligence? We invite their attention to one of his historic lectures in Tokyo in December 1944 before the students of the Imperial University captioned "***Some of the fundamental problems that face my Country both in present and in the future***".

We appeal to the sacrificing fighters of the struggle trying to forge a new India to read, analyze, understand and accept this immortal document and to redeem her from her ignominious present. The problems confronting post-independence India have been prioritised thus:

1. Defence
2. Poverty and unemployment.
3. Education.
4. A solution to the question of national script.

Has anyone given a clearer direction to these pertinent problems? Why this hesitation in adopting these measures?

23rd January, 1968

Editorial, Jayasree, Pous, 1374 (1968).

23rd January, in proximity to the leonine warrior.

I had set out at daybreak to join the early morning procession. We receive our great leader every day anew on this day. Where is he? Will he come back? I do not know, I have never bothered about this question. Many say he is no more, some lunatics just won't let him go. Is he no more? Who says? I can feel his presence and warmth every moment! The very thought of him thrills me. Why doesn't the thought of anyone else give me the same feeling? What gives this thrill? It is my ultimate reward! Wake up everyone! Wake up! This is the day of his coming!

The cries went up in unison 'Netaji Zindabad!' Jai Hind! Jai Hind! The chorus sang 'He chanted the mantra, carry on the struggle!' Why do they speak in the past tense? Isn't he chanting the great mantra even today? India will hear his deep, solemn and firm voice even in the days to come. Put your ears to the ground and listen to what he says'.

The streets are milling with crowds, children, young and old. Sometimes shouting loud slogans, sometimes singing in a chorus 'we know him, he is the eternal Netaji'. ' in the uncompromising non-stop do or die battle, rally forth! The daybreak bugle has been sounded! Our Netaji has sounded the clarion call!' But who'll join this hard struggle today! I am on my way, my vision has become dim, 'Bengalis roar! wake up Bengalis!' Alas! Where is the risen Bengali! Will the effeminate be able to rouse the emasculated nation? Will they be able to wipe the tears of the Motherland?

The first group has reached the Netaji Bhavan. Silent and reverent, they sing
'He is the crown of our struggle
Amid the revolution, we hear his voice
Of eternal Netaji'.

Everyone laid their floral tributes beside his bed. In my mind appeared the image of a bright but soft face with a white beard. A penetrating gaze fell upon me, his look had the depth of an ocean, suddenly his deep baritone and melodious voice came to life and asked, "What are you people doing? Politics? It suits you well to do politics. I shall not tell you anything. What is there to tell you? What are you capable of doing? 'Do or -_die' is anyone among you capable of

putting his life at stake for sake of this mantra? Political parties have brought this country to this pass. You want the seat of power. This lure for power vivisected this country. What did you people do when the diabolical British and the home-grown ***Mirjafars*** and carpetbaggers ripped the country apart? Lakhs were uprooted. Where were your eloquent leaders? I have suffered and continue to suffer the pain of keeping to the confines of a room for the last twenty years. But the ***Matrisadhana*** which enabled me to elude the dragnet of the vicious enemy, the British and disappear is nearing its completion. You people have made me 'dead' and I want to remain as such. I am the son of mother Bengal. Look at yourselves. Your two decade old mask is falling off and it will. Either wake up or be prepared to face death. This time my half dead and worn body will whiplash you assuming the role of the destroyer. Bengal, my ***Janani Janmabhumi*** will most certainly reign in her pristine glory'.

In the inviolable and most Divine name of Ma Janani Janmabhumi- Bengal - India Shall arise again in her full glory.

I am on the verge of losing myself. Oh Mother, what is it that you showed me! - I asked others; -Did you hear what she said? Some smiled. Some left silently. No no, this wasn't a dream. This was a divine vision. I was beside myself in joy. I am blessed. Blessed is my sadhana.

On this auspicious day I had also planned to visit another sacred destination, to the ardent disciple of Subhas, the revolutionary national leader, in a hospital cabin. I am in the hospital cabin. Her cherished, ultimate and last wish in life was to visit Subhas. The tribulations of the last one year have not been able to overcome her, rather they have only served to remove her from the unclean mundane world to a world of eternal joy and happiness. To us she is asleep. How divinely graceful and tranquil her face was! She has got what she desired. The kind motherland had taken her restless daughter who was engaged tirelessly in her service in her lap. Her eyes opened only for a while, her gaze falling on me. Her mild eyes radiated peace and serenity, as if she could tell the whereabouts of the impassioned but missing child.

I didn't realise when I had reached the stately statue of Netaji near the Governor's house. Through his poise he seemed to cry out "Chalo Delhi! Delhi Chalo!" Forward march! But where was one supposed to go? India was at a peculiar crossroads of history. The ways to the right and left lay wide open, but which way would India choose? A tremendous conflict raged within. Who knows where the storm would blow the house of cards away? I find it impossible to forget the deep and thundering voice I heard from a prison on my Elgin Road visit. I can't deny it. The voice sounded too familiar. In the background of the flaming red sunset sky I heard the determined voice of the soul of the nation once again:

Yes, Yes, Yes, Bengal shall be one, one single country. Everyone, Hindus, Muslims, Britishers and others have tried to weaken, cut asunder, demoralise, debase Bengal and Bengalis.

The hymn of Bengal went thus:

Sing, Sing, Sing all ye
to the tune of a hundred veenas,

Bengal shall take the pride of place once more
In the assembly of nations!
It will rise in spirit
It will rise in deeds
the new day shall dawn again
In the eternal east!
Ah, Mother, Mother, my Mother Bengal! How far you are!
My Bengal, my Mother, my country
Mother! thou shalt wear the crown,
I swear! I swear! I swear!!
Mother! hark, hear unto me.

The incredulous mind gets restless. Oh! This is only a statue! Let the memory remain! We are grateful for this consolation! We the people have rendered him still and silent……O my God, his eyes turned misty! Did I really hear his voice?

The disbelief was shattered
Nay, I am not far away! I am not very far!
I am here in your bosom,
In the dust of Bengal
If I keep silent, if I keep mum
If I stay mum and do not reveal myself
Mother worship (this time) ordains it
Behind the veil, in this silent quest
Mother has engaged me,
I am not far away; look within yourself
Look carefully! for there I am!

Darkness fell, the voice of the soul of the nation kept ringing within me. Leaders were making speeches on his birthday. Millions were looking for a path, but where was it? Could those delivering speeches show them the way? How can they, for they themselves are on the lookout for a shelter. Losing interest in the hackneyed rhetoric of these opportunists and turncoats, I moved on. I had decided this morning itself that I shall go near mounted Netaji at the dead of the night to take orders.

The no entry zone for vehicles was extensive. The well lighted pedestal could be seen from a distance. As I approached, numerous silent faces were looking up. The restless lionheart mounted on his steed stood frozen in motion. I had come with hopes of meeting the valiant hero in solitude, but who was going to give him the chance?

The galloping war horse was trying to carry his mounted hero somewhere, trying to express something through his silence. Come on warrior, let's move on somewhere else, not hither. What an expression on the soft and loving visage! Revulsion and disdain for the silent faces was writ large on it! As if asking their explanation for their conduct since 1945. Appearing to ask- why are you here, you despicable cowards, what is it that you seek, why do you stand in my

way? I have not been made for the needs of the legions of your political parties. Some will say come hither, others will say go thither. You want me to feed you my cream. I have been watching your gimmicks for too long. For me, there is but one yardstick for your loyalty; 'Do or Die'. You will get me only if you are able to rise up and wage a fight to the finish for our vivisected Mother Bengal casting aside all personal considerations. You shall see this living dead, this vibrant sapling living within four walls of the prison.

Take to your heels, leaving behind hearth and home,
It's every man for himself, let 'the Devil take the hindmost'

This is your philosophy. You shall reap what you have been reaping as long as you live by it. You shall not get me.

I cannot wait any further. I have reached the foot of the leonine warrior monk. A thousand watt bulb has lighted up his face; as if Janani Janmabhumi, motherland, soft-firm unconcerned countenance is physically present before me. I have lost myself in the dark depths of the bottomless abyss reminiscing the name on countless days and nights, and have 'taken to my heels, leaving hearth and home' in fear, I lose myself once again today standing amid a thousand sons of Bengal. Itinerant wanderer! Please show me the way!
I have heard a voice, unique and beyond explanation, how sweet, how firm and yet so distinct.

'Do not indulge in politics. Remember this as an eternal truth. ***Indian politics. Ugh! it stinks!*** Remember this truth: In this world ***Statesmen- Are a rarity,*** everywhere. But in India there are absolutely no ***Statesmen***. Undignified, lowly, selfish people form political parties in ***astronomical*** numbers and the land where ***Politicians number by Legion(s), stability*** **is a chimera.** ***The vagaries of wayward politicians have debased- the very life and look of India.*** Of Bengal, the less that is said the better it is.'

'Ideal? An ideal is today a quirk of fate'.

'A lifetime is spent trying to imbibe ideals, the Bengali does not have the tenacity, dogged determination and the willpower to do so. You people have tried to brush the past under the carpet and live by clinging to the present. The past is a burden to you. Religion for you is an ancient lifeless fossil. But remember religion is your pillar of strength. ***'Bind yourself behind your back to your pillar of strength'*** **What is there behind you?** ***"Ocean of unbounded energy from which you have sparked off".*** Without ***Religion,*** man cannot sustain himself'.

At the end of the day we feel sleepy. And after we wake up the next morning we take off where we left the previous day, trying to complete the unfinished work of the previous day. Your status is the same regarding your past. At present you are asleep. The moment you wake up, you will be able to catch up with your past. You have to carry the traditions of your past with you. One can never forget the past. How can you sustain yourself excluding your past?

'Our countrymen have lost their moorings. They are looking up abroad with hopes. But the people, the race which cannot bind itself to its past can never win. They will disintegrate. This is

an ***axiomatic truth.*** The ***Communists*** are a case in point. For two **days, *just like a flash in the pan*** , they will disappear. How ancient is a race? When were the Communists born? It was only in the eighteen hundreds, a few years out of a few thousands. ***This creed is carrying its death in its own cell.'***

'The Bengali does not love or yearn for Mother Bengal from his heart.

There is but one test for all
One life for each of us to give.
I challenge! who stands? If Bengal falls?
And- who dies if Bengal lives?'

Illuminated by the glaring lights and surrounded by a thousand dumb Bengalis, the leonine mounted warrior finally showed me the way. I saw the light of day even as darkness of the night reigned. Bengal and Bengalis have to be aroused. But I cannot forget the final word " ***It is a very, very rough road that leads to the height of greatness."***

Charanik

Jayasree, Magh, 1375 (1969)

Bajrabani

There is no truth like penance
There is no sorrow like anger
There is no joy like renunciation
No truth like penance
No eye like knowledge.

'Who says God is kind? God has no mercy, love or affection. He has unending mercilessness. To God, the biggest attribute is the six great virtues. There is nothing called God. Whoever acquires the six great virtues becomes God.

Who is a yogi? A devotee of Shiva, worshipper of power(Shakti). Whoever is the mother is the father. Even in this India with its twelve 'Jyotirlingas' of Shiva, the 'Mother' has fifty two pilgrimages. Whatever you say, nothing can measure up to the 'Mother'.

We ***depict*** Shiva as if he is in a trance. Shiva the Yogi is in a trance. ***That means he is immersed totally in absolute energy in its Pristine State.*** This is why we call him Mahayogi (the great Yogi). He has become conjoined with the ***Pristine State*** of Shakti (the divine feminine power).

He cannot be comprehended ***apart*** from Shakti. Separated from Shakti, he will become Shava (corpse). Immersed in yoga and in a Samadhi (trance), he is functioning as a ***conductor.*** The accumulated divine power is being ***conducted*** through him. Thirty three and a half crore Gods and Goddesses are working with a small fraction of that power. The moment he wakes up from trance (Samadhi), tribulation will result. He will then become Rudra, Shankar, Mahakal. Shiva is working as an anchor for all Gods and Goddesses.

If you do not absorb the power of your roots, you shall wither like a dry leaf.

Shakti Sadhana [Quest for the primordial power or divine energy] ***is to awaken the Kulakundalini. The Mother herself is known as Kulakundalini Shakti. The goal of the most secret 'Raj Yoga' is also the same. The Sadhak gets an option at the point which Raj Yogis reach in their quest for awakening the Kulakundalini. If the Yogi can muster the requisite courage, he can then advance even further. Raj Yogis do not know of this path. Herein lies the difference between Raj Yogis and Tantriks- the real Tantrik will never disclose the fact that he is a Tantrik. One who says he is a Tantrik can never be a Tantrik. Practice of Tantra is an extremely hazardous path. They are bound by an unshakeable Law. The network of their Organisation is spread worldwide. Of course, their nerve centre is in India. A Tantrik will never disclose their Sadhana to others, chop him in a thousand pieces even if you might. Tantra Sadhana- It is the Ultimate of the Ultimates.***

A group of ***Brain Cells*** has its individual ***circuit.*** Some are ***interconnected,*** and a ***group*** of nerve cells by their ***interconnections*** form a ***Circuit***. If you ***clean shave*** a person's head, and put ***tiny electrodes*** on the scalp, they will glow.

The first requirement of a mystique is to have complete control over his outer movements and the next requirement is complete control over his inner currents. Imagine yourself as a General----a battalion has been destroyed in the battle field - a group of brain cells is functioning in a way that is causing great sorrow and distress in you. At that very moment two members come to you consult you with the news of a Campaigning. You shall have to switch off the first group of cells instantly. Otherwise the first group of cells will get superimposed on your judgement and cloud it, impairing its efficacy. You need complete mastery over yourself. As long as you are under the influence of Maya (cosmic illusion) and Moha (mundane attachments) as long as you feel only for yourself you shall not be able to feel for others. A single scabbard cannot contain two swords. Either you stay (inside yourself), or the divine Mother will.

'He is the real master who can hold himself in check' - unless one can desist from blowing his own trumpet he cannot do anything worthwhile.

In this world it is the *eccentrics* who contribute something. By ***eccentric*** I do not mean someone unhinged, but someone ***out of the ordinary***.

Two ***factors mould*** the history of a ***nation throughout the ages. 1. Your military strength. 2. The power and strength of your ideology. Those two things are going to assert themselves permanently for thousand years.***

Do you know what is the misfortune of India? It hasn't had a ***military seer*** for two millennia. There hasn't been any ***National Military Thinking*** for a millennium. This ***nation*** does not know ***what military thinking is.*** The country enjoins every person *to* ***know his or her military strategy. They should speak in terms of military strength.***

I do not believe in Vishwaprem. It is bunkum. It is a cliche. There cannot be such a thing as Vishwaprem. Can you stand in space and practice Vishwaprem? Don't you need solid ground for your feet to stand upon? ***What utter nonsense! You must have a centre to radiate, radiate yourself!***

I have no attachment towards anyone. I can love everybody, because I cannot give a mundane expression to love. Doesn't it seem paradoxical? In reality it is not paradoxical. It is also not hypocrisy. I do not have any attachment. Expectation is a necessary accompaniment of attachment. The question of expectation lies wherever there is impure love. Love and attachment are like twin sisters. Love only knows how to give, it knows not how to expect. I call that love. This is why I say you have to give, only give, give even your life, that is how you bestow true love. Otherwise, you will have to burn in the fire of Attachment. Have you seen a butterfly burn itself in fire?

Mahakal

Jayasri, Ashwin, 1376 (1969)

Bajrabani.

There is but service and service, from military to social - all are services. The higher the service, the higher the weight of responsibility, integrity, analysis and sacrifice. The highest form of service requires the highest form of responsibility, integrity and sacrifice. War (and all work connected with war, for bringing it to its successful end) for one's country demands the highest and purest form of integrity and analysis and sacrifice. It is no sentimental job. You must understand that you are at war, total, final.

The higher you rise the more solitary you become. - This is my state. Man is lonely indeed but one can realise it according to his ***mental maturity.*** Those at the ***level*** of animals do not have this understanding. You talk of the ***pangs*** of loneliness? No there is no feeling of sorrow but there is a feeling of ***bliss.*** It would be wrong to call it complete loneliness. There is the ***bliss of communion with the inner self.***

I have got boiling fire in my veins but ice in my brain. What despicable cowardice……law. Law should be universal. There can be no Hindus' ***law*** or Muslims' ***law. Wobbly and smoky*** there is no room for sentiment. Here ***you must face the reality!*** All my sentimentalism has been done away with having seen the entire outside world.

I have undergone a ***complete metamorphosis.*** The main theme in my life is sacrifice. I am not a ***great man.*** Therefore there is no need for my ***biography. Great men*** need to ***perpetuate*** their ***lives.*** My life is an open book to all, most of all, the Divine Mother Kali.

I am ***supremely unconcerned.*** That I speak to you lovingly *that* ***is another self.*** At times I speak to even a tree with tenfold greater love. If someone tries to find a worldly parallel, ***he will be sadly mistaken.***

Remember, this time I am ***supremely unconcerned.*** I don't owe anyone any explanation, except my Mother. At times even She gets upset at my obstinacy. ***Freedom*** is so absolute that I have made no one a companion to my ***freedom.***

If I am spoiling myself, I am spoiling myself only. I am sacrificing myself. I am doing it myself. I am not asking you to come along with me and sacrifice yourself.

What can you give? What have you given? I made my calculations way back in my childhood and set myself on my target. I ask you, can you reason with someone who defies and plays with death?

Mahakal.

Jayasri, Pous 1376 (1970).

The lone sentry keeps a sleepless vigil by the bedside of 'Bharat-kanya'.

It was on a winter evening of Poush (December-January) that the call of the Leonine Warrior pulled me out of home, I have been wandering in the towns and villages of Bengal, a truck moved fast carrying a group of boys and girls. I don't know in which direction it was headed. A festoon read "Gandhi Exhibition", a mobile exhibition. The group sang a chorus, probably the Ramdhun. Their gestures were wild and uninhibited. I am walking south along the Chowringhee Road. I am walking fast, coming from afar, I have to reach my destination today; as I reach the Park Street crossing, it suddenly looked as if the black bronze statue was approaching me. An old man walking with a stoop in a slow gait, a lost and barren look in his eyes; I recognised him

as we came closer. More than a century old, the Mahatma, tired and worn of physique, with no time to look behind, struggling on his way ahead, to repay his debt. Repay he must for his past deeds. 'It's been a long time, I know he'll come this way'. Waiting in his loincloth, as if looking for someone, the pocket-watch echoing the footsteps of Mahakal.

He was talking to himself; 'After two and a half decades of Mritabhoot..... the agony I have suffered has cleared my vision. Now that my mundane desires are overcome, I see myself clearly under the open, blue sky. True, I loved my country, worldwide humanism, truth, non-violence, and many other lofty virtues, but most of all I loved myself, myself as Mahatma, my leadership, my popularity, even the overpowering desire to be perceived as great by my enemy, the British, all this was the basis of my love. I used to be upset by Subhas's words, when he said -"***Mahatma has failed because he had to play a dual role in one person- the role of a leader of an enslaved people and that of a world teacher - who has a new doctrine to preach. It is this duality which has made him- the best policeman of the Englishmen according to Miss Wilkinson."***

My toadies have ruled with pomp for the last fifty years. A sense of complete failure pervades the nation. My acolytes have hailed this age as the "Gandhi" age. But needless to point out today, none of my ideals have been realised. There have been repeated communal riots, provincial clashes, language riots, caste wars, etc. The ones whom I championed have not benefited, the poor have become poorer and their privations have multiplied manifolds. I have been coming to my senses ever since 1947. But the man I had installed and set up against Subhas, Jawahar..... exceeded me. He also wanted to carve out his own niche in history, what inequities he has committed for the greed of international acclaim! I shall tell all this to Subhas today. Tell him I must.

I had reached the Elgin Road crossing. He asked me to take him to a room I knew. I could not say no to him, though I needed to proceed the other way. I reached the fortress-like Netaji Bhavan soon. I went up the stairs, towards the room I knew so well via the museum. On entering the second room of the museum, my eyes stood still at a photograph taken in 1938, smiling, his head slightly tilted towards the Mahatma the undaunted hero listened intently to him; even today, his omniscient vision looked through both of us, far ahead. In the picture, seated to the left of the leonine warrior was Jawaharlal with a morose and annoyed look, as if nothing was going according to his liking. We are all familiar with the countenance. We have seen that irritated, displeased expression in many gatherings and events- the face that does not inspire power or joy in the hearts of the beholder. The Mahatma surprisingly had a quick glance at the face of his follower he had created and moved on as the doorman announced that the door was open. As we entered the prisoner's dusty room, the clothes rack full of dhotis and 'panjabis'(kurtas), chadars, the bed was made up. The man has been lying on the bed for long. We were reminded of the days of the Tripuri congress, 1939. Mahakal had become still, as if touched by a magic wand. The warrior was bedridden, unshaven, the face of the lionheart wore a peaceful expression as his mother laid an affectionate hand on his head. Satishchandra sat right in front. I looked at the Mahatma. His eyes were moist. He looked at the face he had behaved rudely with so many times in the past. and spoke in a soft, gentle voice,' I have come to speak to you, you know, are you still unwell?' ' No, mother Jagat-Janani is here touching me,

who'll take me? who has that temerity? Don't you see 'Mahakal' is frozen in me?' I have come to this room several times in the past. I have had many vivid feelings within me in this room, but this new and unique feeling experienced today overwhelmed me. As if in a trance, I could hear a familiar voice; the same voice that I had heard one night in the month of Poush. I had heard that voice in several meetings and events. No one saw or knew. Such an experience behind everyone's eyes will perhaps find a place in the pages of history. I saw the surrender of the pained heart enriched by the experience of a century and the breadth of the heart of the neglected, maligned, warrior who had been dealt with in the most inhuman manner hundreds of times. The conversation was about Jawaharlal. The father of the nation was pouring out his accumulated resentment and grievance for him. And how unconcerned, soft, full of sympathy the person was for whom it was far more natural and apt to have expressed the resentment with far greater disdain. The unbearable and bitter memories had not been able to leave as much as a dent on his humanism. Jawaharlal is no more, and to pour out his grievance against him was beneath him. Having transcended the realms of consciousness, the sympathetic and tender person spoke to the Mahatma:

Oh! Give him his due! Affection……And. Don't feel miserly at that…….for affection was his.
Of course I know--- as others do---- much of his drummed up "Legend" shall not endure.Honest historians and critics, judging in retrospect shall not give marks for "Achievements" in both foreign and domestic fields.
Still----Affection was his……

May be you (Mahatmaji) very aptly and correctly said ; He is a non Indian……with his head and heart in England and only his feet in India.He shall always plan grandiose, which shall always fail……

He shall always rave; spew and curse the English for hours and hours ----- but shall always act the opposite, ……..(Maybe M Azad and others partially opened the cupboard to expose the skeleton)……
May be, Oh----May be many "Things"---more---
Still affection was his (personal and in abundance)

But, Motherland----My most precious worshipped Goddess Janani Janmabhumi ---- ***is supreme and above everything…..She requires (Demands) total all pervading ----all out sacrifice of ego----person----sentiment…….Ay there's the rub!***

As the most sensitive chord of my sensibilities was struck, I lost my consciousness. As I regained my senses I asked the doorkeeper 'where is that man of destiny?' The doorkeeper gave me a blank look. I could not explain him, I won't ever be able to explain to anyone these feelings, unspoken expressions of the realm which lay beyond words, it was a divine experience. It was the communion of two minds at a lonely and silent moment. I hit the road once more. The blue autumn sky and the bright sunlight. I remembered it was late, and I was yet to reach my destination. Quickly I dragged my weary self forward. The roads were crowded with people milling around; a birth anniversary was being celebrated. I heard a voice reverently explain the words "revolutionary" and "Deshnetri". I heard someone sing "I know I shall have to give

everything that is mine". I wondered who this Deshnetri was, who had sacrificed everything. I looked and saw a red rose bedecked with white lotuses. The blood red rose was nourishing the hearts of countless followers and admirers with her own life blood.

Silently I entered another room, a lonely room filled with flowers and the wafting fragrance of incense. A wonder for medical science, beyond the understanding of the laity, but clear and real as broad daylight. The Deshnetri firm in her resolve---- 'With my life, I shall play with death '. Perhaps it was impossible even for God to steal her away from her sleepless sentry. In a small room lay imprisoned the daughter of India, ever joyful and endowed with unlimited life force. All her passion and zeal quietened, she lay in restful sleep, as her sentry kept sleepless vigil. The degraded and neglected country's wailing bothered her no more. India's daughter looked with her eyes open, the innumerable events of two and a half decades ago enacted themselves once more from the deep labyrinths of her memory.

As I looked up I confronted another gaze. The sleepless eyes of the sentry! You had everything, what are you groping around for? You have completely forgotten your predecessors. The country never came to know about this death defying revolutionary thinker! The countrymen shall one day repay her debt with full respect and gratitude. Mahakal started taking me along into the bottomless depths of consciousness, where I gradually lost myself.

Charanik.

Jayasri, Ashwin, 1376 (1970)

'Nivasishyasi Majyeva Atah Urdhang Na Sangshayah'.

Mahakaa!

"With them the seed of wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand laboured it to grow :
And this was all the harvest that I reaped :
"I came like water, and like wind I go."
And the inverted bowl that we call the sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die
Lift not thy hands to it for help -- for it
Rolls impotently on as thou or I,
The ball no question makes of Ayes and Nos,
But right or left as strikes the player---'goes :
And He that tossed Thee (LEE) down into the field.
He knows about it all----He knows. He knows!
With Earth's First-clay they did the last man's knead.
And then of the harvest sow'd the seed :
'Yea! The first morning of creation wrote
What the last dawn of reckoning shall read.

Charan!
I bow my humble head in humility and surrender to the Supreme will of mother Durga Kali. She-Lee is not gone.
She lives in sublime peace and happiness in Mahakali
And her places, Mukul, Khoka, Tosh
Please forbear solacing
This poor grateful beggar"

(12.6.1970).

Bajrabani

Men are born equal- completely wrong. ***Men are not born equal***. Even ***science*** has proved that ***merit*** has to be given precedence. No ***weightage,*** no more mandatory employment simply because someone is from the ***scheduled castes. Democracy*** *:* An arrangement only to preserve their own pomp and status quo. ***Secularism?*** Jawaharlal's ***masters*** have taught those words before they left. The word ***Secular*** means non-religious. Jawaharlal came under pressure from many quarters, and then is ***secularism*** a synonym for being ***anti-religion***? Every country has a ***State Religion***. Did anything deter those who have taught you ***Democracy,*** those who possess the ***Mother of Parliaments*** to declare ***Christianity*** as their own ***State Religion*** alongside ***Democracy?*** Their ***State Policy*** is not *Christianity*. What prevented Jawaharlal from declaring ***Hinduism*** as our ***State Religion*** and ***'Rule of Law'*** our ***'State Policy'***? Everyone would have been ***assured*** that ***Hinduism*** would not have been imposed on ***Non-Hindus***. India would not be ***theocratic***, and ***State Policy*** too would not be ***guided*** by Hindu religious injunctions. Sensing trouble Jawaharlal along with Radhakrishnan, forwarded the explanation that ***Secularism*** means neutrality in respect of religion, not being ***anti-religion***. You have learnt all this jargon like parrots. Actually Jawaharlal has been repeating whatever the British have taught him. The British have understood if they can't impose their concocted version of ***Secularism*** then the policy of ***Divide and Rule*** cannot be perpetuated. If, following their example we declared ***Hinduism*** our ***State Religion*** then there would be serious trouble……serious trouble for Christians.

Christians are of course, facing a challenge from another front. Even experimental ***science*** has accepted reincarnation as a fact. There are three ***official societies*** who study matters related to the ***spirit***. Besides, there are innumerable ***non official societies*** too. ***Spirits*** are called. ***Spirits*** are photographed. People who can recall their past lives are called, ***interviewed*** and researched upon. Though this is scientifically proved, it is difficult for them to acknowledge as the ***Church*** will never approve it. Entire ***Christendom*** will topple.

Courage of conviction is needed. If you have it they will respect you and be afraid of you too. ***Jomo Kenyatta*** wrote a book sometime back strongly justifying ***African manners*** and ***customs.*** He was educated in England. He was fed up listening to the ridicule that the ***Africans*** were subject to during those days. Africans are uncivilized, their women are almost nude, they shave their hairs, males have stiff brush-like hairs, big teeth, have pitch black complexion, etc etc. ***Kenyatta*** of course, had married twice once while he was in Britain and an African woman after he returned to Africa. ***Kenyatta*** was subjected to prolonged imprisonment by the British. But they could not suppress ***Kenyatta.*** He has justified their ***manners*** and ***customs***, how well suited they are ***sociologically, geographically*** and ***climatically*** for Africa, including the near nakedness of the women. ***Kenyatta*** was not apologetic in the least about it. Critics of ***Kenyatta's*** book have not written anything adverse; rather they have appreciated ***Kenyatta's*** analysis. In fact ***Kenyatta's*** image has been elevated before them.

The greatest ***casualty*** in ***India*** is happiness. There is no joy in anyone's face. They are all serious and *sombre*. The ***leaders*** are constantly delivering ***sermons*** over the ***radio.*** There is not a single lively ***programme*** on the ***radio***, Everything is ***insipid***, and ***leaders*** are busy listening to their own voices, there is a ***craze*** for blind mimicry. Whenever something the west is about to ***discard*** something, the ***craze*** for it begins here. When the role of ***T.V.*** is being questioned and *research* going on, ***T.V. craze*** has started in our country. With paucity of funds, Indira Gandhi got Rs 100 crore *sanctioned*. Nobody raises any objections to such things. Ocular problems, ***nerve*** **disease,** lack of ***concentration,*** in the west a new entity, the T.V.Disease has appeared. Of course, ***T.V.*** is the best ***medium*** for ***Education.*** It would have been still acceptable if ***educational programmes*** were started through the ***T.V.***

How long will you imitate ***America, France*** and ***Britain***. Do you know in keeping with their ways the ***call girl*** **system** has been started in Delhi. It is nothing but ***prostitution***. Imitation of the British and British education is spelling disaster for us. ***Every man is born equal, Democracy! Our whole society*** has been ***undermined*** by convincing people that they are ***oppressed*** in our society. They call us unclean. We do not know ***sanitation***. Little girls become mothers, we are uneducated, etc. I can ***challenge*** everything and say all these are untrue. Little girls become mothers in our country; and ***it is on record*** in their country 11 year old and even 8 year old girls have become mothers. We are dirty! In their country a ***great mass of unwashed are on the move***. Their number is almost 10 million. They eat food picking from the garbage lying in ***backyards*** and ***dustbins.*** They are homeless, and are ***moving*** in a ***current.*** They don't have proper clothes, they boast of ***sanitation***, apart from the larger streets I can show you how dirty are their lanes and bylanes are with rags lying on open drains and scraps of paper all around.

Morality! look at their ***health*** *report*- the younger generation is rife with **gonorrhoea** and **syphilis.** Even 18 year old boys are its ***victims***. ***Moral health*** is their biggest ***headache;*** their ***unmarried mothers*** get ***protection by law,*** get ***hospital beds,*** everybody gets leave, nobody comes to know; what do you say? Is this ***morality***? Their ***public*** schools teach everything in their country is good and our ***public*** *schools* blindly copy them.

I tell you this blind imitation is nothing but ***abysmal short sightedness***. ***U.K.*** is the reason. Our ***attitude*** should be such that we should say even excreta in our own country is better than anything to be had abroad.

I can't take you there, otherwise I could have shown you what kind of libidinous luxury the ***upper society*** in ***France*** and ***Russia*** is indulging in. But they are coming to their senses. They shall accept the salient points of our culture within the next 15 to 20 years.
Mahakal

Jayasri, Baisakh, 1377 (1970)

The sight of Mahakal in the ethereal world.

The quiet funeral procession proceeded through the Elgin Road in the sunny midday of the 12th June. A serene looking lady lay in her eternal sleep bedecked with white flowers in a hearse; preceded and followed by a stream of followers and admirers. occasionally a deep and baritone chorus of 'Bande Mataram" surprised the passers by. On asking whose funeral this was- I learnt that it was that of revolutionary Deshnetri **Leela Roy**. I accompanied the procession of young and old men and women on the hot metalled road. We congregated at a unique holy spot where 18 years ago another flame flickered last before being extinguished. We witnessed the revolutionary's mortal remains being consigned to flames and reduced to ashes at the same spot where the revolutionary **Anil Roy** was cremated. With tears in our eyes and the smell of sandalwood and ghee wafting in the air, we experienced the existence of another world. As if a pair of well known joyous eyes surrounded her dead body. But that presence was ethereal, tired and weary; I had almost dozed off at the base of a nearby memorial. I felt the presence of several astral beings; I could recognize some, others I could not. It seemed **Khudiram** had come along with **Kanailal, Satyen, Prafulla, Bagha Jatin, Jatin Das, Surya Sen, Preetilata, Binoy-Badal-Dinesh, Deshbandhu, Deshpriya, Shyamaprasad, Rabindranath, Prafulla Chandra, Anil Ray, Indumati Singh** and **Anil Das**. Indumati Singh came forward extending her hand in a firm grip, for she had come to take charge of her partner. "Was your journey comfortable?" Anil Roy asked in his mild, affectionate and pleasant voice and there was her ardent follower Anil Das, beside himself with joy having met her after such a long gap. He had so much to share!

I saw another being too, a being known to everybody, but standing a little apart from the rest, watching all of us intently in this ethereal assembly, I appeared to have a glimpse of his reactions to our expressions.

The funeral pyre having burnt itself out, we extinguished the embers with water from the Ganges. We somehow dragged ourselves weary from fatigue and sorrow to our respective homes while scores of her followers, benumbed with sorrow bade her a silent farewell.On the

morning of the 9th August we heard another news, that of the demise of the renunciate monk Maharaj Trailakya Chakraborty in the national capital Delhi. He was indeed a maharaj, king of kings, and appropriately his soul undertook a stately journey to rest in peace in the immortal world. A huge crowd had gathered at the Dum Dum airport. I was taken aback hearing slogans of two different categories. There were people rushing ahead with red flags. A clash erupted between two different groups of people, one shouting 'Bande Mataram", the other shouting "Trailokya Maharaj laal selam". The sordid drama was enacted on the 10th August from Deshapriya Park to the Keoratala cremation ground. The renunciate venerable revolutionary saint who had spent forty years in prison lay in eternal rest while a bizarre drama went on being enacted around his mortal remains. While one group shouted 'Bande Mataram" the other shouted "Lal Selam", each tried to establish its right by muscle power. The great historical figure lying in eternal rest in their midst appeared to smile sadly. His journey from this mundane world to eternity had begun. He was greeted by beings from the otherworld as on the 12th of June. Is this the Bengal for which he had borne imprisonment for four decades? Are these the same children of Bengal for whom he has come from the other side of the Padma river? Maharaj went in a brisk stride with them. I stood watching with a heavy heart. What dire straits has this diabolical and selfish foreign-inspired political coterie landed Bengal in! The funeral pyre of sandalwood soaked in ghee was lit as I sat reminiscing about the 12th of June. Today there was Deshnetri Leela Roy among those who had come to receive him. It is indeed a strange world! On the 28th of June the Maharaja had come to the commemoration meeting of the daughter of this country and delivered a speech in her memory. Today the same daughter has come to receive him! The leaping flames and the smell of sandalwood wafting in the wind cast a strange spell over the place. I sat alone at the memorial of **Chittaranjan,** people loitered around in groups. Someone came quietly and stood beside me, I recognized the old and agonized face of Mahakal, tall as he stood. What a serene beauty there was in his face! There was an aura emanating from his entire body dressed in saffron robes; as if **Mahakal** had incarnated himself in some mundane form. Whose incarnation was this after all? That of the eternal itinerant Indian?

I asked him why all this was happening. Why this political squabbling around the mortal remains of the person for whom the entire country was mourning the other day ? Why are people so self centred? He said, this is the reason we reappear from oblivion and incarnate from time to time. Our hearts bleed to see such happenings, these loathsome scenes make us restless, we sigh out of despair. What an insult to the mortal remains immediately after one's demise! Mahakal the traveller of the astral world then went on to give a vivid description of the world of incorporeal and ethereal beings which I shall relate to in threadbare detail. I trust the impassioned ones shall believe the account of the ethereal other-world related to herein. This is no hypothesis, this is sheer melancholy from the core of Mahakal's being.

'Do you question what I am?
I am an apparition,
You know,
A great APPARITION……'

'Spirits laugh, 'Ha-Ha Hee-Hee' they dance, cry, sing, in graveyards and cremation grounds. But hardly anyone (yourself included) ever realises the actual reason behind the laughter, wailing and the singing of the spirits. Everyone thinks they do so to scare human beings. This is a grave (I would rather say 'unjust') misconception of human beings. They do not do so to scare mortals.

Ghosts laugh, wail, sing and shriek over their own corpses, their funeral pyres, their graves, their past lives, the sovereign of eternity is Ma Kali, which is why the spirits belong to Ma Kali.

Charan! Mortals do not listen to, or bother to understand the pathos of the spirits……
Mortal beings like to remain within their own confines. Anything outside their comfortable zone surprises and terrifies them and they shut their doors leading to the other world immediately. They neither bother to think nor understand 'why that wail….' the spirits sigh out of despair and return to Ma Kali's lap: their graves……..unloved and misconstrued.
(When the eruptions cease from this volcano, please remember this heart-to-heart talk just once).

Alas! before they return the Ghosts appear again…..the homes and societies that they have left behind, others are in possession of those homes and the societies and are moulding and rearranging them according to their own tastes and desires, surrounding them with high walls of self interests…..the ghosts return…..they observe everything with their ***four dimensional*** **vision,** they observe, listen and understand……..and they know: the new occupants of these homes think "we have performed their last rites so that the they (the ghosts) never come back, may we enjoy their property, fortunes, fame, etc to the hilt; may they never come back to reclaim and take away their property from us; we need to stop all means of their (the ghosts) coming back and doing so; we simply cannot afford to leave any means left for them (the ghosts) to redeem themselves- prepare some foolproof means- so that the ghost cannot come back and say-'these are mine'. "

The ghost perhaps (!) laughs (?)"
--the things he (the ghost) has left behind like "waste",
why again!
The ghost returns: with a howling laughter: seeing the ridiculous efforts of the new owners: (what is that howling laughter tearing across the void? who knows what it is? Is there anyone who knows?)

The Ghost returns to the deep woods; to Ma Kali; takes lessons, laughs, waits for that day, when the new owners will leave their "present" behind as their "past" and join the ghost, appear before him……the ghost will have a belly laugh once again! He waits for that day!
This is why the ghost laughs. Do you want to take even that away Charan? Please don't be so cruel.

Never in my life have I done something with an ulterior motive. I have neither wanted nor shall want something in return. Whom do I have to call my own? whom shall I ask something from? Ghosts do not commit such mistakes……..no one will ever see the scar marks that have been

etched forever on my bosom. I do not want to show them to anyone. The calculations have been made, whether someone comes or goes with me or not, I shall bear the standard of the eternal revolution all alone……..the purpose of death…….is it simply the demise? I don't agree.

I am the eternal Bengali----deep in me there is the eternal Bengali---perhaps you'd say this is ***chauvinism*** so be it; still I am a Bengali; if there is no seed, where would come the tree, leaves, flowers and fruits? The lush green expanses of Bengal, the seasons of Bengal, beautiful villages of Bengal, the basil mounts….where, where else! I am Bengali, the fusion of **Tantra and Vedas** personified! no race has this unique combination of attributes….which other community can go so wild in ecstasy at the end of the Pujas...during the Visarjan [farewell immersion ceremony for the Goddess Durga] ? Bengalis--revolutionaries---mother worshippers--worshippers of the cult of power---revolution is not only an "ideal" in Bengal--it is the objective. Revolution is self contained. Revolution does not come at anybody's call, it arises out of its own necessity; it does not wait for or depend on anybody's askance. The 'eternal revolution" is ageless, immortal. Perhaps the manifestations change, know this. This will happen in Asia too. The revolution which is at hand but yet-to-come is gathering momentum. (Whether some ***particular persons, groups or combination*** likes it or not, come it will). On one hand it carries destruction and on the other it carries new creation;

"' One hand of Mother holds a head
beheading scythe the other holds tight,
from her forehead the full moon shines,
her hairs the black moonless night'.

She is my Ma-Janani, my Mother she is: My motherland Bengal, my only for-ever adored mother of mine. My Comrades-in-arms! many have fallen by the wayside, who is there to stand beside the ghost? None. I have to undertake the journey all alone……
Carry on I must. The extremist doesn't enjoy the luxury of fatigue…..cannot afford to be the mortal depending on food…..the Bengali is mired in the debate of opinions and ideologies……this worship demands the supreme sacrifice. My Ma-Janani is omnipresent, all pervading---Bengal has become one in "Ma Janani's lap" that is the future towards which Ma Janani is looking at……looking towards the "unknown shape of things to come".....Bengal has failed to comprehend.

The Ghost -------filled with emptiness.
"In the heart of emptiness blossoms fulfilment"

I loath to be that God of destruction. But if Ma Janani tells me "Mai Bhukhi Hoon" (I am hungry) then….then…..then the thunder of twelve suns shall smite, the preparations have been made, I have never been known to pull my punches, and I won't. ***If I cannot rouse the Gods in heaven, then--then---By my life I will raise Hell!***

Then... then one day, when 'this fire' will stop flickering for good, Charan, the fire breathing lute shall play no more. On that day……on that day write this on a dirt track in Bengal " Diffused in

this dust is an unyielding pauper- Mother's son; who has sacrificed all that was his and with own life blood and tears paved the way for the stately arrival of Ma Janani wearing the gemstone bedecked crown …… for her soothing benedictions and …..her eternal enthronement…"
This is my first birth: and this…is my last. I shall not come again.
What does Mother want?
"You are the infinitely blessed son of the Mother, It does not behove you to harbour such doubts---".

Think of another day: Maharaj Nal, who commanded respect even from the Gods had to sit in judgement over a dispute. He judged impartially, and the losing party--beside themselves in rage threw a ***challenge*** vowing to extract revenge before leaving. The victorious Mother told him "do not worry, I shall always be with you, and ultimately I shall rescue you." Once when a wildfire broke out, hearing cries of "help! Help! Save us from the wildfire! We are about to lose our lives!" Hearing the cries for help Maharaj Nal went into the fire and rescued the scorpion who had been sending out the heart rending cries. As MaharaJ Nal took the scorpion out of the fire in his hands, the scorpion stung him. Writhing in pain from the venomous sting of the scorpion Maharaj Nal said "You ungrateful scorpion, so treacherous you are----you stung me---your rescuer! Wait till I chastise you before I die!" The scorpion said "Oh Maharaj Nal my saviour from certain death from the wildfire, I am not treacherous, I am incapable of betraying anybody, I am the omniscient scorpion. You know that nobody, not even the Kumar brothers can save anyone from death from my venom; you have lost everything but you are still alive, your appearance and mannerisms give you away; anyone can recognize you. In your present state this can be lethal for you. You are none else than Maharaja Nal. That is why, I have stung you to save your life, Maharaj----look at your reflection in the water--my poison has made you bent, crippled and ugly….. now on you shall be able to move freely and nobody will be able to recognize you, please go to so-and-so kingdom belonging to so-and-so King…… I have stung you on Mother's command, at 'such-and-such' time you shall get your pristine form back….as a mark of gratefulness for saving my life….I vow that neither me nor any one of my kind shall ever sting anybody whoever chants your name with reverence seven times a day".

Can Mother ever commit---such a mistake? Only she knows and can know the mind of her baby. Her baby can neither get enough of its mother nor wants to ---- everything of the baby is centred around its Mother.

Think calmly Charan, of all that this body has been through. Do you think any other body would have survived a hundredth of what this body has withstood? But…..
No one (of or, amongst "Them") can 'get' The 'Dead' Alive……
I woke up with a startle, and saw it was dark. I don't know when the funeral pyre of **Maharaj** had burnt itself out, everyone had left, but I could not bring myself to disbelieve what I heard and saw in the non physical realm; of words narrated by Mahakal in deep pathos. I want to preserve his precious words in my heart, and wait with the faint glimmer of hope for the day in which 'Nalraja' returns in our midst reappearing in his pristine form.

Jayasree, Bhadra, 1377 (1970).

I seek thee as I sing.

I was in a Bengal village when a middle aged figure with familiar features accosted me passing on a message in a flurry of words. I might have met him somewhere on the shores of the Ganges or on the other side of the Padma. It took me time to recollect from the hidden vaults of my memory. A no-nonsense man of few words giving practically no scope for asking too many questions, he reminded me of the old days when the revolutionary leaders used to hand over firearms with crisp orders briefing the job to be done to be carried out precisely with full obedience leaving no room for any deliberations.

He instructed me to wait at a specific place. I could figure out to whom I was going, but had no idea about his location. I crossed Bengal in a vehicle reaching a mountainous area and thereafter into dense woods. Hitherto I had never come in these areas. Having started off in the morning, we stopped in deep forests, we had food, then we changed our vehicle. There was no way to look outside from inside the second vehicle, barring one co-passenger all the rest were unknown people, and I had no idea which country they were from. The vehicle travelled fast, at times stopping for five or ten minutes, at dawn it reached a clearing in the mountains, where we disembarked beside a lake. The gentleman I knew asked me to get fresh after which we had some tea with breakfast. We started gradually feeling cold. I realised we were travelling through high altitude. It started getting progressively colder as we went. In the meantime we had to take our food inside the enclosed vehicle. At times we had to answer calls of nature in the open, amid scenic beauty. The vehicle stopped in the evening after which we would have to travel on horseback. In the bitter cold we reached a beautiful place just before dawn. Four days of relentless travelling came to an end as we reached a place where there was almost no human being or habitation to be seen. It was a holy land described in the Puranas with breathtaking natural beauty. All occupants of the few inhabited houses were foreigners. Some were light skinned with aquiline noses and big eyes while some had flat noses with slit eyes.

It was one of the most vivid experiences of Charanik. An amazing experience, his pen expressing the thoughts and ideas of the great power came alive with the splendour of stark reality. Blessed was Charanik's life and his quest rendered it worthwhile. He presents the narrative as he has perceived and understood. It is a new epic, in addition to that of **Valmiki's Ramayana** and **Vyasa's Mahabharat**.

It was midday when my call came. I was allowed to sit at a corner in a lighted cave. There appeared to be nobody around, when a gentle voice asked " Charan,have you come?"'Where, why don't I hear your voice Charan?' In an unfamiliar surrounding, everything appeared to have come to a standstill before the colossal personality. I took in a deep breath and said.-"My salutations to you Mahakal, the supreme Lord of time!" "Swasti! Swasti !!' Came the reply.

Shortly afterwards, from the bottomless depths of the ocean, from the great void came a deep melodious baritone voice ' Your dreams and aspirations personified is present right in front of you.. There is nothing symbolic. Remember you are not an isolated being. You represent and are upholding a whole legacy, an era. So your responsibilities are gigantic. Your mentors,forebears and critiques, the great souls who are now inhabitants of the other world are all here with me'. I felt a shiver going down my spine. 'Do you understand?' I was speechless. " I have been noticing everything that you do, each step that you take, nobody can fool me.'

I simply went on listening as I could not muster strength to reply. At times I think what vanity we harbour in ourselves. But we are nothing in front of this gigantic personality. How insignificant and puny do we seem in front of him!

I have heard the question 'Why isn't he coming back?' innumerable times in this vagrant life of mine. The country is in the grip of a terrible crisis, what can be a more propitious time for his coming back? How much worse can things get? If he is to return, this is the time he should. If he doesn't, so be it then, we do not need him. Is he not keeping contact with anyone? If he does not take his old and trusted comrades into confidence, whose services will he utilise? It seems impossible that he will be able to do anything even if he returns.

Another group says- do you know for sure that he is still alive? You don't know? Then where are you drawing your moral strength from? Can one sustain the same morale one has if he knows somebody is alive rather that there being an uncertainty of his being alive? What will give you greater moral support, the words 'He is living" or the words " We don't know where he is"? Yes, there are many proofs, when China occupied Tibet, there was someone who appeared there. All the events of South East Asia bear testimony to his movements.

The summary of the instructions a holy man had given and the divine visions he had shared in the process of narrating the account of his spiritual quest while living underground, the description of which his disciple is writing one page after the other even today is --the great cosmic illusion Mahamaya has created a being. ***The whole world shall have but one religion.*** The immensely powerful personified benediction of Mahamaya is coming as the emperor of India who will unite the division and give rise to a great entity opening up a whole new horizon, the beginnings of which shall be in the east, then engulf the whole of India and then the entire South East Asia, 'radiating' thereafter throughout the whole world. The greedy 'Godless' creed shall no longer exist.

One highly learned in the science of the Tantras is invoking him in the warrior form of Shri Krishna. It is his belief that at the hour of India's worst crisis there is only one person who deserves to adorn the seat of the leader of the nation. The luminary in his spiritual quest visualises the great saviour of the future which is yet to unfold in the form of Conch-Discus-Club-and- Lotus bearing warrior Lord Krishna. He is invoking the divine incarnate in form of Rudra, the terrifying Rigvedic deity of storm coming to cleanse India of all her misery and filth.

The divine youngster once described as a 'miracle child' has said that he is coming this time in a new form, which is one of a completely unattached renunciate. Every word and action of his is completely scientific. Endowed with unbelievable paranormal spiritual power, all his actions will be established with irrefutable scientific basis.

All this is only the reaction of the millions of mundane lesser mortals such as us. What an assortment of expressions centering around one person. But the man of destiny, the adept yogi is fully unconcerned, immersed in his spiritual quest of Shiva. The knowledge obtained from his quest is so extensive, so deep, so complex, that poor Charan has no idea what miniscule fraction of that can be portrayed through his writings. Even then Charanik will convey, whatever he has been able to do, without deciding to choose any subject or specific purpose----like a mesmerised onlooker sitting on the seashore marvelling at the beauty of the ocean .

The first session.

"I can defy God, at the same time I can hush away his son Prince Lucifer (Saturn) the most favourite son of God."

There is none to hold me back because I have no attachments. The oscillations of someone whose guiding principle in life is non acceptance of gifts or favours depends entirely on him alone. The anchor is firmly in its place.
Life and death, being and nonbeing, creation and destruction, formation and dissolution are two sides of the same medallion.
Ma Kali gives birth and she herself devours, to give birth to a superior ***stream. She, my Mother cannot be satisfied. Satiation is not my Mother. Satiation is Father. Woman came first, not Adam.***
Energy came first. Force came first. Vibration came first. What is energy? What is power? Power is ***Mother*** herself.
Sins are ***atoned***. You can ***amend Sin***. But you cannot amend a ***blunder.***
Stay ever-beautiful oh creeper. You have to be a strong creeper like the python that clings to the Banyan tree. Do you know what a creeper is?
Remember the hype about Communism is pleasing to hear. But the ***next step*** is not good. You have to become ***fanatic Jesuits. Jesuits are most fanatic and totally dedicated.***
"A human being is driven by his mind, the asset of the mind is determination, the substitute is steadiness. The mind tends to escape from self regulation. Human beings are scared of ***Discipline***. With self discipline, the ***centripetal*** forces gain ascendancy. Lack of self discipline gives rise to ***centrifugal*** tendencies. What will happen if you put together a ton of gunpowder and set it alight? It will ignite entirely in a whoosh! But if you take five ounces from that heap of gunpowder and get a ***plumber*** to fashion a pipe with one end closed, pack five ounces

gunpowder at the closed end and keep and marble towards the open end and set the gunpowder alight pointing the tube at a person 200 yards away, you will hear a bang and the next thing you see is that the man is lying on the ground. So you see that one ton gunpowder could not kill anyone while five ounces of gunpowder could do it. This is because the power of gunpowder has been concentrated and trained in one direction. "

'Well, what is an ideal. An ideal means the hangman's noose. To adopt an "ideal" and to wear the hangman's noose around your neck in your own hands are synonymous. At least this is what I have understood. There can be no ***compromise*** regarding this. What does the hangman's noose ask for? What does it take? Your life.'

The question of frustration and mutual bloodletting in youth was raised. In a moment the atmosphere became charged. The affectionate, loving soul lord Shiva seated in lotus posture metamorphosed into the lord of thunderstorms Rudra. The silence was shattered by his thundering voice:

'Have you paid the price? You haven't. You haven't sacrificed for your freedom. You haven't laid down your lives. Instead, you have jeered at and mocked those who did. Something which is earned easily is never appreciated. What is the reason you did not pay any price nor wanted to pay for what you received, you did not pay respect to the lakhs of lives laid down and made fun of them instead?

You got everything cheap. Time is a relative term. You can never get anything entirely free. Now the price is being extracted. It is being extracted.

Oil is extracted from the mortar and pestle of the crusher. These useless people will be yoked to the crushers pestle and mortar and revenge extracted for their mockery.
Mother Kali, she procreates only to devour herself against or to create a better calibre. Throughout the length and breadth of India even the Gods will tremble.
Have you seen the naked dance of the vampires? You'll have more of it. You'll soon know what sick and perverted mentality is. You shall cry for succour in towns and villages. I shall extract the price. Pay the full price you will. I shall say, breathe now. ***You cannot run away from your deeds.*** Do you want to run away from your deeds? Your deeds are your future, fate, destiny.

I know this much that India is Mother Bengal. Mother Bengal is India. The loose end of her clothing covers the whole of India and extends beyond its borders. Even if the three worlds unite to ransack and sink Bengal and India they shall fail. I know only this much. I know of myself, of what I can do.

If I cannot move the Gods, I will raise hell. In my heart of hearts I want to rouse the Gods so that India can be saved, the India that arose from the depths of the deep blue ocean. "Sudurlavam Bhatasbarsham Janmam"

May the Gods wake up and keep India secure. I want from my heart of hearts that if they cannot be roused. I shall rouse the demons. ***I have never been known to pull my punches.***

The good people say---who's there please come along and deliver us from our woes. Will you lie still on your bed if your home is on fire? My remarks are scathing, aren't they? ***These persons will be the first persons to hang along.***

Whom do you call? Those who have already killed themselves, is it them that you call, you have been lying then. ***"Are you not mocking your own self?"***

Two shyamasangeets [devotional songs addressed to the Goddess Kali] 'Shyama how black you are' and 'Come Mother, we'll go out for a walk' and two songs of the sage poet ' A flood has come from the ocean joyful/ sit holding the oars, pull the oars you all pull' and ' I shall roll on the ground beneath thy seat' After the songs were sung the words from the depths of an embittered heart started pouring out. I could not hold back my tears.My heart became heavy at my own worthlessness.

As the singing ended he said ***"Frankly speaking,; I have ceased to care for myself. I absolutely do not care what happens to my frail body or how I die. And for good reasons why? For whom? I know, now, there's no one who has shed two drops of tears on my death. And I know best now there is no one who'll shed half a drop of tear on a desert like this fool. I feel singularly free and triumphant with this knowledge. Yes, that's it. I see and feel myself a free eagle, a free lion, a monos standing severely and ecstatically single and alone. On the highest craggy summit with all the cyclones blowing around and raging by.***
....I know this is my last mortal coil, and so my only concern is to see that my 'Sadhana' is put through. And I think my conscience is perfectly clear before God, my heart.
'Please! Please bear with this 'Mahakal', Just a while ago, you know. I'll not be taking your goodness and patience------Ad Infinitum----don't you? Could you just imagine 'Mahakal' emerging out of his tomb, after so many years. Or for that matter of a man----who had suddenly gone dumb finding his voice after so many years? Yes, it is just like that.....he simply boils------ and bubbles over: trying to give expression to very many pent up things ----and thoughts------- (all) at the same time.
A voice speaks within me. I don't know whose. I think it was there in my infancy-----in my childhood : dormant but spurring me on---and on. And oh! I sought after it : just like a musk deer.
The 'voice' that speaks: It shall be heard: those who have gone all out to stifle it. The 'voice' is stronger---louder, now-knocking. They know it; they know. They hear the voice---- 'but not the source'.
I believe and know and have faith in divine grace. I know that honest endeavours pursued with dedication are surely blessed with divine grace.....And even if the pioneer dies, his Sadhana dies not. It is taken up by other Sadhakas of the same line-----and thoughts are pursued to its final glorious consummation .....my Sadhana cannot-----shall not fail! Matri Sadhana can never fail."

The first meeting concluded thus. I returned to my room. In my room I sat alone and was thinking of another person whom I had seen many years ago returning on a launch after a conference in Dhaka en route Munshiganj. On that occasion Jiten Kushari had started singing "Ekla Chalo re" (Let's go alone- in Bengali), the serious man also joined in his singing, after

which he took off his shirt and fell asleep. I recalled many meetings, many private discussions, at times in jovial mood, at times sombre, at times he would call someone similarly serious aside to have a discussion. It was the same Bengali vocabulary, the manner of speaking was also exactly the same. The slight stammer with an occasional drag of vowels ---with some syllables being repeated had remained as it used to be. But a smattering of Urdu, Arabic, German, French, etc mixed in his vocabulary was new.

The second session.

"Just think of how many different and unknown countries and cultures I have been----and stayed with. Of how many different thoughts-ideas-societies-civilizational patterns I have embedded myself within, observed, compared, evaluated, discussed about and delved in. History and Geography have no mention of such people and places because Historians and Geographers cannot even dream of them.

For example in Asia there is a place where everyone stays naked. Their looks are identical to us. The men are tall, well built and healthy, their women also look like our women. The women are very tall and their hairs grow down to their knees. They have wonderful physiques, because of their ***Natural life,*** their physiques are essentially wonderful. If some outsider chances to come within them the males would kill him; unless of course some woman of their group give him shelter - love and accept him as her own, then he has a chance to live (perhaps).

There's a place where, if you live two consecutive years you would grow eight inches to a foot taller, the atmospheric radioactivity activates the glands in such a way.
It would be wrong to simply say that the amazing temple-palace and city of ***Angkor*** was that of an Indian Emperor. (In those times these areas belonged to India) that was of Bengal, that is, the Emperor who built it was a Bengali.

A place within a desert---a vast stretch where fire erupts from within the ground at different places. There is a very strange Fire-Temple, some very *spacious* altars, and piercing each altar there is a jet of fire erupting from the earth below. People can stay in the precincts of the temple, there are many buildings, some in ruins, others not so, in the olden days people used to travel ***regularly*** from India for cremating the 'dead'.

All around the **Baikal Lake,** centering the lake, there were Indian cities ---of Indian business communities----the majority of them Bengalis.

Ma Ganga does not originate from the Gangotri. Ganga really comes from beneath the Alka mountain. The **Alkananda** (daughter of the Alka mountain) is the actual Ganga. It comes out from the **Manassarowar** boring its way from there till it emerges from underneath the Alka mountain. That is why the water of the Ganga has some unique beneficial properties which is not to be found in any other water source in the world.

The ***Caspian Sea*** was really the hermitage(tapovan) of the sage **Kashyap**. There is a ***health resort*** named ***Ramsarovar***, at present it is known as ***Ramsar.***

Near the ***Baltic Sea*** there is the ***Gulf of Buttermilk*** in which there is the ruins of a palace within its largest island and beside it there is a *lake*. It is called **lake *Kali.*** I have visited it several times. Many ancient legends can be heard there."

Listening to his fascinating accounts I suddenly asked him among so many places he has visited, which is the place which has enchanted him the most, which is the most beautiful place on earth.

The reply came, if you ask about any country it is India which has no parallel as a place. Within India you shall find the ***prototype*** of the ***climates*** of all countries around the world. Besides, there are ***climates*** within India which you shall find nowhere else in this world.
Thereafter I asked him again, when it comes to ***scenic beauty***, what is it that he has liked the most?-------reply------ "the most favourite sight of his person who moves across the farthest limits of the horizon is the mount of the **basil plant.** It is there my mothers and sisters with the ends of their sarees around their necks touch their heads and blow their conch shells. That is the sight which pleases me the most. If there is anything called heaven, then to me it is the mount of the basil plant. During the twilight hours of dawn and evening, where every mother and sister is lighting her earthen lamp, paying their obeisances and blowing their conch shells, there is no sight more pleasant that I can think of."

He asked 'are you disappointed? You had thought you would hear something extraordinary, right?'

Truly speaking I had not imagined this. After the meeting was over, I sat alone thinking, 'only the eternal Indian Pilgrim can love his country thus'.

Third session.

'I have undergone ***complete metamorphosis.*** The underlying principle in my life is renunciation. I am not a ***great man,*** so I do not have the need for any ***biography. Great men*** need to perpetuate their ***lives*** with their ***biographies.*** Great men need to perpetuate their lives. My life is an open book to everyone including Ma Kali.

You want to understand my present in the light of my past. This is where you go wrong. Of course I had no confusion regarding the goal of my life in the past though I had the realisation about life in the second phase of my life. At that time I was living within my own limitations.

Even then I had a crystal clear conception about a ***programme*** in life, about the shape of things in the past, present and the future. I knew the assortment of attributes that would invariably come to exist in me and I also knew that I would have to know myself, know ***mankind*** and know about the world. Even when I existed within the confines of your attachments I knew that I would have to be the prophet of the future and the pioneer for tomorrow. Otherwise it would not serve the purpose of fulfilling the mission of my life. I knew that I would have to know and that I would ultimately come to know the universal ***laws*** that govern and ***regulate*** the evolution of a country, a nation and mankind in general and the ***world's progress***; that I would have to know these ***laws*** **and would have to steer** ***mankind*** in accordance with these laws. I have nurtured and evolved this objective, this ideal and this cherished goal, with one great nation in mind. This needs to be implemented and shall be implemented. It will initially be implemented through ***India.*** Thereafter ***step by step*** it will slowly but irresistibly spread across far and wide.

…There is only one consideration that I have ever had in mind; I shall have to see to it, I need to keep an eye on only one objective in this life, what I have not been able to deliver as yet. It is not this life's objective to dwell upon what I have not received. The prime consideration in my life is what I have received and what I have not been able to deliver as yet. That's it! My life shall be fulfilled.

There is no power on earth which this time can stand up before the onrush of Ma Kali's Horizon. No hurdles however strong, whatsoever hurdles may be put before it, whosoever stands before the onrush will be ruthlessly crushed.

Remember ***Ma Kali is synonymous with Bengal.***

To make myself markedly plain I have said ***If I cannot move the Gods, I will raise Hell.***
The promise is infinitely truer than the truth of life and death."
Mahakal went into a trance amid pin drop silence. I started thinking that what an eighteen year old had said once upon a time as was his youthful dream, perhaps it is within reach of his realisation today. The words of the youth came to my mind: " As the days go by I am clearly realising that there is a ***definite mission*** in my life. That is the reason of my embodiment ***and I am not to drift in this current of popular opinion.*** People will say good or bad about me but that is life ***but my sublime self consciousness consists in this that I am not influenced by them.***
If the behaviour of the world changes my ***attitude*** and brings me to grief, then I shall take it to be my weakness. But as the mountain or a well coming in the way of someone who aims for the does not matter- likewise, somebody whose only target is his ***mission,*** his ideal, such distractions do not matter. ***I must move about with the proud self consciousness of one imbued with an idea,*** so now I understand that to be a complete person one needs the following attributes:

1. ***Embodiment of the past.***
2. ***Product of the present.***
3. ***Prophet of the future.***
1. ***I must assimilate the past history in fact all the past civilizations in the world.***

2. ***I must study myself---study the world around me----both India and abroad and for this foreign travels are necessary.***
3. ***I must be the prophet of the future. I must discover the laws of progress----the tendency of both the civilization and therefrom to settle the future goal and progress of mankind. The philosophy of life will alone help me in this.***
4. ***The idea must be realised through a nation----begin with India.*** *(August 31, 1915)*

This great life is truly an open book, let the open book bring a ripple in the households of Bengal, may the Bengal that is divided into a hundred factions and is going to all extents possible imitating others wake up and follow this devotee of Shiva to the exclusion of everything else, the devotee who is on his spiritual quest, is standing there waiting to hand over all his treasures on a platter at your door.

Jayasree Pous 1377 (1971)

'Come back again I will ': 1

It was the Racecourse ground of Dhaka on the 7th of March, 1971. It was like waves in a sea. The numbers were difficult to estimate, lakhs of people were converging in as they sang ' Amar Desh Tomar Desh Bangladesh' "Joy, Joy Banglar Joy' [My Country, Your Country, Bangladesh, Victory, Victory, Victory to Bangladesh] The platform, 120 feet wide, was shaped like a boat. It appeared to be afloat in an ocean of humanity. The Sheikh Sahib took the salute from the army of volunteers and unfurled the sail of the boat , on it was the map of evergreen Bengal, with the words 'Joy Bangla' (Victory to Bengal) written on in blood red letters. The national anthem "Amar Sonar Bangla Ami Tomae Bhalobasi' (My golden Bengal I love you) was sung. I stood among a massive crowd of humanity wild with joy and saw a programme celebrating Bengal and Bengalis.

'Someone' had asked Charanik do you know the song 'Amar Sonar Bangla', please sing it'. I could not sing the song on that day as I did not remember all the words of that song. This significance of singing this song along with the few words that he spoke is gradually sinking in with the passage of time and with recent developments.

I had come to Dhaka after a long time, full of memories, happy and sad; all are associated with this city. Seeing the massive gathering at the Racecourse, spontaneous outpouring of patriotic emotions I recalled the events of 1911, 1921, 1925, etc when I had seen **Bipin Chandra Pal, Deshbandhu Chittaranjan** and **Rabindranath Tagore** at the Coronation park on the banks of the Buriganga between the Sadar Ghat and Lalkuthi. I had heard the speeches of the great orator Deshbandhu and the Saint-Poet intently, the memories of which are unforgettable. Also unforgettable was the arrival in Dhaka of another person in 1940. He was the national leader and the pure Bengali Subhas Chandra Bose, wearing a dhoti of khaddar with a panjabi (Bengali

version of Kurta) with gile (artificial wrinkles on it) and a pair of fancy shoes of white leather. He had come to the Bengal Provincial Conference at Dhaka after attending the *Anti Compromise Conference* at Ramgarh. The crowds were spilling over at Narayanganj Station. It was half past five when he reached Dhaka. Thousands had gathered to welcome him.

A great many facts are not mentioned in history. They shall never be mentioned. For those who worship revolution never let anyone know things in advance. A war which brings revolutionary changes is called a revolution; in that sense war is a revolution.
In a meeting with him he had told me once: ***War and all work connected with war for bringing it to its successful end for one's country, demands the highest and purest form of integrity and analysis and sacrifice. It is no sentimental job.*** This is a fact.

I shall reveal a background anecdote of 1940. I hope many such stories shall be revealed in the days to come.

The two day Bengal Provincial Conference was over. There was a public meeting on the 26th. Several thousands of Bengali men and women of Dhaka and the surrounding areas eagerly listened to the speech of their national leader. Thereafter the Deshnetri sat down to a meeting again with workers, and the meeting concluded at two in the morning. The moving force behind this tour, the flaming Leela Roy asked him "I hope you shall be visiting Manikganj", the national leader looked into his pocket and demurely said "I have run out of funds" Endowed with a sharp intellect and capable of taking quick decisions, the Deshnetri said, "please give me two hours time, you need not worry about money". Two boys left for Manikganj riding bicycles as messengers.

She took them to Sadhana Oushadhalay of Dhaka, an Ayurvedic Pharmacy, Rajani Basak, a prominent establishment and a prominent personality of Dhaka. The problems were solved as if by magic.

On that day, during the lull before the storm no one had any inkling of what was brewing up. There were certain pointers to future events through some small incidents. The two lads who had set out for Manikganj on bicycles returned early the next morning. The long ride to and fro had left them very tired, but this did not escape the eyes of the national leader. He said 'they shall accompany me'. The Deshnetri [lady national leader] was not only a consummate revolutionary but an affectionate mother as well. She arranged for them to have a bath and food, and made them ready within a short time. In the meantime the over enthusiastic Communist workers had spread a rumor in Manikganj that the national leader would not be coming there as he was not well. But as the news reached of his arrival there was a current of joy and enthusiasm spread among the people of Manikganj. From Dhaka to Mirpur, Fulbaria, surging crowds welcomed and garlanded him with utmost spontaneity and eagerness. A meeting was held in Savar, and he boarded the launch at Fulbaria. In the crowded launch he suddenly pulled Anil Roy aside and asked him "How about going abroad and form a ***military*** force outside India?" In those days and in that prevailing atmosphere the concept of creating an Army outside India left the revolutionary, philosopher, ideologue **Anil Chandra** speechless. Moreover, that the question of the national leader would metamorphose into a reality was

beyond anybody's imagination. Today one can understand how far reaching were the plans and thinking of the great leader. He wrote the Editorial of the 'Forward' on the launch itself.

Time and place changed. The revolutionary Anil Roy is no more. The lady revolutionary leader too has departed. A lot of untold history has disappeared in the bottomless abyss of time. But Mahakal is not inert or unconcerned. Mahakal is there, to steer the wheel of history in its proper course, and from the labyrinths of the past Mahakal recollected all the events mentioned herein and said, 'a large part of the funds collected on that day helped me organize the movement for dismantling the ***Holwell Monument,*** you know.'

We witnessed a form of a mass movement in 1942. But it was an outburst of national pride in all its spontaneity and exultation that we witnessed on the 7th March at the Dhaka Racecourse ground first, after which it slowly spread to towns and villages and every nook and cranny of the province. We have also seen the crackdown by the Pakistani Army on the night of the 25th March with the panicked and shell shocked population fleeing, thereafter gathering their morale once again and fight back with steely resolve to cast off the ignominy of subjugation of their motherland. What magic could inspire and amalgamate them into such a fighting unit with their hearts beating as one, only time can tell. In the meetings with Mahakal these events were referred to in many different ways. He had also discussed their outcomes. So without going into the innumerable anecdotes in Charanik's repertoire we shall herein only dwell upon the words of Mahakal.

We recall the events in the aftermath of the Pakistani Army's crackdown on the night of the 25th of March. How every district of the then East Pakistan witnessed unbridled torture, killings and rape. How hundreds of thousands of people were uprooted and sought shelter on Indian soil. In the midst of all this we had the opportunity to meet and talk to several leaders, and all of them were struck by the suddenness of the events. Afterwards they have tried to analyse the entire course of events in hindsight. I heard one of the top rung leaders say: 'Today as we speak candidly in front of you you shall find it ***shocking***. You may find such brazen self-criticism extremely embarrassing, but we have to confess. It was we the Muslims of East Bengal who divided this country. If we had not divided Bengal, no one could have done so. We are atoning and paying for it with our blood. We had shattered the dreams of the forebears of Bengal like Rabindranath and Chittaranjan Das who had dreamt of a united India. The dreams of our predecessors shall now be realised'.

But for one, the events were no surprise. As I heard the candid confession from the muslim leader of Bangladesh, I could not help recalling the words of Mahakal:

"They must pay the price. Who gave them the right to kill lakhs of people? ***They must not forget*** their only identity shall be they are children of Janani Janmabhoomi. There shall be no other identity. ***Personal approach to God that will be their personal affair.*** During the ***Holwell Monument*** movement boys from Dhaka sent word that they might be coming.
This time ***someone is neither going to give or ask for any question. They must pay the price with their lives."***

As I sit writing this today, I feel electric current touching my body. But what are we succeeding in doing? Our experience is akin to that of Arjun witnessing creation through 'Bibhuti' (divine grace). What else shall we compare our experience with? Besides, He is beyond comparison. In the electrifying atmosphere of his cave he had said: "I shall create festering sores on the bosom of my motherland which you shall watch in awe".

"Such a horrendous situation will be created in ***E AND W PAK*** that ..... will be forced to assume the role of "Nadir Shah" to crush ***E PAK.*** If only – for bringing the process to a successful end ..... fails to become "full Nadir Shah" ***ONLY THEN THERE SHALL BE FOUND, TO TAKE HIS PLACE, TO BECOME*** "full Nadir Shah"

You-and-your people let East Bengal get the whole ----gamut of "the thing". Never, never let anyone of you shout or shriek for "United Bengal" for heaven's sake....Them------Muslims of Bengal have been so primed as to be in no mood to be united with Hindu----West Bengal. Let the Muslims of East Bengal have (get) it seemingly on their own gas, first.

The next stage shall crop up thereafter.
Mahakal is (has been) working so actively that Pakistan ***shall be forced to murder*** Kutch ***and*** Tashkent.

The smouldering fire shall be re-ignited. The preparations and modus operandi this time shall be different.

..The Govt of India's illusion that they are on the right track-----will soon be shattered. ***Mahakal*** hopes that when the illusion will be shattered then the Government shall call the saviour of Tashkent at the top of its voice. 'please keep thy promise' ***Mahakal will see to it*** *that* 'the saviour of Tashkent ***cannot come to the rescue.*** The ultra left country ***shall be rushed 'somewhere' to engage (and thus divert)*** the saviour of Tashkent-----***entangling*** the saviour of Tashkent ***for fear*** (of the saviour's) ***own sake. 'Something' is happening rather, has been, all these years, volcanoes are going to erupt. A leadership more brutal, more savage and aggressive (it is a must for Mahakal).***

The ruling party whose only means of clinging to power is by licking the boots of both sides has no other option than to dance to the tune of both. In this question of life and death the maneuverings, ***stance,*** etc of the Govt, the ruling party and the neighbouring country is ***identically*** the *same.* The ***ultimate truth*** of the ruling party being a ***Western egg*** has to be kept a secret from the nation. They have to maintain this position before the *West* ' ***Marxists*** we are not' In ***Diplomatic parlance*** this clearly means 'we are ***Anti Marxist*** alright, but we are not ***Anti Communist***. Meaning thereby we can keep ourselves within the ***Socialist*** Bloc. This is to convey the message to the *West* in a roundabout way ' unless (In your own interest) you provide us the money, resources, *etc, etc,* to tyrannise, loot, rob, kill, indulge ourselves, then (beware), tilt we will towards the 'saviour' and the 'ultra left' power and fraternise with them'.

They (the westerners) are no idiots, they see this game through, and without batting an eye, laugh in their sleeves, and agree to help.

Unfortunately vested interests of the ruling party has made them so blind that they are unable to understand that the ***set purpose*** behind giving ***AID etc*** is to leave ***India*** sitting on the fence.

None understands this, or even if they do, don't get any wiser for it. In other words, to everyone' The nation does not matter, ***truth*** does not matter, conscience does not matter, to hell with conscience, truth and ***Fundamentals*** and let the country go to perdition with all these. The only Gods are Party, Section, theory, ***Place and Gallery***.

In course of the myriad contexts initiated and questions posed by Charanik, Mahakal suddenly stirred up and thundered, no one who has heard that voice will ever forget it--it would shake them to their hearts. Each word sounded like a thunderbolt:

I am inscrutable : If you forget it you will forget it at your peril. There is no one in this world who can fathom the Mahakal. If anybody ascribes that he is an authority on me, I would call him a damned fool. Know yourself first then try to know others. What utterly nonsensical!

Till date hundreds of books and articles have been written, are being written and will be written about 'someone'. The ***staff*** etc who come here posted from ***America*** are instructed to collect whatever information is available about him. Not only in ***India*** but throughout the entire ***South East Asia.***

What people have written or are writing; some have called him a God, others have variously called him meek and mild, a monkey, satan, full of romance, highly learned, ***mediocre, he is a stupid through and through,*** akin to a hog, akin to a horse, *he is a rabid dog,* headstrong and totally bereft of good sense, a common person, an 'Avataar' (incarnation of God), the world's greatest ***strategist, Superman,*** short, muscular, oh what a soft and lovely face!, Brahma tried to find a mate for Tilottama, ***Burmese, Naga,*** a grotesque mix of Japanese and Chinese features and lastly, like Cupid (Kandarpa).

There's only one thing remaining to be said about him.....that so and so is almighty himself. If somebody says this then so much the better. There will at least be a ***postal address*** for him!.....

....No bondage, mundane, worldly can bind me. So go on saying whatever you might, nothing will affect me.

.....The ones I am alluding to cannot be mine. They are standing on their own shores. There is none like me, ***who have burnt their boats.***
There can be no true love, true friendship or true affection in this world ***barring a few exceptions***. There is some truth in the love of a mother, but that too ***trammelled*** in most instances. Nevertheless, mother's love is still to be found in this world.

I am not a ***misogynist.*** I cannot be one, it is impossible for someone who can worship womankind as a mother to be so.

I cannot be cruel, for I am not doing anything for my own. How can someone who can burn himself to ashes be cruel?

The question of being cruel can arise if someone takes pride in his own power. The question does not arise in my case wherein ***a part, a role has to be played through,*** I have no ***illusions*** about myself. My true identity is that I am a dust particle of Bengal. My false identity is that of a ***Frankenstein which I neither did want nor deserved. You have raised this Frankenstein,*** and after raising ***Frankenstein feelers*** are being sent. ***It is too late.***
Yes indeed Mahakal is a dust particle of Bengal, such yearning for Bengal and love for Bengalis is unimaginable. I remember when asked about the greatest ***scenic beauty*** in the world, the reply came the **tulasimancha** [basil mount] in the Bengali home' . The most soothing sight in the world is when the housewife of the Bengali household lights up the earthen lamp at the foot of the basil mount at the twilight hours of daybreak and dusk, and what tranquility and pure joy it brings to the mind when the reassuring sound of the conch shell she blows reverberates across the horizon! The Bengalis and Bengal failed to recognize this child of Bengal!

The vessel of my songs
lonely adrift I float
who'll take her charge
and row her on her course,

What a lovely song. Have you heard the song? How wonderful are its lyrics and how sweet its melody is! I have been to countries and have listened to music all over the world, but I haven't heard music which is sweeter than the lilting melody and lovely lyrics of Bengal!
You shall never realise what unbearable misery ***MAHAKAL*** had to spend his life through. Please do not misunderstand me. Please do not take me to be ***callous, cruel*** or carrying on some kind of ***vendetta.*** Do not say such things before me. News will reach me if you say so behind my back. If I hear 'you have said so I shall certainly feel hurt'. But ***not that I care for because the course is already settled, there is no question of veering round or altering the course of events. Don't consider the Mahakal as callous, cruel carrying on a vendetta. You don't understand what vexatious dog's life the Mahakal is living. If anyone of you say at that time he is callous, cruel,*** I shall be surprised. And it is true ***I am no more a man.*** My name has been ***crossed out from the Human register.*** I am but a ***token or symbol***. How can someone who is just a ***token or a symbol*** **have** ***personal cruelty*** **or** ***vengeance*****?** The mental domain of the 'ghost' extends much more far and wide than the living being.

When I think of the present state of the Bengali psyche and character, then I realise that I shall not at all be upset by the things that shall come to pass. **Mahakal**'s true identity is not ……., he is a **dust particle** of Bengal. In whatever other way you try to identify him, it will be ***inept*** and ***erroneous***. When you hear about the last news of this ***mortal coil,*** please keep it at a place which is not a ***metropolis***. Bury it at any place where there's a marketplace, where fairs are held. Keep it ***just below the surface*** without any ***tablet*** above it. There should be no ***board*** or ***rod***. Mothers and sisters should not know there's a ***body*** underneath when they walk the path. ***This is the highest honour I aspire.***

Krishna, Chandraketu, Vishwamitra, Pratapaditya had all come and gone. Have they left any mark? This is my mind……., of course it is written ***on cards*** that ***after these series are accomplished,*** the mother shall remove her son from the worldly ***stage*** and shield him, ***freeing her son from all temporal duties.***

It appears to your intellect that **Mahakal**'s work is being done by Mahakal. ***It is not so. This mortal coil is being used as a foil.*** Nobody has the power to stop the doer.

Over are the games I played
My credits and debts have all been met
This is why I am ***perfectly tranquil.***

The mass awakening that we see in Bengal today, the rumble of an all round uprising that is being felt remind us of 'Mahakal's sayings about Bengali consciousness and national awakening. How many times he has said any nation develops directly in proportion to the way it can ***think militarily.*** Are in the widespread military preparations and entire people of eastern Bengal engaged not indicated or inspired by Mahakal? Is there any room for doubt in this? No, I am not making any guesswork or interpolating my own thoughts into this. Charanik does not hinge upon any parochial or international political ideology. He moves entirely in a natural rhythm and in a free spirit. But this is not the end. The same voice of Charanik that has repeatedly alluded to the upsurge by recollecting the sayings of Mahakal reiterates that it is by no means complete. There is more to follow. There shall be many more national and international upheavals that are yet to take place. Why is it that we hear the same refrain to the north, south, east and west of Bengal that there is someone, an invisible power! He is the inspirer behind everything; he is the ***inspirer*** of our captive leader as well! Some have said so, and we have heard that our imprisoned leader has been inspired by him! I cannot vouch for its authenticity, but my duty is simply to narrate. Somewhere I have heard, a young farmer, wearing a vest and a lungi with a sten gun in hand and ***gum boot*** without any rhetoric or doublespeak says "I shall bring both the fellows together. I had never had the fortune of seeing him earlier, but this time I have seen him". I was surprised at what he said. I immediately recalled the words 'the ……. that happened at Chittagong...what was the ***inspiration*** behind it? It could be achieved after a lot of efforts. They had come to meet me a number of times. They wanted to use the name of the ***inspirer*** . They did not dare to do so after my ***stern refusal.***" Not only that, an unarmed populace fighting for its freedom, the world powers making threatening noises against it, but nobody quite being able to check the onrush of events; how come? Only repeated reading of the oft repeated quotations of 'Mahakal' in this article will reveal the reason. I have tried to express the spirit and the personality of Mahakal in his own words. He is unfathomable, deep, if we are to understand the position from which he is giving us advice, then we shall have to immerse ourselves in the thought of 'Mahakal' forgetting every other thought, including the last vestiges of 'I". Only and only if one is able to immerse himself completely in Mahakal will he be able to fathom his made-to-look-easy pithy sayings.

Not only that farmer lad, a young military leader said, yes, we need all his books (of his former life). Numerous, in thousands. We need to spread it all over the country. This is no exuberance,

it comes from the heart. But why? The sun will light up the whole of Bengal and remove darkness far and wide- extending across the whole of India. The Bengalis have not woken up in totality. But they will wake up. But if they fail to wake up then what's going to happen? They shall be made to wake up by a merciless and thunderous onslaught. He will appear amidst the rivers of blood from the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of Bengali youth inspired by Bengali consciousness in the quest for the revival of Bengal and its culture. Charan refers to a nocturnal crackdown in Kolkata which was described in Jayasree issue of Magh 1375. After three long years, Charanik wants to remind the reader of the saying:

'In the inviolable and most Divine name of Ma Janani Janmabhumi……Bengal, India shall rise again in Her full glory.

The hymn of Bengal went thus

Sing, Sing, Sing, all ye
to the tune of a hundred veenas,
Bengal shall take the pride of place once again
In the assembly of nations!
It will rise in spirit
It will rise in deeds
the new day shall dawn again
In the eternal east!
Oh, Mother, Mother, mine Mother Bengal! How far you are!
My Bengal, my Mother, my country
Mother! thou shalt wear the crown,
I swear! I swear! I swear!!
Mother! hark, hear unto me.

This desire, this dream of Mahakal is going to be realised---today Mahakal's warnings shall be a beacon light for all classes of people of both the Bengals.

'There is but one test for all
One life for each to give
I challenge! Who stands! If Bengall falls?
And, ---- who dies if Bengal lives?'

We shall have to keep in mind the toughest struggles coming up before us--- only he who surrenders himself before nature shall survive---only who plays around as nature's child shall live. Mahakal has said--

"In spite of your ***so called stupendous scientific progress*** if you are unable to appreciate and enjoy the beauty of a pair of freshly bloomed flowers ***you are already dead***. Only If you are able to hear and enjoy the chirping of the birds, the rustle of the wind as it blows waving the branches and leaves of the trees and laugh a laughter from your heart you shall not be a ***machine***, otherwise *you* ***are dead***. You shall not be able to ***progress*** if you are unable to play

with yourself. The ***inhibitions*** of the *so called* ***civilization*** has throttled you, your *capacity* and your God gifted talents. ***They are there as your playmates, release them."***

And with it the watchword for every child of Bengal ***"It is a very, very rough road that leads to the height of greatness."***

Jayasree, Bhadra, 1378 (1971)

'Come back again I shall': 2

After the 25th of March I had set out north from Dhaka. We are going to Joydebpur via Tungi. The landscape is full of small hillocks of red earth and dense woods. We come across and well known and much talked about lads of Bhowal. I remember having come here hunting In my youth as well. But today we are walking through the same route in a completely different state of mind. The colour of the soil and the surrounding resembles Birbhum somewhat. Terrified processions of people streamed on both sides of the road. At places there were sounds of gunfire and explosions, and there were raging fires and devastated and charred villages visible. We had to keep moving, avoiding detection by the 'Khansena'(term for Pakistani Army soldiers) - in quick and frightened footsteps. There was no chance to rest anywhere. We simply kept on walking thinking where our flight would end. Darkness fell and we needed to reach any shelter fast. We had heard of wildlife here, such as tiger and smaller beasts of prey which abounded here. Suddenly I felt a noticeable uniqueness in the surroundings, something which could only be felt and not described.

Scattered and lying around deep inside the forest were decapitated human bodies and heads in silent and eerie surroundings. A terrible sight and the hundreds of heads lying around were reminding me of some dreadful event. I thought I had lost my way. Suddenly I saw a pitch dark but well built man standing there blocking my way. He thundered, 'what do you want?' I told him of my way. He asked me to rest for that night in that forest. At some distance appeared to be an ancient temple. When I asked whether I could take shelter in the temple for the night he smiled meaningfully and disappeared. I stood there, bewildered. He reappeared and asked me to follow him. An arrangement was made for my shelter for the night in a room adjacent to an ancient and huge temple.

I recalled events of the distant past, of how many days and weeks I had spent on an ancient temple by the side of a cremation ground in the hope of meeting someone, a temple where no creature would dare enter even during the daytime. Inside the crevasses of the ancient ruins lived poisonous serpents and mysterious spirits of the deceased. It is but natural that such would be the shelter of the omniscient **Bhootnath** or **Mahakal.**

Legend has it that the impact of **Shri Krishna**'s landing chariot created several craters in the sacred Devbhoomi (abode of Gods) which became the sources of perennial streams of water.

It is this holy land of spiritual practice where the great **sage Dadhichi** laid down his life for the safety of the Gods and their kin. It was a great example of supreme sacrifice, and it is adjoining this area that all places of pilgrimage in India are clustered.

And here in this century appeared a Colossus from across the oceans. We have heard that the great **sage Vyasa** composed the Mahabharata somewhere in these locales. But this is no hearsay, no tale from the Puranas, it is a great history of the new age, the protagonist being an unprecedented personification of God almighty. The story of his life shall inspire and nourish humanity in India; nay the whole world for eternity.

I have not been able to forget the events of that day, when he bid farewell to me with his final orders. Those who were present at the scene of the last farewell will also not be able to forget the scene. Many were present from both sides. Everyone among us was not completely trusted, though each thought he was the most trusted person. He finished all his engagements one by one, after which he came out of the room. He kept looking at his favourite 'sword' repeatedly. He caressed it once with utmost gentleness, then he came out quickly. His personal orderly wept like a child, but he had no option. Attachments and bondages were not meant for him. The Japanese top brass were getting impatient.The Supreme Commander stood in front of his top officers. Every officer thought he himself was the most suited for accompanying him on his **final destination.** But the chooser had chosen his companion beforehand. He was not only the **Supreme Commander**, he was a **supreme actor** as well. He said, I do not feel like leaving any of you behind; whom do I choose and whom to leave behind; but my foreigner friends have provided for only one more seat. That is why I am taking my **youngest officer** cum Adjutant. Without wasting words, he took him by his hand and boarded the plane. The plane took off before the others realised what was happening. He had to disembark at a predetermined destination, but suddenly came the news there there were some people on his trail. Without wasting a moment the Supreme Commander bade farewell to his '**Adjutant**'. The scene was absolutely heart rending. Our Supreme Commander whom we had seen unfazed in the face of overwhelming odds, started silently shedding tears, this time real; but he had to perform his duty. He told his 'Adjutant' "remember my instructions, I could not tell you in details. I have detailed everything to two of my ***trusted*** **Jap Commanders**, please know it from them and act accordingly. In case of any need please approach them." Thereafter the Supreme Commander got up and set out on his journey for the unknown. Ages later when I had journeyed to answer the beckoning of a voice, Mahakal had remarked " Yes. My Adjutant was a complete man. Perhaps this is the reason he did not find a place in independent India. I do not know of anyone who has followed his orders with such absolute sincerity."

At the dead of night the pitch dark complexioned man came telling me 'Sadhubaba is calling'. Who? Who was this Sadhubaba? Why is he calling me? Perhaps the sentry did not have the orders to entertain such queries. He promptly ushered me in front of a doorway and loudly announced my arrival. I offered my pranams (salutations). I was taken aback by the voice that I

heard. Seeing me speechless, he asked " you are surprised, Charan, aren't you? This is indeed a strange coincidence for you.

I am amazed at you people singing paeans for Bangladesh. Do you think you will get back your property and possessions? That you will get your 'Lau' (Bottle Gourd) and 'Kumro' (pumpkin)? ***Hypocrites.*** When they were carrying away your mothers, sisters, wives, by force from one village to the other---when they were shipped to **Africa** and the **Middle East,** when **seventy lakh (Hindus) fled and came over to this side,** when weavers, fishermen and boatmen took over your homes in hordes..... ***Now when the nemesis has taken over***, every fanatic ***Muslim*** knows that Hindus are cowards, ***out and out selfish*** and mindful of only their own comforts. The moment the sledgehammer has struck a blow they have crossed over to ***India.*** Today they are followers of 'so and so'. Do you know that they will unite with you out of their own free will? "

"It was at their invitation that I had gone to Dhaka. When I was proceeding to a meeting many of my so called friends surrounded me and started pleading me ' please do not tell them anything.' They understand only when you speak with ***a thundering whip and a stern Command.*** They will behave like a caterpillar when they see you Commanding. Do you know that ***he has got the power to force us to abide by the command and the price for these men is death? Every time*** they take the advantage of others' cowardice."

"Is this why you were born in your mother's womb? It is the same Bengal.One side is shedding rivers of blood, marching over dead bodies to the drum beats of death, to create an independent nation, to separate themselves from those with whom they have no similariity whatsoever. Look at the other half of Bengal. Fifty people are killed everyday. Hartals and Bandhs for no good reason, no work and demand a quadruple pay. Two faces of Bengal, wonderful! They are still not hanging their heads in shame! ***Total sacrifice*** on one side and the dance of vampires in the other. You shout while Yahya's mints are empty. Hundreds of crores of rupees are ***earmarked*** for expenditure in ***East Pakistan.*** Has everyone on the world turned against ***Yahya*** ? Even the **USSR** is helping it with money and arms, why?.....

Do not ever think ***nemesis*** moves with your askance. ***Nemesis*** moves at its own rhythm." There should be a limit to ***immaturity and naivete,*** you do not have even that. One part of you is struggling and facing death to reinstate your self respect, the honour of your nation and that of your mothers and sisters."

"Anyway, this is but a passing phase in a nation's history. It's like a bubble- it has no value. ***Its God's truth, and take it from the horse's mouth. Communism shall die at the place of its birth. Even the Gods have not the power to nullify these solemn words. But you must pay the price.*** You shall be twisted and crushed between the blades of a nutcracker and the price extracted from you."

With this I remember another quote of Mahakal, "The people of this country have lost touch with its ground. There are many who look abroad for inspiration, but the nation that cannot anchor itself firmly to its past cannot survive. They shall perish. This is an ***axiomatic truth.*** The

Communists are in such a state. They are ***just like a flash in the pan***- they will sparkle and vanish. What is the lifespan of a nation? When were the Communists born? In the nineteenth century. They have been around for a few years out of thousands of years' lifespan in the lifetime of a nation. ***This creed is carrying its death in its own cell.***"

"The universe and this world worship power. If you have power within you, you earn the respect of the world. If you do not have power you may have all the fables and folklore with you but they shall be no good to you".

"For a certain reason Mahakal has not touched the ground this time around. In spite of that whenever his boat has ***constantly moved up and down*** along the ***interiors criss cross wise, lengthwise, along a circle, there was No Hindu.*** I did not come across any male, mother or sister."

"**Mahakal** was moving about in his own manner. The 'Mian's on both sides understood that they could interrogate him only to their own peril. Anyone looking at those sitting in the rear with the ***gun barrel*** would say '***They are swadeshi'.*** No one would say they are not swadeshi. At places they stood around the shores, perhaps they had heard somewhere, even when it was time for food, they looked, came to know and followed me wherever I went. Of those who came, ***Every person was a Muslim***. There was not a single Hindu."

"I reiterate: I am not a concentrated raffle. ***I know some cards that might be carrot or any other.*** Yes! Please remember what I tell you. The ***Ratio*** I have narrated is an ***understatement***. But all these will come true, are coming true, in front of your eyes. They shall keep coming true in future too."

"Remember ***your men are in every key place (here and overseas) this time their 'garb' is legal----They simply cannot be touched and/or detected. Under their 'garb' they are working. They are in positions in all key Capitals and on the nerve centres which count, manipulating, pulling, suppressing, exploding, creating and forcing issues and policies, mystifying----clarifying and shaping.....all only with a single purpose:***

This time : No chances.No mistakes. No failure. This is divine Ma Durga's works. God's work. They are (for me) synonymous with mother Bengal--Durga-Kali-God-Brahma-Janani-Janmabhumi's Bengal. They mean to and for me only one thing "Bengal- my only Religion".

We can only shed tears and imagine things lying on bed. We imagine India shall become a developed country, some imagine the two Bengals will become one, or that the East Bengal shall become completely independent and engage in commerce and trade with us and this [west] Bengal will flourish and roll in riches. But how many of us are trying to do something to realise our dreams? There will be none to be found. We would like to have everything done in a jiffy, by somebody's magic touch, which would not entail any hardship or sacrifice of lives on our part, we would rather prefer sitting pretty and lording over it once the objective has been achieved. I would like to place some events in this great man's life before this comatose, effete,

inert nation so that each of his compatriots is able to realise the supreme sacrifice that this person has done for the sake of his nation and is able to imbibe the same and actualise it to some extent in his own life. This will be the enduring task of Charanik.

"So long you have known that the son of so and so Rai Bahadur, son of such and such mother, **Subi** to his mother and something to you. Then you knew that by **Deshbandhu's** waving his ***magic wand*** he got involved against his will. Besides, by that time a few people had already come to know that he pursued spiritual practices in secret. Also, by chance some had come to know that a few ***tantrics*** used to see him often and offer guidance. Then he had gone abroad, after which he had become the ***Supreme Commander*** of a ***Government.*** After that he had either died or disappeared. Suddenly you came to know that he was alive . . . not dead; even now many have seen him alive." So much for his identity as a mundane human being. It sounds incredible. All this have been narrated from the **horse's' mouth**, the listener being the humble Charanik. Pot smoking **Kamalakanta** must have been high on Cannabis, how else could he write **'Anandamath'** sitting at the great cremation ground? How does the dance hall of the Hindu temple ['natmandir'] become the safe house of innumerable non-Hindu freedom fighters? I was thrilled when some guerilla leader showed me the arms stacked in the ancient chambers of the temple in the light of an earthen lamp. Perhaps the author of the **'Anandamath'** poet 'Rishi' **Bankimchandra** had foreseen this armoury in the **Chandimandir** in his mind's eye and had written the treatise after being commended in his dream. And with this the words ***"personal approach to God that will be their personal approach".***

These very words were echoed in the statement of one of the most important members in the central leadership of Bangladesh. The underlying principle of the state policy of Bangladesh after freedom was achieved would be 'humanity'. Every activity would be judged by the single yardstick of humanity. Fanaticism of no 'religious' or 'political' creed would be tolerated in the framework of the state, economy and social issues. No religion would enjoy preferential treatment over others. If someone or some group tries to do that, there would be only one penalty 'death'. No mercy would be shown. Individuals of every denomination, Hindu, Muslim or Christian will enjoy the same right to participate in all matters of the state. But this liberal liberal state policy would not mean complete absence of religion. In this respect I recall the words of caution Mahakal has uttered "To you religion is ancient, immobile and inanimate. But remember just as the post to which it is tied is the ram's pillar of strength, your pillar of strength is religion." - ***bind yourself behind your back.*** **What is there behind your back?** ***Ocean of unbounded energy from which you have sparked off!*** Man can only fight with this power behind him. He can ***struggle,*** progress, and for this you need ***unbounded faith***. Man cannot do without ***religion.***

It is true that there is no demarcation for any **race, class or creed** in the service of the motherland. His only identity is that of the son of the motherland. And his life is dedicated to preserving the independence of his motherland.

In the same way as that of the protagonist of a drama of ancient **Greece,** someone journeyed across the entire universe, oceans and lands, skies and space and the 'greater space' and came

back to his motherland as a **penniless mendicant** to pursue his spiritual quest at the gigantic cremation ground.

Prominent incidents are recorded in history, remarkable incidents leave their mark in history but the time has come to disclose the story that does not have a witness, rather whose sole witness are the nature, the earth and the sky.

He traveled for months together incognito at the dead of night because there were enemies all around. Is this my motherland, for removing whose shackles I had left my home? The hero of the Greek tragedy also had returned home quite similarly without anyone recognising him. Time has taken its toll on everyone, only one has made time stand still in its tracks through the sheer power of his spiritual quest.

When he disappeared after the last meeting, he was helped by the '**Black [Dragon] Society**'. Will he ever disclose where and how he went? Does anyone know that before his last journey he went to the **land of the bears**? Actually he had met with the leaders of that country who are now no more and made all necessary arrangements. There are many such untold tales in the saga of this man's life. But it is difficult to say where exactly he stayed, whether he stayed in some ***camp*** or not. But when he relates his experiences about that **land covered with snow,** about things he has witnessed, his existence and the many tales that revolve around him acquire a new meaning.

There are workers, labourers, farmers, ***craftsmen, authors, scientists,*** teachers, women, men, somewhere five thousand, somewhere ten or somewhere twenty five thousand in the ***Concentration Camps of central Siberia;*** There are not one or two but about forty nine ***Concentration Camps.*** What is being manufactured there? ***Ultramodern*** devices which are necessary for daily living. These are ***transported*** through the ***main*** cities to different shops. Those who buy these do not know that they have been manufactured by their parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, etc. If you saw what happens there you would leave your clothes behind and run. People have eaten their own skins out of hunger. A new camp is about to be set up, soldiers set off with ten thousand prisoners. But there is no shelter. ***Duty...***to dig twelve feet holes into the ice to erect ***pillars*** to surround themselves. ***'keep your back warm by heavy work'***- whoever does not do it will **freeze to death.** This is not hearsay for Mahakal does not narrate hearsay. All his descriptions are his own experiences truthfully described.

Does anyone know about the ruler of the whole world Mahakal? If only anyone knew " the ability of the body to withstand is great, it puts up with anything it's made to tolerate"- is an old Bengali proverb. " I tried as much as I could, when I lived almost three years almost entirely on alms, whatever little I got I took, and three to four times a day I took ash. I used to take vegetables and foliage from the woods after grinding and boiling them, some of which I knew and some of which I didn't. Often I used to fast. I cleared my own refuse.

Underneath the open sky, under the trees, where Muslims used to slaughter cows (I came to know this later) I stayed in tin sheds for months together. Besides, it is best not to discuss about other terrible places I have stayed in. May be I shall have the opportunity to narrate them

if I live long enough. I have no interest in 'living' or 'dying'. ***I have never felt the "sense of belonging, the sense of being possessed or possessing."***

Some **astrologers** have said; ' the purpose of making his life long and secret is to help him complete his spiritual quest, that is to awaken his power of the '**Kulakundalin**i', as a result he has the power which the fully adept yogis have'. " So many tales, anecdotes about a single person. If I tell you what I am at present and what I do you would say that I have beaten **Amir Khusro** by getting high after smoking pot **[Cannabis]**."

"You have become the framework of civilization; only you have not learnt how to live in this world in a civilized and gentle way. But now you will learn. ***Not on your volition***. You shall learn by the lash of the Ray fish whip. There will be no escape for you. It is sheer misfortune that you refused to learn the *lesson* you ought to have learnt with the love and affection from the *Class Teacher*. Now you shall learn the lesson by getting your bones crushed from the hammering, without a shade of love, mercy or affection."

"The **Sanyasi Maharaj** who was with me throughout my tour of India who followed me everywhere day and night once sat talking with the 'people's leader" [Sheikh Mujibur Rahman] . Perhaps you do not know that the 'people's leader prides himself in being an Arab. ***I am an Arabian Bengalee."***

Whatever be the case, the 'people's leader' abuses ***Jinnah, Liaqat Ali*** in ***filthy language***, he himself says my ***idol*** is so and so. He worships his idol. In front of his house, a furlong down, there's a one storey house. The people's leader and the Sanyasi Maharaj sat on the verandah and were talking, three of four persons were sitting inside the room and by that road a faqir, all skin and bones, wearing worn out clothes, walking with the help of a bent walking stick with a rosary in hand walked along chanting something in a trifle loud voice. The 'people's leader ' said" this……(slang) man from Pindi [Rawalpindi]! we shall crush them!" I (Mahakaal) said to myself 'this is the kind of outlook with which he hopes to redeem this country!' The one who will serve the country, be a revolutionary, the soldier who will dedicate himself to the country, should have the discernment to be able to analyse how many colours the sunlight is made of. He should be able to differentiate between friend and foe. Only he who can change the ***system*** within himself can be a revolutionary. He should be able to change his ***former structure, forming*** a new ***structure*** thereby. The way you foolish goats behave surprises me. *East Bengal* will be independent but ***not through you people!*** The independence of Bangladesh through someone else's help? Someone's hamfisted roar will send the U.N. into an confusion. And ***Yahya- I do not want to spell out***--it will be written ***in that order,*** **Pakistan** ***after some years it will be a line written in history that area was known for a short time as Pakistan.***

History is not a lifeless, silent entity. It speaks. The massive boulder that had been placed to suppress history has been dislodged. Hence the tumultuous situation worldwide. And one must remember Mahakal is at the centre of the forces being unleashed.

Jayasree, Ashwin, 1378 (1971)

'.....Come death defying hope that removes banality.....'

It was a winter morning, numerous men and women, children, young men and women, were silently paying their homage. An impassioned voice sang.... "some forget, some do not". In a flash many memories came flooding back to the mind's eye. I remembered a misty-eyed girl's *inspired* rendition of a song; in those days how many daredevil actions were carried out by young men and women at the bidding of the lady national leader! Today, after the turn of half a century the tumultuous and action filled days are long gone, but the heat of her revolutionary character has still remained. I remembered the days of 1922-23. With what dedication and energy a young man and a young woman worked on according to a designated programme. I have also not been able to forget the city around which their activity was centred. I have visited the city many times both off and on work.

I have described in short the events of the 7th March. After that I have also given a short description of my movements following the events on that day.

While entering Dhaka today I could not hear the well known voice of the 'Kutti-s [coachmen] of Dhaka. That natural sarcastic humour,-- 'what do you say Sir, where do you go to now? please tie up the Babu in the wheels'.... "the horse feels shy"..... "even the fish feel like laughing".....those associated with Dhaka find something amiss when they don't get to listen to these humourous quips.

Bakshibazar, the hotbed of revolutionary activity was also silent. Its humdrum days were history. The new roads of Dhaka are lined with new buildings, but the olden days still seemed to moan and weep. The relentless activities of two revolutionaries, the lady revolutionary and the one on the eternal quest of knowledge, just released from imprisonment at no 10 and no 3 Bakshibazar and the field of **Alampara , Serpentine lake, Tanti bazar, Bangla bazar, Gendaria,** from 1922-23 till the painful days of partition are unforgettable. I remember how the two freedom intoxicated revolutionaries relentlessly struggled to stave off partition right after their release from imprisonment. Of course, they did not succeed. Leaving all the pleasant memories and recollections of their action filled lives the two revolutionary leaders who believed in unity and harmony came over to the other side of the Padma on the shores of the Ganges. There was none to share the pain they had, to leave their home laden with memories of half a century with. The entire country was agog with the purposeless enthusiasm under a handful of leaders. Nobody could realise or appreciate the earnest appeals from the heart of the lady revolutionary leader and the philosopher's penetrating vision remained beyond the pale of the public sight. But today the time has come for upholding the thoughts of the selfless and unattached revolutionary leaders. It is of utmost necessity to highlight it before the public. Nobody has as much as bothered to even look at the lakhs of women whose lives have been destroyed! But the lady revolutionary leader, the fiery burning flame and the philosopher on the quest of knowledge had indeed looked towards them. The ghastly deeds were serially published in the

pages of 'Jayasree'. Who knows how many sleepless nights she spent trying to present their case before the **International Court of Justice**! But what did she get in return?

'Jayasree' was banned from circulation on the partitioned [East] Bengal. Will someone please turn over the pages of history and see what the philosopher Anil Roy had said? Since we know none would do that, let me remind his prophecy once again:

'Let those who want to believe and cling to the **two nation theory** and keep harping on the differences of the two communities continue to do so. This ideology has been touted by the **[Muslim] League** and the **Congress** too has tacitly approved it. But whatever the leaders say, they will not be able to reverse the course of history. I have already discussed that the two nation theory has been rendered unstable by harsh reality. The course of events will certainly send it eventually to oblivion.

There will always be a few who will try to instigate communal feelings. There shall also be those with vested interests using religious sentiments to exploit the poor and to solidify the foundations of the wealthy sections in the society, but that is not going to change the course of history. Those who want to restore dignity to human beings and walk the path of democracy shall go ahead in their own path. For them majority and minority shall not have any religious connotations. It will be about exploitation, and the drumbeats of humanity with the rich and poor will definitely be sounded. On that day all differences between Hindus and Muslims, majority and minority will sink. It is the people who shall come forward. They will not be known by their religion or creed. There will be no interfaith disputes. The only eternal truth that will remain will be they are all human beings. Everyone, majority and minority should remember this. " (Jayasree, 1354, 'India's Minorities' Anil Roy). In all his writings he spoke of socialism, democracy and nationalism. In today's backdrop does anyone remember this?

It was Dhaka, the 12th January, 1972. Everybody seemed to be running in Dhaka. People from in and around Dhaka and from villages far and wide, men, women, children, seemed to be converging on Dhaka. Old men who had lost their sons, wives who had lost their husbands, husbands who had lost their wives- were all rushing to have a glimpse of their hero. They would seek solace from all their sorrows by having a look at their hero. The lost gem was coming back home.

The crowds on the 7th of March [1971] was nothing compared to this. That [stage shaped like a] boat was there once again and correspondents from in and out of the country surrounded him.

A youth stood in the crowd, with a morose expression. What was he thinking? I drew near him. I asked him, when everybody is so full of joy and enthusiasm, what is it that makes you so thoughtful? Why is there no smile on your face? His eyes shined as he replied : 'have you forgotten everything? I haven't.' What did he not forget? Not only him, there were a great many who felt depressed and morose. They were expecting every moment to hear a name, which they didn't.

An old lady came up and asked 'oh dear, where is he?' Who/ Whom was she looking for? 'He who was supposed to come here, for whom we had been waiting so long, he did not come here.' Elsewhere another old lady, a grey haired mother who had lost everything during the war sat in her home, the photographs of the lady national leader and the wayfarer mendicant adorning the walls of her room, as she listened to the noise outside, she kept on looking at the photograph on the wall and saying repeatedly ' you did not come, I would have been so pleased if you did'. There were no end to questions, Charan has been facing the same question over and over again throughout his life spent on touring the horizons like a vagabond.' This is the time when he should come' ' when will he come if not now?' Sometimes someone would implore 'please, please bring him before us' But no, I don't feel like replying as the mind gets filled with disdain.

It feels amazing to see that those who are roaming about with their wares in the markets on the other side [East Bengal] , I do not know who their customers are, if only they knew, the closest aides of their [the customers of East Bengal] hero often said ' Our *Leader* is *inspired* by him, if only they knew they [the aides] used to say 'we know him as the supreme commander'. If only they knew that immediately after an independent Bengal was declared a young man had come with his wife and his son, to the holy pilgrimage, where there was no other witness, the pilgrimage was the ultimate pilgrimage and the person they visited was history's man of destiny, he was history himself, he has no creed, race, caste or religion. Which is why the daughter of Bengal picked up the dust from the entrance of the pilgrimage and put it on her head, and rubbed it all over her offspring. Perhaps, if all this was known, crossing over to the other side with all wares to vend would have stopped.

It is not for those who run after mirages and are satisfied with short lived thrills to know these unknown incidents. If they had the eyes to see then there would have been sincerity in everything they did. That bed in his room would not have been so covered with dust. We would have seen the house would have been full of life and a hub of activity rather than a museum of the **'dead man'.**

One day a voice, a very familiar one was heard from the independent and sovereign radio station. The announcer said 'you are going to listen to a voice that you all know too well'. The voice was deep and solemn, reaching out straight to the heart. He said- 'I have moved all over the world with a rifle on my shoulder. I had been in **Germany, Japan**, and have moved around different parts of **South East Asia**; I had been by your side for the last nine months, I am here with you even now.'

These things are happening, but our countrymen are still in doubt. Charan feels the deep rooted mystery of Mahakal's life which he has not been able to reveal to his countrymen, something for which his heart lamented. Even then I would say read it repeatedly, feel and imbibe it repeatedly, read what Charan has to say again and again, so that one day the mystery will remain a mystery no more. The rising sun in the sky of the East will become brighter than ever. Only, our countrymen should not forget those who gave their lives one by one, sacrificing their lives for only one purpose and whose footsteps had fallen on this landmass one day. They should not forget that the same footsteps are going to cause the shocks and earthquakes and

the basis of creation in the coming days--- he is Mahakal ----I shall describe the journey of Mahakal in his own words.

"The flying horse '**Pakshiraaj**' flew whooooooosh! Inside the pit between the junction of its two wings sat the '**dust particle'**: the dust particle of evergreen Bengal. And on both sides flew with the same speed, his faithful companions; the daughter of the full moon, the blue fairy and the daughter of the open haired moonless night, the red fairy. They wore star studded five feet long chemises with salma sitara embroidery sewn with silver covering their bodies like flowing streams. They wore blue wrappers woven by Lalmoni uncle. Swapan uncle had gifted the two wrappers for them.The Red fairy and the Blue fairy went flying covering the 'dust particle' with their wrappers: so that it would not be possible for the king of demons 'Moy-danab' to use his evil magic to abduct the 'dust particle'.

'The Pakshiraj of the 'dust particle' went flying'.

The story was written by Mahakal- in the middle of the blue sea where there is a red coral island with a touch of yellow in it, when the Pakshiraj pair had landed there for a brief stopover. There is a description of all the places that Pakshiraj horse and the 'dust particle' touched- 'Bahadurbad' shore of fights, (Jumbo prawns - also reminded of 'Muktakeshi' Brinjal), Bhagyakul, Dhaka, Nawabganj, Kayetkuli, Ramna ground, Kali Bari- I could not see the Canal View Hotel. (very nice delicious chops, cutlets, egg curry, Dhakai parantha , and Aloo dums were their favourite delicacies), Buri Ganga, Chittagong, Rangamati, Bandarban, Karnafuli, Majoyani-Feni-Meghna. Chandpur, Hajiganj, Padma, Harishchandrapur, Khulna, Jhaudanga, Pirojepur, Bagda, the road from Madhupur leads to Maheshpur via Nagarbatasi Hat; from Nagda to Padmapukur to Panchberia, from there to Jhikargacha Bishaharir Hat- Gangandapur Hat- the road to Helencha Kulia came into view. The road was not to [His] liking. The entire Gopalpur road was like a wetland, Swarupnagar Duttapara, Hat Tarali, from Baperghata Balti to Amudia- face to face with Chhoyghar. Hijaldi Sultanpur went by, Gobra came into view. The Ichhamati [river] shines. Chanduria on the outskirts of Jessore (Ganj) opposite Gobra. The resting place was kanchdaha. Pubali, Bamnagar, Banshdanga Hat of Jessore, Pipulbaria Benipur of Kushtia, Jibannagar, Taungi and Medinipur opposite each other. Majdia, Bistupur, (Bistupur of Krishnaganj), Fulbari on top of Rajparbat of Chuadanga, Panchpota of Bainchitala. Kestonagar too could be seen. The Mathabhanga [river] was shimmering. Gopalpur, Kaosmari, Kushtia, Daulatpur, Madhuani- Bahirnadi- Hogalbaria, Gopalpur- Karimpur, Shikarpur- Kazipur (near Dharmadaha), Mathurapur, Laubaria, Bamandi, Meherpur, Kamdebpur, Tehatta, Nadanghat, Baripota Hat, Ujjwalpur, Bhabarpara, Ballampur, Durgapur Dinhata, Rangpur, Sonatali, Dharalatir Naodanga, Lalmonirhat, Kurulkarnapur.'

This was the 'dust particle's' extensive itinerary. Once he tried to tell a fairy tale to a little child. At the end of the tale he said to the child "Dance, you golden divine child of my golden Bengal, Dance my dear divine daughter made of heavenly nectar of mother Bengal, dance with your tender little feet stepping on the dust of the soil of Bengal, dance to the rhythm. May the soil and dust of Bengal be blessed at the touch of your feet."

How intimate and close to him was Bengal! It is manifest in his private conversation."**Puffed rice**, I have never had like that of Dhaka. Once I was sitting on a wooden bed in Nababganj, others were sitting on the wooden floor when the **ghughny** [cooked and salted chickpeas with shredded onion and tamarind in thick sauce- the traditional street food of India] vendor called out and our mouths watered. The ghughny wala came and took orders from everyone. I took two thongas [conical paper packets]. Others took two, four or five packets. I felt it was hot as I touched it. It was cooked in a thick gravy rich with spices. And the famous Lassi of Dhaka, the like of which was to be found nowhere else in India. I bought a glass of lassi and was enjoying it when others told me to dip my finger in it. At first I did not understand the reason. As I dipped my finger in it it came out thick with cream, as if it was ***punched*** in the cream. One tall glass cost two paise. Do you know the ***Canal View*** Hotel? If you set out of the ***station*** it is to the right of the ***bridge***. Nobody could take me there but I liked its name."

This simple and down to earth man is lost all of a sudden. The path he treads is not at all simple and straight. Its course is turbulent and fearsome. That is why while talking of Dhaka the context suddenly changed.

"You do not know, you cannot comprehend to what extent your 'Mahakal' is working and with what powers. Your imagination will be awed, your brain will reel if even by chance you could come to know even a fractional part of his present activities……..
Your 'Mahakal' is now poised for all eventuality "with the THUNDER OF THOR in his hand. Ponder, think over and try to fully fathom the real purport of the above phrase. If you can fathom it correctly, your breath will simply be taken away by the awfully unfathomable magnitude of the constructive destructive powers which he is now in a position to handle and press. …..

……Spread over a period, shocks aftershocks with mounting crescendo shall be coming. A deep, deep malign cancer is sapping out the vital saps of India. Like a devilish octopus it has spread over and caught in its tentacles the whole body and spread over outside. It has been thus for two thousand years. A most serious disease, fatal and malign, requires more than equal diagnosis and treatment……

Mahakal is now so prepared that even after these things---- if your surgeon finds the malignancy still lingering, then, and only then, he shall tilt his Central Power Point in such a manner and stimulate, arouse and activate some powers, forces in such a direction that a great ……..shall be unleashed……

……what is obtained too cheap -----is esteemed too lightly …..rude shocks are needed to jolt them up.

…….In the inviolable and most Divine name of Mother Jagadamba Durga, Bhabani, Chandi,-----that Bengal----India SHALL arise again in her full glory. Corrupt people on my motherland's soil will be completely eliminated gradually. After a specified period dishonest persons will not have the right to exist on Indian soil. And, one rather your SAMARITAN shall lead the whole world to the fourth stage of civilisation……."

Thereafter regarding war------***'But always remember: whether war should be brutal, cathartic or humane business is beside the point. Everyone knows that no war can be conducted and fought with kid gloves. Modern war especially takes an appalling toll in both human life and property. No civilised nation risks it lightly but when it is forced on, it has to be waged in a manner that makes the opponent wince. This is done not in any vindictive spirit but in a cold calculated manner to break the opponent's morale, so that he is forced to sue for peace. Abstract principles do have nothing to do with waging of war.'***

Most certainly I am explaining Charan ***"Charan dear, loving that you are, please don't plague your heart with anxious doubts about your 'Mahakal's thought, modus operandi and the consummation.*** **(Samshaytma Binashyati)** ***That ain't help you either. This time it shall be simply impossible. Has anyone fathomed a dead? Don't you see the Divine hands shaping things to come by making 'Dead'?! You must understand that I am playing with the devil. And I will not let the devil himself dive deep in me and, get at my thoughts-and-workings. Inscrutable I was, this time absolutely so.....this type of living, this utter Faquiri thus impaling of flesh and its impairment is the product of many, many years' deliberations and trials.*** In case there are doubts and misgivings in your mind even after this, --then take it this way, since I am asking nothing from anyone, pulling along none with me, involving nobody----not letting anyone know anything, not beating my own drum, only ***seemingly*** pressing ahead like a hog with my headstrong daredevil ways- then, even if it leads to hell or heaven, let me carry on and die. You (all of you) be your home and family, near and dear ones, leave me alone and forget me; put an end to this chance meeting like a dream.....The path and means I have embarked on, without an iota of selfish thought--moving without a penny in my pocket after death as a ghost in my own orbit; please just let me carry on in my path. Everyone used to call me headstrong, reckless, bereft of all good sense.....so be it then. You be happy with everything in life. I shall not flinch from my goal. ***I simply will not compromise even with God.*** That the target will be reached there is no doubt; and for this, ***If I cannot move the Gods, I will stir up Hell. So Mother Durga Kali help me!.....***

Charanik dear, please do not question. Because I am beyond question now. I am the eternal restless revolutionary. I do not want destruction. But if need be...I shall destroy and rebuild. My life's quest....it is not my personal quest.....this quest of Bengal is my Mother's quest. Of that Bengal, to destroy whose life-traditions-power and to strangulate whom, attempts are going on for the last one thousand years. Everyone wants there should only be a streak known as Bengal on the map . Perhaps it is chauvinism, but it isn't so. Because I have my ***courage of convictions.*** I know, i have said so and the last drop of my blood will say ----***If Bengal lives, who dies? And if Bengal dies----who lives!***

I am utterly poor, humble and incapable: My quest is the quest of every dust particle of Bengal. Even if I die, this quest of mine shall live and keep on echoing in every dust particle of Bengal for eternity.
In the pages of history, everybody has put the mark of shame on Bengal's forehead accusing her of having let in the British, it was Bengal which enabled the British to tie up India in chains.....shame! Shame on Bengal!.....

Bengal has been accused of being responsible for India's colonisation. If I die before the final sacrifice and consummation, I shall die with the satisfaction of having known that though it was Bengal which was responsible for India's colonisation, it was the same Bengal which was instrumental behind the independence of countries outside India: even for India's independence, it is the same Bengal, which is instrumental, none else.

But will history record this ever? Will history record this? The Bengal, which has washed its mark of shame on her forehead **a *thousand times more*** by being instrumental in bringing about her Independence, will history record this? That the power incarnate Mother worshipping Bengal ***Has met force by force?*** Will history record this? It was Bengal which first set up an **Independent Government of India,** will history record this? That, it was not Bengal who partitioned India, it was not Bengal which made **refugees** out of crores of Indians, it was not Bengal which committed a **genocide** of three quarters of a million men women, boys and girls, it was not Bengal which committed abduction, rape and trafficking abroad of lakhs of women ; it was not Bengal which enacted the most lowly-vain-betrayal on the utmost benign, spiritual and dependent friend and handed over his friendly country on a platter to the enemy, it was not Bengal which gifted away 42000 + 3000 square miles of **"sovereign Indian territory"** (the sovereignty for which Bengal was responsible); and "it is the same enemy which is enclosing India in a vicious encirclement" which is not the doing of Bengal; will history record this? Will it be recorded? Will it be recorded? who shall reply! the poet's immortal lines ' it was like the blade of the ploughshare which tore across Bengal's bosom writing the words

"Coronating and usurping Bengal and the land of the Ganges on the sly,
the yardstick of the merchant, reappeared as the royal sceptre, as the night went by. "

Fair enough, and absolutely so. Bengal should face punishment for its abominations.
But what next? Why did the poet go silent after this? Where is the immortal poet, when will he write about Bengal, the Bengal which poured out blood from her heart, squeezed out all of it to make the golden lotus full of divine nectar willed by heaven bloom? Today the poet is deaf and dumb and (perhaps) paralyzed.

Bengal, humiliated, deprived, unfairly though
Hath all her life blood poured out
Nourishing the earth with its last drop so.
Within and without
Only in this hope
From the mire of her gore
Shall bloom the lotus of eternal freedom;
Radiant and proud my mother shall smile -
With her smile of liberty will bless us all..
Only in this hope.

The introduction of the one who said this in his own words: " I know who is there within me. Which power resides within me. This is the reason I am a **renunciate, faqir.** As water from a great river flows through its distributaries on both sides of whom greenery and human

habitations develope, and it is also seen that among the river and its rivulets one particular rivulet becomes powerful and turbulent whom everyone comes to fear. Like the Ganges and the **Padma (Kirtinasha).** Padma is an offshoot of the Ganges. Both are flanked on either side by fertile land, greenery and habitations. But nobody fears the Ganges as much as the Padma. Everyone fears the Padma, don't they? This is because despite being an offshoot of the Ganges the Padma is turbulent, wild and fearsome- at times causing great destruction. This is because the Padma is full of great power. This is why people call it by another name, the Kirtinasha [Destroyer of creations]. As it knows how to nourish both her banks and create fertile lands full of crops, greenery, towns and cities, likewise it knows how to wipe out the human habitations, farmlands and all greenery without a trace remaining of it. Thus I am"
Only one with such an identity is capable of this.

Jayasri Pous, 1378 (1972)

'Sacrifice everything I must'

It is human nature to swim with the current. None has either the curiosity or the mentality or for that matter the ability to analyse the source or the reason of the origin of an oncoming wave. The common man does not like to think about the underlying reasons of events. But behind every apparent 'event' there is a great underlying 'groundwork' or 'preparation'.The events of **Bangladesh** were only a minor manifestation of a great underlying design. The events that happened on the **16th December**, and the drumbeating and personality cult that has ensued will submerge the underlying reality for the time being.

It is but natural for the question to arise that why in spite of the sacrifice of multitudes fighting for freedom all over the world they are unable to break free from the yoke of the great powers. Actually there is nothing by way of '**freedom struggle**' in these movements, rather there is an underlying ulterior **conspiratorial motive** of injecting a particular ideology and bringing entire populations thus within its ambit.

On the other hand if we look at the recent events across the border of which people on this side of the border were totally oblivious, which struck India all of a sudden and was dealt apparently with great efficiency by the government with a victory in the ensuing war and a people aspiring for freedom succeeded in obtaining it. In other words we may say that a nation was vivisected on the **basis of language.** A country that was established by tearing apart a nation on the **basis of religion** with great bloodshed was dismembered on linguistic reasons with even greater bloodshed. The event was probably not as simple as it looks. This is where Charanik dwells upon.

Neither Charanik has set upon narrating something with the help of documentary evidence or investigating the behind-the-scenes events nor does he enjoy the luxury of indulging in emotionalism.

He however makes a point, an appeal repeatedly. Please delve into the statements made earlier during his lifetime with a little concentration. Repeated readings of the same will gradually clarify the underlying aims and objectives of his life in your consciousness.The events that are occurring in a circle in India and the adjoining countries are revolving around the people of Bengal. The person whose goal is to establish Bengal and its people in its pristine glory will subsequently extend the effects radiating around Bengal. That is Bengal and Bengalis will *radiate* ideals in a circle. In other words it might be said that 'Bengal will re-assume the pre-eminent seat in the assembly of nations' - this underlying thought will radiate outwards like a ripple throughout India, Asia and the whole world--the quest of the great spiritual seeker, victor of the three realms will thus be consummated. 'You do not know what is happening throughout **Asia** or outside. Let me give a simple metaphor. A large cauldron full of **rice is boiling**. Till the boiling is not complete, it is in a state of great tumult. After the rice is boiled it comes out white and clean. It is beyond question. The process will begin with Bengal, after which, there shall be more to come.'

The reader is requested to recall what was written in one of Charan's previous despatches:
"None of you will be able to establish **independent Bengal**. Independent Bengal will be established when a **massive fist** will strike. Seeing the raised fist the ***U.N.*** shall be in pandemonium'. (Jayasree, Aswin, 1378). After that it read -' after that independent Bengal ***'it will be forced to get Swadhin Bangla established'***. At that time this could be expressed. But the words that could not then be expressed and remained secret, ought to be made known today.
"Independent Bengal will be established by the moves of a great invisible chess player, others mobilised by the master moves of this great chess player shall make the **recognition of independent Bengal** inevitable."

The day on which Charanik heard it a clear picture of the fortifications at **Jessore** was presented before Charanik and Charanik heard the words "The **fall of the stronghold of Jessore** will herald the independence of Bangladesh". The message reached the right place at the right time and we have been witness to the outcome. Today I realise why we had the fortune of listening to several anecdotes related to **guerilla warfare,** of innumerable narratives, incidents and experiences of his great life. Of how a platoon of 15/16 armed soldiers were forced to beat a retreat before a pair of hands and four grenades. On that day I had heard the description of the technique of tossing a ***hand grenade,*** the principles of guerilla warfare, the differences between a ***guerilla*** and a conventional soldier, the definition being - ***'a guerilla is always alert and ready for pouncing'*** if not, ***he is not a guerilla.*** 'A guerilla won't throw away even a nail because even a nail can be used to kill someone.'

After this the amazing statement I heard would set many thinking even today---among the events that have taken place: ***'One of the major, one***..... that is why the end has been kept loose 'for the time being'. Mark the phrase 'for the time being'; had you on this side not been such (that is, showed your talent wielding knives at the dead of night for ***indiscriminate*** murder or displayed your courage by abducting women) then someone would not have been forced to apply the phrase 'for the time being' to the destiny of Bengal.'

When the past cropped up thus in course of conversations one could make out a tone of agony in the voice of **Mahakal**, which would wrench our hearts as we listened:
" It is a ***dry truth*** that a local mendicant does not get alms in Bengal as he gets elsewhere. Outside his own locality he gets the respect of an emperor. I had high hopes that ***Bengal like a single person*** would rise up *to a man* after we crossed Burma. The **Allied British Commander** had signed the ***Surrender* document** on the ***Staff Command*** paper and was going to put the seal after enclosing it in an envelope when **four people** entered there. As a result the ***order*** went to the f*ront* -Do not surrender, their [the INA's] condition is ***unenviable, pitiable.*** The mendicant knocked on the door and returned without alms and you have done the same thing today. In the same day it is sunlight in one part of Bengal while the other part is pitch dark."
Little quotes of Mahakal, but heavily laden with significance and far reaching clues towards the future-
"This is not the end, though"

"After [**Bangladesh** gets] independence, inside **Pakistan, Baluchistan** will be up in flames".
It is even more amazing to recall when he said five or six years ago 'there is only a ***one division* in *East Pakistan***. It is a **one and a half day's job**.' Today it is no more difficult to realise the import of this statement.

What disturbs me today is that everyone is so upset and indignant at the nine month orgy of killings in Bangladesh. But this cruelty and atrocities is nothing new. It is just a variation of statistics.

To those who are overwhelmed by the talk of global conscience, socialism and humanity today I would like to remind them of the **terrible days of 1956 in *Hungary.*** Why was global conscience not aroused then? Why wasn't the conscience of the citizens of the conscientious **socialist** nations aroused? Why did the conscientious ultra-progressive socialist nations crush the aspirations of the citizens of some smaller independent nations by sheer military might? Why did they brutally massacre thousands of civilians simply to keep some smaller countries within their camp? Otherwise why should people be deprived of their human rights, opportunities, governance in the name of establishing socialism and a classless society free from exploitation by a handful of people high on the **morphine of ideology**?

Why should there be horrible destruction of a country for years on end by imperialist powers and the bunch of nations who are the so called champions of humanity be content with paying lip service by way of protest? This is because they are believers of the adage **'devotees of the strong and the nemesis of the weak'.**

It is high time the masks are ripped off in the front of the comity of humanity. Perhaps it is the geographical location and the physical distance that separates countries too far apart for them to intervene in others' affairs, but in the strict sense of the term, the tyranny and injustice that has been unleashed in the garb of a few ideologies should be unmasked for the sake of humanity before the world. There is no selective application of the word "**Humanity"**. The word 'Humanity" should apply to all human beings irrespective of class, creed, country and time. The

ideology in whose praise hosannas are being sung will remain of ornamental value unless it benefits the life of every individual in a society in every possible way. If these ideals are not adopted or actualised in the personal lives of individuals to their benefit, it won't even start them on their journey to deliverance from the dark abyss. And a lot more bloodshed will become necessary. Mahakal's game is going on like the still waters that run deep. The one who is not able to get the hang of this undercurrent will get swept away in it.Throughout the country innumerable questions, dreams and aspirations have been carried on through ages. Some particular thoughts have stirred some particular age groups since time immemorial. The younger generation has always been dreaming of an **unconquerable** revolution.Whatever significance the word 'revolution' has in the political context, the thought is eternal in the minds of the tender and the young. At present the thought of revolution is stirring the minds of the younger generation. What is the definition of **revolution**? Who'll say how revolution will be enacted? Who will carry out the revolution and how? Corruption has infiltrated every nook and cranny of our social, national and economic functioning. Freedom from this is not possible by conventional or constitutional means, and an all-pervading change is needed. This all-pervading change is revolution. They have to be made to realise the underlying meaning of humanity. It is also not possible to bring about this revolutionary change by constitutional means; through changes in laws or incumbents in government. There has to be a change in the consciousness and thinking in the minds of villagers in far away villages as well as the urban rich. They have to be made aware of the underlying spirit of humanity. Only then will it be possible to say that a revolution has come about. Who will bring this about? A well organised group of individuals staunch in idealism and aim, steadfast on its target. In this vast country with its diversity bringing about a revolutionary change in the mental makeup is subject to tremendous hard work, patience and self sacrifice. Perhaps a revolutionary group shall have to sacrifice its entire lifespan trying to achieve this and it is worth considering seriously whether it leading this kind of life is practically feasible for individuals or any group. Awakenings that have occurred in the lifetime of different nations have taken place in their own unique situations and backgrounds. For the same reason the socioeconomic, political and geographical backgrounds of individual countries cannot possibly be extrapolated to other countries with different backgrounds. "Revolution" will only be successful if every individual citizen is agonized for his country. Every individual will then feel pained for the country in everything they do in cities, towns and villages and their hearts will beat as one. This 'all round national unity' alone can bring forth a revolution. But wherever it has not happened such organized attempts have failed.

Some replies or some solutions to all questions being dwelt upon hereby might perhaps be found in the immortal thoughts of an immortal revolutionary. That life is the mirror image of a complete revolution. The revolution is being enacted every moment in his life and the life which is beyond all testing and experimentation, where every kind of quest has become one with the flesh; it is a close look into his thoughts that this 'life veda' aspires to provide its reader through its repeated reading. May the renditions of this 'life -veda' be relentlessly heard from every home in this country and from every heart that dwells here. May the fresh blood red rose bloom in the mind of the nation.

" What will be the ***final shape, final permanent shape*** will encompass a huge area, of which today's India will only comprise a part."

"These are not the times when children obey their parents, in this age there is no bar on marriage between brothers and sisters. Brothers and sisters can give birth to children. Now boys will wear clothes meant for girls, boys will even use ***cosmetics.*** This is the real ***Communist*** age. A son will speak of the daughter's, mother will speak of the father's, the brother will speak of his sister's and the sister will speak of her brother's secrets **at the party office.** At present there is **no belief in God**, the age for faith in God is gone, the faith needs to be broken. ***Communism*** **and** ***Socialism*** are the same now. What is ***Capitalism*** eh? Now everything belongs to everybody. I own everything, factories, mills, etc. What is ***Brains***? What is **talent**? These are all lies. Throttle, loot, eat, enjoy, practice the true **Charvaka philosophy** for that is the truth. Understand the ***metaphor*** of my words."

"Look at the ***western*** *world*. Kids know the entity 'I' from the age of five. ***Self centred.*** The ***feeding bottle*** has become the mother. ***Conditioned baby food*** is today's mother's milk. Now on we shall be born in the *test tube*. 85% teenagers, boys or girls have regular ***pre marital experience,*** **90% have** ***venereal disease*** 800 out of 1000 are addicted to ***opium***, cannabis, etc. Girls of the *western world* are becoming mothers at the age of 13. They have allowed people to be ***Homosexual by-law.*** They are taking out ***parades*** in broad daylight with ***placards, festoons***, etc."

"Do you understand my hints? If you now say what **Swamiji** has said in his "***Call to the nation***" everybody will ask you to bind such words in a frame.""This is why I say and I will say my Ma-Janani has a message to deliver, I have a message to deliver, the world shall hear that message, the sun may stop rising from the east, the earth might be split wide apart, the sun and the moon might go into an eclipse for a thousand years but the world shall have to listen to and imbibe the message that the soul of India, Janani Janmabhoomi Bengal has to deliver, know this as an **unshakeable truth**."

'What do I know of your ordainment or what the cosmic illusion creates
Beyond everyone's sight'.

It just can' be that the world won't listen to the message India has to deliver.
If I say India shall stand up on the ideals of **the Gita,** how many would you be able to ***convince***? From how many Bengalis can you ***expect*** such good sense and refined culture? Bengal and India will stand up on the ideals of Gita and will teach the rest of the world. How many will accept it if you distribute twelve crore 'Gita's throughout Bengal? This is your condition, where and since when have you been talking about ***Capitalism*** and ***mixed economy***? Only a few years!""The ***Economy*** should never be ***manipulated.*** Let every individual grow according to his own potential and diligence.

What do you mean by the buzzword of today ***'Equality'***? ***Even spreading of want, distribution of poverty,*** What is the meaning of this ***equality***? Cut all the large trees of the forest down to the ***size*** of the shrubs. I am asking you, with your talent and industry, you are able to earn a hundred rupees by something you can do. And I cannot earn more than five rupees by the sweat of my brow by slogging from dawn to dusk. Now if I sit upon your chest and say I will kill

you if you earn more than five rupees, is it just? Then what is the meaning of ***Equality***? Remember someone had said something 40-50 years ago in certain circumstances and if you want me to utter the same words after 40-50 years then you shall have the words ***"damned fool" stamped*** on your foreheads!"

"Do you think the diary entries of a **16 year old** and an **80 year old** will be identical?
Not only praise was showered upon ***Communism,*** a country in ***particular***, the person concerned had not become one with the blood and soil of the country then. After that he became one with the blood and soil of the country. Once you get to know yourself, won't you make amends? The worldwide trend that you see of revolution in Europe, Great Britain, America, Asia, Africa, Ceylon, India with the attendant violence, processions, bloodshed, strikes, ***Unionism***, unrest disrupting the traditions of the country *by* labourers, *by* lowly paid lower castes, *by* shopkeepers, *by* students, *by* factory workers does not belong to this country. It is being orchestrated by **two communist factions**. This is worrying you a bit; it is a *fact* that Mahakal funnily has a small hand in this. Someone has advised in the currently on-going conflict to ***distribute free the very most special cocaine and opium in South Vietnam***. By now the ***Americans*** have consumed at least ***a thousand tons*** of this stuff -***avidly. America, the greatest might of the present world.*** Let them fight a thousand years, if they win the war in ***North Vietnam***, **keep a dog by my name**. A handful of few lakhs ***against*** a mighty ***power,*** fighting on regardless of such withering ***bombing***, next only to ***atomic bombs.***
Speaking plainly, 50 to 60 *wars* have been fought throughout the world after the ***2nd World War*** **out of which** ***America*** **could win** ***in not a thingle one*** [***thingle***- Single; reference Churchill could not pronounce *S*]. I am alive to tell you this.

If someone wants to argue with me even after all this ***that this his own luxury, his own opium***-why should I spoil your trip on opium?
These ideals, this idealism is……extreme, thinking oneself ***uncompromisingly*** as one with the ***Nation***. To hold on to and attain this...you Bengalis and Indians will say ***Chauvinism*** and see the ghost of ***Chauvinism***.

For this reason if you want to uphold and preach the ideals of **Janani Janmabhoomi** you shall have to develope your physical prowess, efficiency and spiritual power, and simultaneously the ***Pre-conditions*** are physical culture and **celibacy**. Someone who is not celibate does not have physical courage too. Why did ***Pakistan*** lose? ***They are the most despicable, lecherous***. Licentiousness and war cannot go hand in hand. I have also fought wars, if you see my palm you shall see the palmar prominences have become hard. Even if my hand is not soft as a flower it is softer than the average person. That is why I say be courageous, respectful, idealist, may you have high ideals, may you have lofty goals, and for realising your dreams you have to engage in ***uncompromising endeavour*** and your ***motto*** should be *no* ***surrender, no defeat.*** Where there is no ***surrender,*** where shall ***defeat*** come from? ***That is the real truth***. Remember that the one who runs the world is not sleeping. Whatever is happening is being accomplished with her thousand hands, it is the manifestation of only one step of **her thousand feet**. ***She is driving us to a certain destiny, you cannot fight against this, you cannot divert it, her onward movement.***

The wise person is that who understands all this and ***repents***. He is the fool who realises it not and lives in denial.

You cannot imagine the extent and ***intricacy*** of the events. ***Your brain shall reel*** if you hear this. Just think how far apart from each other are ***East Bengal***, ***West Pakistan*** ,**Tibet, China, N.W.F.P. Baluchistan,** ***Indonesia,***, ***Africa***- **handling everything together, can you think of it!**You do not know whose shadow has descended on the whole of ***Asia*** -that of the ***Mighty Chronos. Nemesis*** is bound to descend."

Mahakal has said he will take stock, not of what he has not received but of what he has not been able to deliver. And we the countless countrymen are waiting in expectation looking skywards like the Jacobin cuckoo awaiting the rains, we shall have to see what we are yet to receive, that we shall have to suck from the storehouse of divine nectar.

Jayasree, Baishakh, 1379, (1972)

For the sake of returning.
The first session.

Who would even dare to think of uttering a word or raise a question except when he spoke in a light vein. He struck an amazing balance in his personality. In certain situations, he would be soft, but ***relentless, ruthless,*** when it came to work. Even if he were the same person, he had made ***'A complete break with the past'***, but the person is true beyond doubt. It is impossible to forget that thundering voice-- ***'I have cheated death so often, I have been cheating death in every day of my survival. What have you done?"*** 'Please return' - ***All Sham!***

Come back he will but he shall have no relationship with human beings. His relationship is with incorporeal beings. He shall have relations with those who are willing to sacrifice themselves. ***Others will be left behind.***

'I have no idea whether you can feel and realise the ruminations, thoughts and expressions of this pained heart. I do not know whether you have the time to think about the eternal fire burning in his heart ***consuming*** the 'Mritabhoot'. Perhaps I have no way of knowing it. Perhaps it is good this way. Charan, listening to your words repeatedly bleeds my heart. Charan the ***Invocation*** as you conclude your words…..'it is the unending wait for the only one who can give a solution! ***'A-A-H! OH! The Pathos in your expression! Rebellious tears rolled down these sunken cheeks……My eyes are misty……***

As if a **simple credulous little boy** roaming alone in the world having lost his way in deep woods, is calling out to the God of the woods, his saviour, for succour. It is the frightened young boy pure of heart calling out for help "Oh dear! God of the woods! Where have you gone? I am a little scared boy who has lost his way in the woods! Please, please respond and show the way to your little kid"!
Oh Charan! Charan! Mahakal is astounded and speechless at the reactions in his own heart! Is then……..is then He still alive?
But no….do not say this……don't say this, Mahakal is no more, no more alive! He has died...he is dead….what is there of the spirit of the 'Mritabhoot'.. nothing else!
With, "All the erudition and discernment"----you simply cannot comprehend the state of Metamorphosis of the Ghost of the Mahakal (perhaps Mahakal thinks). How very Complete and Final.
Did Mahakal seek All this? May be! Did "All of you" conspire, contrive---impose and Force "All this"?....Perhaps.
Anyway, they have raised their Frankenstein----
And Willy Nilly they must reap their whirlwind----Ay, that they shall!.....
For it is the "Nemesis, that Frankenstein.
Or it is Ma Kali Janani Janmabhoomi Herself. Who forged her humblest ---and most fragile Bangasantan into this form, to use him for this awful service….(Unto Her)?....Quite.
Without divulging everything Mahakal has done---is doing and will do, his modus operandi, stepwise, the manifestations Ma Kali, Janani Janmabhoomi will adopt and in the ways she will, ***Finally*** the eternally glorious manifestation in which she shall reign as the reigning Queen of Queens, extending her domain far and wide, I am giving the reply to your question through the phrase ***"Verbum Sapienti Sat Est"*** 'Samajhdar Ke liye Ishara Kafi hota hai" ---" ***A word is enough for the wise man".***

Second session.

Question: Is **'He' of Tibet** a tyrant and an evil man?
Answer: Definitely not. In that case Mahakal would not have done so much for him.
The child had come to its mother for shelter, but instead of providing him shelter, he was betrayed in the worst possible way. He was handed over to the Dragons. What can be a bigger betrayal, meanness and abomination than this?
When he was helpless...with no way to defend himself… one ***General Death*** told him. "I am showing you the way to India as a representative, you proceed **towards India**, the Indian people will accept you and give you shelter. The then government was compelled to provide him asylum out of the pressure of public opinion. Otherwise the government could have fallen. ***General Shiva*** **and** ***General Death*** are two names of the same person. ***Shiva***---Father of all Ghosts. When he lets loose the ghosts with torches in their hands; they look scary -----and those who know him as ***Death,*** both the names are true. You have to pay the price of whatever you obtain. The highest and the biggest price is what you pay for the country. What comfort will he provide to others who seeks comfort for himself? Be proud of the fact that you are the son

of Ma Kali, do not boast of anything else (vanity, pride), vanity of religion, vanity of being the Mother's son, you can have. Everything is the same, if the body is consumed in this vanity that will be the greatest sacrifice.

Hindus do not think they had their dominion extending across seven islands. Hindus are spread all around encircling ***America, Africa, Europe*, Java,** etc. At times I think Mahakal won't be able to do so much with this frail body. But their is no doubt that **Mahakal's area of operations** extends far and wide.Three quarters of the house of cards that **Stalin** built has now crumbled- the remaining quarter will crumble before your eyes. **Hitler, Mussolini** remained no longer. The edifice **Churchill** had created got changed. The edifice that ***Lenin*** built also crumbled. Whatever Ramachandra and Shri Krishna created was lost soon after their demise.Mahakal desires that his countrymen shall be neither inferior nor fair, rather of the superlative best quality. If you are powerless, you shall not be able to hold on to all the heavenly riches if they were bequeathed to you. This time Mahakal will not allow even that to happen. He shall do something which is beyond human ability to destroy.
....Mahakal always thinks himself to be a humble servant of his motherland. You shall be amazed when those who are silently working like the Raktabeej [a monster every drop of whose blood shed outside gives rise to an offspring] manifest themselves. .....
....Before you work for your country know yourself- know your father, grandfather and your forebears. If you identify yourself, then go to the Himalayas- your identity is heaped in the Himalayas.....

...Come to Tibet, Mongolia, you will find the mark of Bengal there ------- in **Kazakhstan**, Uzbekistan, you shall find the fine arts, dance and the sacred motifs of Bengal. In ***Egypt*** the ***Egyptians*** do not know how they have learnt the traditions of your Sages. The same Bengali is licking other's feet like dogs for the last two thousand years. The lion's cub has metamorphosed into young sheep. Know your own character and your own religion. Those who do not know their own heritage, those who shall not hold on to their heritage when faced with the coming onslaught, shall be ***Crushed***. There will be no sympathy or mercy shown to them. The storm is brewing, the storm shall strike. Those who rectify themselves shall remain. Those who think they shall exorcise the Ghost will be finished. It will happen a hundred times. There will be no mercy for them even if they cry out aloud "Oh Mother have mercy!." On that day who shall have the courage to stand before the strides she unleashes! Whoever does that will end up like the Mahishasura [the Buffalo demon].

You have to prepare yourself..... make yourself fit, to be a true servant of Janani Janmabhoomi. If Bengal hopes it will get back our "Him" ---she is wrong, he is dead, **Bengal has killed Him...**
When it comes to enjoying the cookies ' you are our own' ------with his own hands he has cut off his roots, he belongs to nobody now. He is only a puppet in the hands of Ma Kali. What is the identity of a Ghost? He just roams around with Ma Kali in the **cremation grounds**. What have you given him? Only appeasement, bereft of sincerity. Mahakal belongs to nobody, he has none to call his own.....

.....Bengalis are being kicked around everywhere. They are unable to defend themselves. The biggest religion is duty to oneself!.....

Things have to be reshuffled---this is the target. Then …..enjoy the pancakes and enlarge your tummy!

Mahakal has to do something--even if the sun stops rising or the moon sets----what I have said is bound to happen. What will you give Mahakal? You can give him nothing! What do you have worth giving? Mahakal is nobody of yours. He is nobody from Hindustan! Mahakal is the believer of unity. The big nations will never be able to imagine in their dreams-----the broken pieces will be joined. Nobody has any clue as to how they can be joined. Mahakal's advantage is that he is a ghost. When a man dies, he becomes omniscient. Mahakal's location is not at one place alone------Mahakal's boundaries are spread far and wide. To build Bengal you need good health, empathy, service, and the strength of character. The one who stands on these four pillars cannot be limited to any particular place.

The third session.

What experience teaches Mahakal is this : The Government and people (of any place, mark my word any place) have never learnt anything from History or acted on Principles deducted from it.

You do not try to think Mahakal's words deeply. This is your drawback-----impatience is foolishness. Among everything that is said something is emphasized repeatedly: ***There is someone watching always over the Destiny……***
…..Destiny = The purpose or end to which any person or thing is appointed. **"Ma Kali's *catalysis*** is spinning faster than the Catherine Ground Wheel Fireworks ['Charki Baji' in Bengali]. And though its perimeter is not centred any particular continent, the whirlpool of the ***Catalysis*** is churning up two and a half continents."

'Thus', 'Thus' and 'Thus' shall be contrived, suiting the needs'----Thrown up by the SEETHE'.
….I am "leading" someone, or shall lead someone…. Mahakal does not have this vainglorious notion. Ma Kali out of her mercy, has protected her lunatic son from such delusions and shall continue to do so. (As long as she wants to engage him in her service and quest) pride, vanity, haughtiness, are completely prohibited for the one engaged in the spiritual quest of the mother (Matri Sadhak). These are hindrances in the realisation of the goal. Before the Mother, this poor Mahakal is but a naked child. Neither you will ever realise the ***Humility*** that Mahakal feels in his quest. Nor do I need to explain it to others. The reason is very *simple*. Someone who has nothing to gain from others does not have the need to explain anything to others. I cannot ***Mislead*** because : Only he can ***Lead*** or ***Mislead*** who is Providence Himself. I am not so. I am not the protagonist. I am myself ***led.*** The one who is himself being *led* cannot ***lead.***

I refuse to justify myself.

I salute the Book of Job: And in all Humility, beg of you to turn your eyes and thoughts, to the vast incomprehensive fact of a world which whatever else it may be, is most certainly not a world created according to human specifications.....
The world turns aside to let man pass who knows where he is going. The ability to make up your mind inspires self-confidence. It gives you inner power, and it commands the respect of your fellow men.
I know that's me. .....But at the same time I know, also, that everyone cannot be that fanatic.....but could you Charanik not be that Fanatic.
(Standing Apart from "Everyone"?)
But in your strides beware of ignorance when in motion : look out for inexperience when in action, and beware of the majority when mentally poisoned with misinformation. For collective ignorance does not become wisdom.....Nothing is difficult to a brave and faithful man!"

The fourth session.

.....Truth, love and affection, faithfulness-devotion are self contained and never fail, shall-never-fail, Ma Kali is seeing to it.....
.....Ma Kali is weaving her web at a pace before which the ability of the human mind is left standing speechless. Your work that is ceaselessly going on in Mother Divine will [Ichhamayee]'s moving frame of the eternal Mahakal, giving rise to different patterns, each of whose smallest, minutest component is significant, invaluable and infinitely worthwhile.
.....Your (your) work is :
To obey Mother Ichhamayee's clues--- signals---orders (overt commands too) cheerfully--....The new blossoms will surely hum and sing,

The echoes unreal, valueless
---without a source,cannot be.
From a source cometh the echo,
Spreading out to infinity returns
back to the source, where it took birth
The grieving heart holds it aloft,
With its tears washes the Mother's feet,
Eternal Bengalis me and you
Voices cracking with emotions too
With prayers fervent do we yearn
For the sake of thy return.

The word has spread everywhere. Weary of a struggle of unbelievable possibilities, a handful of forlorn souls wait eagerly, while the rest are in deep slumber. The murmuring that Charanik had initiated has been echoed in his own words by Mahakal. And finally the invaluable crown he has set on Charanik's head-----with it Charanik is blessed :

To the tune of many a heartache old ,

Laden with melodies in letters of gold,
Strains of which enchants his heart
Charanik's greatest gift this art.

Jayasree Aswin, 1379 (1972) .

The Bugle beckons: The Sun cometh in the Chariot of fire.|1973

(বাজলো তূর্য আকাশ পথে, সূর্য আসেন অগ্নিরথে । পৌষ, ১৩৭৯)

Instructions from Mahakal to set out with him had reached. I was asked to report at a hilly port. We came nearer to an unfamiliar looking vessel after traversing a vast sea for 10-12 hours on a specially built boat. We delightfully boarded the vessel amidst a conclave of people with a plethora of complexions and languages! Mahakal mingled effortlessly as one of them, a completely different persona - quite difficult to explain to someone who had not seen this charisma, reminded me of a flash from a transcontinental voyage during World War II. An unburdened smile in such a complex situation – was he toying with hostile eventualities that were lurking from all corners? Only a spiritually elevated soul could remain so unaffected.

The road to Mahakal kingdom …

After crossing several islands we landed in the country whose head of state was the ***Poet Leader.*** The country was embroiled in war at that time, but it had no effect whatsoever in the densely populated countryside. We left the vessel and entered the *walled* country at a specific location. The road we had to take touched all those countries. No one in those countries asked Mahakal a single question – where he came from, what his destination was. The ancient route - unused for long, meanders through many places on the way to where we were headed to. We moved ahead fast in a car gifted by Mahakal's followers from a certain country – leaving ***Tungabhadra's country of the Dragon*** in one side. We entered a vast land following a short detour. A sudden uproar greeted us; the long journey found its destination - Mahakal's kingdom.

"Unbounded love and affection has followed whenever this ***Faqir's*** car has moved out – wherever be it, from ***Europe*** to ***Far East***. They have initially heard and finally realised from their own experiences that ***this one person*** neither wanted or did anything for his own nor shared his woes with anyone. He moves on in his own ***momentum.*** He observes everything, speaks very little, hears all, comments less, eats almost nothing, ***plays*** no ***part***. He owns nothing for himself – not a penny in pocket, nothing in the bank. He sleeps on a bed in its crudest form. That explains their silence", tells Mahakal.

Puja starts on the 'Pratipad' day following age old practices in Bengal. Nine days of unending festivity – day and night, culminates on the 'Dashamee' day. Many flavours of merriment merged in one place. If it is Bengal's Katha, Kirtan, recitation of Ramayana, Mahabharata, song and dance, magic shows in some corner, distinctive sounds of Punjabi dance, Chamba song and dance were not far. Then, there was Manipuri dance in some circles not far behind Kathakali and Bharatnatyam.

One could just sit and relax, enjoy and go wherever he wished. Those who were in the ***leisure period*** enjoyed ***leisure***. Not those who were ***on duty***. And none needed to pay anything for abundant meals and drinks.

A famous river amongst many others flowed through one of Mahakal's kingdoms. Although it was the month of ***October***, residents plunged themselves into icy streams but did not seem to be the least deterred by its coldness. That river - too wide for a hilly stream, flew through a wide expanse with several ***islands*** in its course. Vehicles with loads of as much as 80 tons went without a fuss over the thick sheet of ice frozen on its surface. Cultivated lands lay on one side of the river and a desert on the other. The nearby jungle was rich with fine woods. Durga Puja [worship of Goddess Durga], Dol [Holi- the festival of colours] and Kalipuja [worship of Goddess Kali] were the main festivals that were celebrated throughout the year apart from the ones related to each communities living there, even those ones like 'Itu Puja', 'Punyipukur Puja' known only to womenfolks of Bengal. Mahakal said, "Affection grows only when you live afar". One could take a bath throughout the year in one of the tributaries, Ganga as it was named. Big fishes roamed along.

And then … Mahakal's own nest - the abode of gods, like a 'Tapovan' [Spiritual retreat in the woods]. "That ancient famous route, no more in use, could be seen (not through naked eyes) at the foothill of a range if one looks out from this place".

Festivities of 'Bijoya'[Bijoya Dashami, the last day of Durga Puja] ended with 'Siddhi-bhaang', even Punjabis, Sindhis, local natives, Europeans, Britishers not familiar with its addictive nature helped themselves. "There is a government, quite unlike what you have in your country. None is taxed. In fact, the ***country people*** are thankfully not taxed for meeting this ***unthinkable huge expenditure***. Most of them are ***in service,*** military or otherwise. Millions of them lead **civil life**." Mahakal says, "I have noticed that those who are Bengali do not want to spend more than 2-4 days in Bengal. They come only for their elders at home. Many bring their family every two or three years. Interestingly, there's no hassle in their passage. Not in ones or twos, millions of them. They come and go at will. But 97% do not come. ***Only a fraction*** goes [back to Bengal]. All of them - men, mothers, sisters are ***dead against*** my coming here [to Bengal]. Not a single person would want me to travel back [to Bengal]"

Men and animals co-exist wherever Mahakal treads. No hardship, no tax. No tax means bequeath all. That's the essence.

Whosoever goes there from our country, does not want to return. Mahakal usually ends up staying longer than it was planned for. Talking to them took most of the time if no squabble

deserved attention. Those narration gravitated around one's journey, how people moved around assuming different names. The listeners used to find themselves absorbed in bliss and the narrator seemed to lose his way in his own tales. Innocent eyes looked up as if they would gulp every word, little ones nudged each other in excitement. To them that was no foreign land. They had existed there, they still did and they would do so in future.' Such talks with Mahakal resemble oceanic waves. Topics swayed endlessly like massive waves. Profound narratives popped up with different perspectives.

One such narrative dealt with characteristics of Mahakal's kingdom. 'The very word **No tax** is notoriously ***misleading***. ***No tax*** means everything belongs to you and is your responsibility. Charan, are you familiar with the concept of ***joint family***? Perhaps, not."Imagine a family that has a grandfather and his three brothers. Their sons and daughters are staying together with their own offsprings. Gradually ***space*** expands. As thousand birds chirp in togetherness, every member in the family is engaged with her or his own responsibility. If someone is taking stock of the farm, others are managing household priorities while some elders are out there to check with their relatives' welfare. The elders play pivotal roles, the younger ones spread along - these 'young ones 'could be 8 or 80 years old!. Everyone takes part in all events and incidents.'

'Would the sailor wonder why he takes so much risk for the family when he sets out for the voyage? Do the youngsters ever worry why the grandfather sits idle? There's no room for such trivial doubts. Mahakal's kingdom is moulded in such a societal bonding just like a family is held together in spirit and action.'

This oracle in rare occasions drops his guard to let close ones to get a glimpse of the life he leads. Charan's pen is tempted to etch an impression here

.

"This body' travels through mainly three ***main General Head Quarters*** where it can remain ***carefree***. The frequency of visits vary from once or twice a year to once in one and half years. It is a different charter - some ***forced duty,*** some ***informal*** discussions. An ideal, a dream - it's the realization and it's the future! No one usually tries to approach me - military or civilian, all are engrossed in their respective duties. A military organizational structure has been instituted - ***ordinary soldiers, N.C.O.s', J.C.O.s', Junior Commissioned, Senior Com.,*** so on and so forth. They know perfectly well when and why they might need to ***approach*** him. Yet it is another matter when the bugle calls and drums reel. Otherwise, they do not have my whereabouts on any given day. Those ones with a need to know are fully aware that Mahakal is usually on trots. It is an exception only when they get to know that it is time to return to my country. No ***rules***, ***regulations*** inhibit their voice, those who have pledged their lives and those have not.In my visits to these ***Head Quarters***, no one bothers. Trained ones know if there is any need. They keep vigil like a mother protects her sleeping infant. I know I am blessed. No one approaches me when I am spending time in solitude. When I have to step out in the dead of night for the next destination, they keep a watch but from distance till I appear like a doll far away. They know why I have to move on.

It is quite different when I invite them in some ***function*** at someone's house or in ***barracks***. Everyone joins in. Such proximity does not warrant them to discuss their problems of daily lives,

duty or ***work.*** They have a set mechanism for approaching me. An issue would reach me only if it remains unresolvable at their levels. Such cases are rare, one or two in a year in a particular ***H.Q.***"

Then comes Mahakal's request for Charan to entertain him with a few songs. Charan sang '*Mora sotyer 'porey aji koribo samarpan ... Jaya jaya jaya sotyero joy'* [We devote ourselves unto truth ...]. Mahakal reminds - it is a song of resolve, a song for the whole life. Then Charan sang '*Shudhu jaoa asha',* a song on the life of a lonely prince. Do you know who this prince was? Before leaving the country, he went to meet the saint-bard. Only he knew - and another person. Next, *'bandh bhenge dao, bandh bhenge dao'* [break the barricades, break the barricades] - why this mental 'block'!? Another one - '*Tomar ason shunya aji he bir purno karo'* [O brave one, please take your designated throne today which lies unoccupied]. Mahakal murmurs to himself, 'It won't remain unoccupied'.

We know it shall not remain unoccupied. The leader who resides in our heart is the one whom we want to see striding across our motherland like a colossus. It is the desire of the common people. And Charan knows within his heart after having been to so many places that there is no other individual so complete, so pristine in this world. Hence the yearning for the re-appearance of such a singularly rare personality. Even if resplendence of his unearthly energy dazzles us all. Whether it is a return or re-appearance, Charan is doubtlessly confident that the day is nearing when the bugle would announce arrival of the Indian Pilgrim's chariot of fire.

'Amid the timeless universe' 1973------

(Dol Purnima 1379)

23rd January - a momentous day in history of Bengal, India and the world as a whole. Charan received his blessings at the start of the day.
Jeebiteshu Charan ...

"Awake!
For morning - in the bowl of night
Has flung the stone
That puts the stars to flight."

Prayers, resolutions had started right from the dawn, at an adjacent room - not only in this room, also in many far-flung homes on this auspicious day - alone and collectively, young and aged - to dedicate love and respect for the person so close to their hearts.

'Mora sotyer 'porey aji koribo samarpan ... Jaya jaya jaya sotyero joy' (We devote ourselves unto truth, hail hail truth ...) the song ended. Everyone had a photo in front of them in various forms - as a smiling monk, or a bengali gentleman, or as the supreme commander in military attire.

But all had a prayer that was unique and alike - resonated at an opportune moment from all places. Mahakal infused Mother's inspiration into their hearts, sitting in his solitary room. Perhaps, this day would find itself etched in the treasure trove of the future. Collective meditation emanating from here and far culminated into salutation.

Hymns reverberated as Charanik ended his prayer. A bouquet of 77 flowers that are found in hilly areas was strung as a garland by Charanik and friends. It was 12 noon when 'Chandipath' [reciting hymns in praise 'Goddess Chandi', a manifestation of 'Durga'] concluded. Then, at the auspicious time of birth, mother Jagadamba welcomed Mahakal's invocation with usual rituals and also sang 'Jai Jagadisha Hare'. Charanik and unnamed compatriots marvelled at the proceedings seated nearby.

Charan started chanting hymns in the name of Guru (*Guru-bandana*)

Akhandamandalaakarang byaptang yena charaacharam|
Tadapadangdarshitang yena tasmai shreeguruve namah||
Ajnana timiraandhasya jnaanaanjanashalakaaya|
Chakshurunmeelitang yena tasmai shreegurabe namah||
Gururbramhaa gururishnu gururdebo maheswarah|
Gureba parang bramha tasmai shreegurabe namah||

And in its response, Mahakal's new message from his *yogasana* reverberated in his deep baritone emanating from the depth of his immersed self - every syllable penetrating the souls around, as if with accumulated energy of eons.

Namah purastaadatha preeshthatastey, namohastu te sarbata eba sarba|
Anantabeeryaamitabikramastang, sarbang samaapnoshi tatohasi sabah||
Pitaasi lokasya Chaaracharasya twamasya pujyashcha gururgareeyaan|
Na twatsamohastyabhyadhikah kutohanyo lokatrayehapyapratima prabhaavah||
Tasmaat pranamya pranidhaaya kaayang, prasaadaye twaamahameeshameedyam|
Piteba putrasya sakheba sakhyuh priyah priyaayaahasi deba sorhum||

[I bow to you in front, behind - ye the omniscient, true form of all beings, I bow to you in all directions; infinte Your strength, unlimited Your might. You are Omnipresent, so You are whole. Ye ultimate power, You are the father of man, You are worshipped, You are more prominent than the master of masters, You are peerless, how could there be anyone greater than You?O Lord! being guilty in the aforementioned sense I lie prostrate before you in askance of your mercy. You are the adorable God of all; In the way a father forgives the transgressions of a son, a friend that of another friend, a lover that of his beloved, likewise you forgive me too]

I have no idea how this amazing coincidence came about, it was the repetition of a similar event after a thousand years in history.

The way in which the scene of Arjuna with Sri Krishna has been depicted in Mahabharata, the avant-garde literary composition of our country equivalent to the Puranas, Charan is engrossed in the adulation of Mahakal. And through this reunion is being prepared the master plan of the

new Mahabharata. The only difference is, after Sri Krishna demonstrated 'Biswarupa' to Arjuna, Arjuna had come to his senses, whereas even after a similar exposition before Charan and his compatriots at large, their vision which is coloured by ego renders their vision hazy. Therefore Mahakal has to assume a dual role. Thus Mahakal sang his paean himself.

After the worship of the deity came the garlands and 'paramanna' [rice boiled with milk and sugar for oblation]. Charan was thinking what great fortune made him a partaker in this joyful event. He remembers that Mahakal's life is the cumulative expression of the combined sacrifice of innumerable souls devoted to the nation. That is why he lowers his head at the weight of the responsibility and out of pride for the great souls. Charan repeatedly draws strength and sustenance from them for his life devoted to the cause.

The deity accepted obeisances with great affection; Mahakal asks repeatedly when will the Bengalis transform themselves into Bijoysingha and shall 'conquer Lanka with ease'? When will he assume that form? Charan is conveying this dream image of grimly determined Bengalis to ----innumerable countrymen and along with that the treasure, that has been received courtesy the reincarnation of Mahakal in human form in the twentieth century. But what is the background of the event? What is the background story of receiving this treasure? This is what Charan shall express today, why he is speaking so much, ----where lies its beginning in the words of Mahakal-----
'Deshnetri---' has asked me to write my autobiography little by little everyday. Am I crazy? The answer to this is---

'I have written one already earlier, but it remains ***incomplete.*** The thinking pattern of my mind was different at the time when I wrote the incomplete autobiography of mine. Then take a look at the last few years. I have undergone a ***complete metamorphosis.*** The underlying idea in my life is renunciation. I am not a ***Great Man.*** Therefore I do not need to have a ***Biography*** written. ***Great men need to perpetuate*** their lives, my life is like an open book to all, to Ma Kali. I shall fulfil her words by my mouth, not in writing. Writing a ***Biography*** is not meant for me.

But the 'background story' of this request as well as this conversation is the letter that 'Deshnetri' wrote on the 7th January 1963 whose excerpt appeared in the editorial of 'Jayasree', Pous 1369 captioned 'Where are those who shall respond?' And the idea that has become increasingly apparent in the Pous 1372---"Whence does the impossible manifest in an instant?'

But Deshnetri's inner thoughts have been expressed in her own expressions: "An utterly amazing truth manifested itself. Unthinkable is its potential, inconceivable are its embellishments. I cannot analyse my feelings in my own language. I shall only say " O omnipotent deity capable of realising the impossible!" Once again I have witnessed what can happen----"
"The ever impossible manifests itself as the ever possible."
"Then from a unique inspiration and wholeheartedness what seemed impossible through the penance of 8-10 days became possible."

Meanwhile the entire place went on filling and filling with people of my motherland; poor, simple, devoid of any worldly comfort nor did they appear to show that they were missing anything. Without food, without clothes, without the elementary necessities of human existence, they flocked during the day and the whole night they kept coming. My inner being was stirred till I could hold myself no longer.

"After bathing in the ocean throughout the day I am declaring from the bottom of my heart "O the holy earth of my country I bow my head at thy feet" Oh my motherland, this earth and its people are my Gods; they have touched me deeply today and humbled me and that young girl who had once with a dolorous and heavy heart and everything that was hers to offer had declared "Is there anybody here I have myself to offer" has come back. What a unique coincidence! The call to offer herself came 38 years ago and since then I have been sailing, charting out my own way-- I have no idea where I shall finally lay my anchor, O stranger! I have dedicated all my lifetime treasures to you! I have set out on my mission once more ----come take me wherever you want, wherever you desire, wherever your destination is.'
'It appears ---how so many days, so many nights, so many months, so many years have all culminated in this unique moment. Each moment is filled with anxiety and pain. Oh God, with my limited understanding, shall I be able to fathom what is the final outcome of all the hopes and aspirations, successes and failures, of a supremely dedicated life in this complicated situation?"

Deshnetri's feelings have become poignantly conspicuous in her following expressions----
"What's this realm of consciousness that I have been ushered in. Where the mind is willing to believe, not to analyse. Oh Deity! you are not the subject of analysis and reasoning---- It is as if I have been led along by your hand all my life, is all that "untrue"? What is truth? What is falsehood? Who dares analyse, over and above intelligence, logic---analysis, mind, emotions, a feeling that cannot be expressed in words and can only be experienced. Is this what is called ***intuition*** ? My Deity, may I not wander aimlessly through the desert in thirst looking for water. Today I pray before you with folded hands "with folded hands I wait for thee" wholly dedicated to you/ Whatever you offer me, may I be able to consume poison as nectar if you offer me."

It is these feelings, these thoughts that describe the phase of fulfilment and consummation in Deshnetri's life----the saga of her Mahasamadhi.

In course of conversation Mahakal gets lost in his own words.

I have been a Sannyasin from birth. I heard them say that I was born in AJAPA YOGA, see consult my Kundali Horoscope (yoga). From my childhood I began hearing and perusing scriptures. As I grew up, my mystic hunger also grew. I went through all scriptures and philosophies again and again. In College and University years I used to seek out, hunt out the so called-great seers and wise men of our days and questioned---questioned----questioned them on mysticism. None satisfied me. I even left everything (once) in search of true Mystic Sadguru and searched far and wide in the country and high and low in the Himalayas. None could satisfy me. It was bitter winter. I remember my own mother, dear darling adored

mother and came back to her lap and feet. The ones that cared for my poor self are all gone.....

.....To understand a man you have to understand the bedrock on which he stands and his works. My most and only beloved mother was a direct disciple of Paramhansa Deva. By every suck of her breast, through every kiss of her caresses, touches, tender looks and words, the Tattwa Shakties of the Divine Mother flowed in and filled me. My father gave into me thoroughness and strength in service to others and fighting activeness. My Governor, first tutor-guardian gave me missionary sacrificing zeal and all-fighting all-overcoming stamina. Collectively this I got through heredity, birth in infancy and childhood. This is my bedrock.....

Mahakal has himself said that the bedrock that the great life is standing on is as solid as ***Granite.*** The form is hard, rigid, inflexible and uncompromising.

'You know Charan, this poor Faquir has been relieved by being 'dead'. Ma has saved him, he shall no longer be ***hog ridden.*** He shall no longer have to work based on the obligation of what he has said or done earlier. He shall not have to offer any explanation. Old relations, identity shall not be able to ***pester*** him any more. Otherwise at every step he shall have to listen to queries like 'you said so 20 years ago and now you say this'. Faquir is not hamstrung on this count, Ma Kali has steered him in the right path. His way ahead is clear, what had ***propounded*** 20 years ago becomes ***redundant*** under special circumstances. Do you do in winter what you do in summer? Do you do the same things as a 20 year old that you did when you were 10? You shall ***wilt*** when ***pestered*** if you are not ***Strong willed.***

Mahakal was never close-fisted in any context. One day he said ' *Mastar Moshai* [Tutor] had the greatest ***influence*** on me. Do you know why, it was Beni Babu who changed the course of my life. ***Concentration,*** observing nature, loving nature and drawing strength from it----were all taught by him.'

If you ask who my '***Bosom friend*** ' was, it was Hemanta.
The reason for coming back here after striding the world like a Colossus it is to feel the touch of love and affection. When this body engaged in its raison d'etre, that is, service at the feet of Ma Kali, these thought do not bother him. Outside this ***point,*** my horizon is out of bounds of these considerations. ***I am absolutely on my own.*** In that situation it is my ***moral duty*** to remain penniless and indigent. When I am outside my area then for most of the time I am a penniless pauper, a Sannyasi, otherwise a Pathik Faquir. I can stay either in a royal court or beneath a tree or a river bank. ***I have never played false with my own self.*** There is no need to judge being ***true*** or ***false*** with the world. If I am ***true*** to myself then I do not have to bother about anything else. If I am ***false*** with myself then even if the whole world gives me a certificate I remain ***false*** before myself.

In this world somebody is engrossed with something. Again someone else is engrossed in something else. I am engrossed with something with which my soul is attached. It is true, I have gone where hot lava from a volcano lies fizzing. I have gone up to that ***Hot Lava.*** There are ***worms*** in ***Hot Lava*** where they stay with their offspring without dying. I have seen ***radioactive*** water boiling all around inside a ***nuclear reactor,*** I have seen ***worms*** making their homes

besides that radioactive water. Tell me? Do you have any idea why I gave you this example? I am like that. Ask them what fun they are getting there? There is no difference between 'fun' and 'fun'. I can tell you something even more frightening, I wont tell that now. I have to work with surrogates and get work done by ***Proxies.***
If I tell you now what I am ***at present*** and where?
I do not know what you will do if I tell you, which is why I don't tell you. The reason is--

Asambhavan na bactabyam
Practashyam eba drishyate.

Even if you happen to witness something that the common people consider extraordinary, do not speak about it. If you say that a stone is floating from one side of the river to the other, or that a horse is playing the Veena and singing, people will take it that you have lost your head. Nobody will believe. This advice is for the family men leading a social life.

Scientists have taken insects like ants or grasshoppers and put them inside ***Helium*** . Helium means instant death by freezing, where there can be no life. From Helium, they have placed it into another chamber before transferring it to an ***Oxygen Chamber.*** After some time, a leg would move, and afterwards, a wing would start fluttering. The point is, the common man does not know this.

'Mahakal' is an amazing personality. How many divergent subjects is he experienced in! How many amazing incidents, how many historical events has he witnessed! One day in course of conversation he asked Charan, 'can you tell me what the ***Sphinx*** is?' Charan replied the next day from a **pocket dictionary, half monster, half woman, half lion, statue of this in Egypt.**

Mahakal replied that whatever is written in the ***Dictionary*** is wrong. Those present in the deserts of ***Egypt*** are known as ***Sphinx.*** Why are archeologists, ***scientists*** and geologists looking for an answer to it? The ***Sphinx*** is looking at the endless desert, with a smile on its lips. ***It is a riddle,*** and there are several folklores about it. According to one such folklore, Sphinx, half fearsome beast and half human, used to roam about in the desert and used to ask any wayfarer '. One day the king came, and he too was asked the same question. The King said 'What? Do you know I am the Emperor?' The Sphinx said 'No matter who you are, if you cannot give the correct answer you shall be eaten up.' The Emperor instantly drew out his sword. He quietened down as a shrill cry went up. The king asked 'Tell me, what is your question, and what will happen if I give the correct answer'? The King gave the correct answer to his question and instantly thrust the sword into its chest. The folklore goes that even today on this day wayfarers can hear the shrill cry in the desert. Actually the ***Sphinx*** is not half lion. Its head is human and the b*ody* is that of a cat.

I [Mahakal] know the entire past history of the ***Sphinx***, who made it, when it was built and for what purpose. I also know something else, but that something else has to be done. When the time shall come to do it I will go there with people to do it. That is why I shall say nothing more about it.

Besides, the curious fact is, besides one, two or three ***Sphinx*** in the deserts of Egypt there are three more of exactly the same shape and size in three different places. Of course, I have heard that there is a fourth ***Sphinx*** which I have not been able to visit. Of course I can go there to visit it, but I do not get time to visit it. But there is another one about which I have ***definite*** information.I must do what I intend to do [about the ***Sphinx***]. And I cannot entrust to anybody else what I intend doing. At that time, Charan, I shall take you there. In the desert, on a specific mountain range, and with us there shall be prominent ***archeologists.*** I shall point out a spot before you all and ask you to dig out a dead body which is very carefully preserved there. At first I won't tell you whom it belongs to. When you start scratching your heads, I shall tell you, it belongs to a Pharaoh. People will not be able to imagine even in their dreams that a Pharaoh's dead body could be present there.

I shall bring out something else before you all, I shall ask you to dig the spot very carefully. From there shall come out something, even those who have died and those who have gone away shall begin to cry.
Do you know what places this body has been to?

In this planet there is a country and there are some places in that country which are completely uninhabited and some distance away there are hilly dwellings, about 200 cubits high, 40 cubits in diameter, weighing perhaps 2000 tons, with large faces perfectly and intricately cut out from stone spread out all over. Some of them are well kept and erect, some of them lying upside down.

There's a place in America named Nazca, where there are lines which are visible from forty thousand feet above. Nobody knows till date when and how they were created.
A temple in Peace Bay----there's a panel in a ***temple*** there. On it there's a perfect depiction of an aircraft being flown by a pilot.

There's a massive plaque at the ***National Museum*** of ***Athens.*** There's a perfect picture of a global planetarium. They were unable to mount it in entirety as it broke while being mounted.
In the ***British Museum*** there is an eserio ***Crystal Lens*** and at the ***Baghdad Museum*** there's an electrical motivated battery. Nobody knows how many lakhs of years old they are.
There's a ***Pillar, weighing 20 thousand tons;*** it is man made, and standing, there is no other of its kind in the world.

In a temple there is a pair of extremely beautiful stones, nobody knows how old they are.
In ***Mexico*** there is something known as ***El Castillo***, hugely broad roads made of ***stone slabs*** from ***Bolivia.*** Nobody knows where it leads to. ***Scientists*** armed with ***atomic machines*** have not been able to make even a dent on these ***stone slabs***.

There is a cave in ***Russia*** in which there are numerous beautiful and illuminated paintings which are reminiscent of our country.

In ***Spain*** there is a river. If you put 40 ***marbles*** on its bed and lay them one after the other and put them at the same level as the bed, you shall find after some time they have turned into stone.
In the Gobi desert there is a large area---significantly large---- the part has become converted into ***Pure Glass,*** there's no earth.

Once at a congregation of intellectuals at a place an intellectual figured out that for human ***civilization,*** 18 years constituted a ***generation***. I could not remain silent and asked 'where have you found that 18 years constitute a ***generation'***? He said 'This is the present yardstick'. I said 'to hell with your yardstick write down 30 years constitute a ***generation.*** The kind of ***dwarfs*** that you are, won't the ***dwarfish*** 18 years make a ***generation***?'

After this Mahakal asked a curious question, and in the extremely brief statement of his there was a hint of the deepest significance:

'According to your calculation, what is my current age? I replied: 'you are going to be 75 years. "What? shall I have to be around for another 46 years? No it won't be possible for me. Oh my! So many years? No, it won't be possible for me to sit on the ***stage*** with this tattered clothing and carry on with this drama. Doesn't one get tired of it?"

How did human beings come to exist?

"Human beings have not evolved from any oviparous-viviparous-aquatic- sweat borne living beings. Human beings are separate--distinct- thinking working-creation, that is "manushya yoni" [human form] ---entirely a direct creation. According to its Karma (work) it is itself capable of charting out its own journey----own destiny. The abode of every human being is his own "Chinmaya" [embodiment of knowledge].

Uniquely capable of thinking-ideation-work human being is the creation of "Adyashakti"[Primordial Power] , it is also capable of unfettered movement throughout the entire world and the universe created by "Adyashakti". And a till a l-o-n-g time after its first arrival it is capable of remaining in a state of "Purnananda"[eternal joy] without losing its way---remaining the child of "Parama Purnandamayi" [the Supreme Joyful Mother] , thereafter, it wants to feel, use and misuse its independence and---- as a sequel to it----extends its limbs[mind] in a thousand directions like the rays of the sun and---becomes mobile. Abracadabra.

But there is no change in the form of Providence, the Highest of the High Supreme Being which resides in his heart. And for this reason human being has always desired-desires-shall desire --ever eternal delight-grace-happiness-peace. For enjoying his full independence of work, he has chosen to be itinerant, in course of his movements in a thousand directions, he is eternally on the move in the entanglement of his own making. In the deepest labyrinths of his consciousness he feels the presence of divinity like a long forgotten dream, he can hear the words of the divine being, gets "his" hints---waiting for "him" with interminable patience.

That is why he has run-runs around-in the alleys of the ***LABYRINTH*** that he himself has generated. He tries to retrace his own right path that he has since lost, he tries to make his way out of the maze---and find himself back, regain his true nature, the ever-eternal grace, delight, peace.

The layman's term for the divine entity that is present in every human body is 'Jeevatma'. When it begins on its first journey, that is taken out from the ***main source,*** he moves about with full freedom of thinking and working and sets out on his ***adventure.*** Thus begins his independent journey. As a result the fate of the human being becomes the same as that of the spider that spends a lifetime moving about in its own web. And the more he loses himself, in our parlance he becomes a demon- giant-vampire. But his innate divinity remains and it gets buried in the web he has spun for himself. Hence he wonders, 'What's happening, where am I going after all?' The biggest consideration for a human being is satiation of his hunger, and even while doing this he gets introspective. As he goes on spinning his web in search of happiness, the divine self within him calls out 'Come back, come hither, I am waiting for thee!' At times he can hear this voice calling within him, but there ultimately comes a time when, utterly weary of travelling eternally in search of happiness, the wandering soul calls out to the inner divine self "wherever art thou, please give me shelter, I am weary, I have rendered myself moribund wandering on my way, pray redeem me".

And the one who has realised from the very beginning that his body is the temple of the supreme divine, that he has to preserve my body accordingly, he who has received this training from the very beginning, makes himself competent for attaining divinity step by step. The human life is meant to be a life of action. Of the the two parts of the human body one is 'Dharmakshetra' [place of spirituality] and the other is 'Kurukshetra' [place of action].

The one who has created a huge web for himself propelling himself on a wrong path takes a much longer time to reach his destination. The other person reaches his destination relatively faster, as his path is relatively straight.

If you read the works of the great western philosophers like Virgil, you will find that they have clearly stated that in our western civilization, whenever we have found the knowledge of divinity in our quest for knowledge, that knowledge has come from the East. The spark of life that is there within every human being--that is the light of divinity. The light that is detectable till the end, is the light of divinity. 'Rupam rupam Pratirupam Babhubah' to prepare his own game he created a hundred thousand dolls and he himself took up abode in the dolls he created.

In case you happen to know the ***Balancing factors*** in our solar system---***I challenge to propound it.*** Do you have any idea of what is the ***Balancing factor*** of this earth which is revolving endlessly? Do you know how the earth used to revolve prior to this time? So long ago something was made to happen as a result of which the earth stood still ***for the split of a second*** after which it started revolving in the opposite direction.

Spitefulness, vengeance and vanity---I have none of these three within me. ***I know what power is.*** It is the weak who is vindictive, the powerless are spiteful, and the coward and the timid who displays vanity. I tell all this for your good but you cast them away casually. But a day is coming soon when you shall repeatedly realise and rue the fact that the one who used to remind you of something repeatedly shall remind you no more and you ignored someone who frantically tried to make you realise something which you never did. When there's a tug-of-war between the head and the heart it is the heart which wins 10 annas to the rupee [10 times out of 16]. The heart behaves very much like women do. I am aware of this truth because when I had left home I had decided not to pay heed to the call of my heart, but then the reunion occurred. I tried to cheat and be a cheat but then I could not avoid contact. It was then that I realised that it was the game of Ma [Holy Mother] at play and I ***surrendered.*** The heart won, the intellect lost, I admitted defeat. As a result of this I had two regrets later on. I know how intense they were. I never ever had such gut wrenching repentance before. But I shall wriggle myself out of these repentances.

Mahakal's coincidence is amazing indeed. However, in his own words, it has brought some sweetness to this spartan life. But several known people have still not been able to come out of their dogmas. There is no end to their vain utterances. Charan is deeply pained to see no end to interpersonal rivalries, jealousies and covetousness. With this deep pathos in his heart, seated at the foot of Mahakal, he prays for an end to these jealousies, dishonesty and duplicity-which wrecks unity. Mahakal is not blind. One day while reminiscing he lamented---- 'Alas, my heart burns in sorrow, my garden worth a thousand rupees has been nibbled by a billy worth five sikkas' [one rupee and twenty-five paise]. It was for 'five sikkas'[petty squabbles] that Anil Roy's Sri Sangha broke up. Petty jealousies, minor greed for power and envy proved to be the bane of a good organisation. Many people have felt ***frustrated*** following a sense of deprivation.

Charan had asked Mahakal,'Why do people get frustrated? Why should the person who knows what he strives for in life be frustrated?'

Frustration is for the general run of people. The one for whom work is worship, he who regards his work as his deity becomes deserving of liberation. The common person does not do so. Hence his ***frustration.*** The common man can never model himself after the ideal ' Karmanyebadhikaraste Ma Faleshu Kadachana'. There is a ratio of the number of people who can model themselves after this ideal. One out of two and a half lakhs. The is a ***set calculation*** and is invariable. 'Out of two and a half lakh workers one becomes worthy of liberation.' The moot point is--are all out of two and a half lakh people who became capable of modelling themselves on this ideal, that would have meant the end of this world of cosmic illusion. Sri Bhagwan [Krishna] had uttered this ***ratio*** from his own holy mouth.

'Manushyanang sahareshu kashchit yatati siddhaye.
yatatamapi siddhanang kashchimnang betti tattwatah.'

Thousand is the ***unit*** handed down by Sri Bhagwan. Not a thousand human animals. A thousand human beings in human forms. Not a thousand animals called human beings. The animals in human form do not believe in God. Only One among the human beings in human form sets

down to put to practice his belief. The rest believe but do not work towards their belief. Out of one thousand only one realises his goal. The remaining 999 slip on their way, some perhaps simply cannot cope up with the ***Regimentation,*** only one in a thousand succeed. That is, a liberated being. In other words, he has broken free from the cycle of birth and death. But he is within the confines of a human body. Among these liberated beings [Siddhapurushas] a few may get to know Tatwarup. Tattwa- God is not made up of any single ***element.*** God is not made of any ***Single element.*** God is made up of ***elements*** of different types and different varieties. This ***element*** is tattwa. Only a handful get to know which ***elements*** God is made of. A hundred liberated beings [Siddhapurushas] are sitting. One cannot do without water, water is needed for bathing, ablutions, for protection against microorganisms, quenching of thirst. One name for water is life, another name is nectar. So many are the qualities of water, that is why good people revere water. A hundred people are worshipping water, everyone has been liberated. Only one among them looks intently at water and says : God, I marvel before you a thousand times, how you have kept all of us spellbound. How you have hidden yourself from sight, they are all worshipping you no doubt but I shall not worship you in this form---I shall worship you in your original form. Water, you cannot cast a spell on me any more.

"Dive, dive, dive into the sea my inner self."

Water, you are ***H_2O,*** ---a product of these two gases reacting together in a fixed ratio. Water is a gross manifestation. This is your facade. Your real self is ***Hydrogen*** and ***Oxygen.*** I shall die if I consume either of them. I shall perish if I immerse myself in a sea of ***Oxygen*** or ***Hydrogen.*** By your infinite grace, you have assumed the manifestation of water so that we do not die. That is why I say, ***Hydrogen,*** I have bathed and emerged from you, ***Oxygen,*** I have bathed and emerged from you, I am 'combustible''. A miniscule get to know tattwa. Those who get liberated do not want to get burnt. With combustion everything gets burnt. Th at is why the liberated Siddha gets burnt out in the joy of ups and downs.

'The living be tethered in bondages'. You are enchained by your mind. The mind is ***Conditioned*** by 'Samskaras'[cumulative life experiences]. Samskara is the impression that is ***indelibly*** imprinted in your psyche. You are doing something, which is leaving no impression in your mind. This is not Samskara. Some other work leaves a lasting impression in your mind----that is Samskara. The mind is akin to a current. From the bottom upwards to the ***surface*** there are ***currents*** in several layers, the mind is ***exactly*** like that. It has several layers. Below the top layer there is another layer---likewise as you delve deeper the layer at the ***bottom*** of the river, if you take a dip in the middle of the Ganges, you shall feel the layer sinking in the silt. This silt is not ***stationary.*** This ***Layer*** is dark, this layer is mobilized by your brain. The ***pressure*** that is causing the ***Bottom layer*** to move is ***agitating*** the ***next layer.*** In this way the ***4th layer*** is ***agitated*** and makes the ***top layer*** work. The mind is driven by the ***Brain,*** your Embryological ***science*** admits this. If you can get the better of your mind, you have won. Creature, human beings are bound by this mind-----you are tethered by your bondage wound eight times around you. 'Pashat baddha yah sa pashu'. This 'pashu' (beast) who is bound by the 'pasha' [bondages] is called 'Jiva', the one who is free from the 'pasha' is 'Sadashiva'.

There are many ***stages*** of liberation, even the liberated beings also move in a disciplined way in a pre-ordained orbit. At times the beings at a ***higher stage*** have given them some ***duty.*** They are bound to do it. They do not know how to ***Rebel. They know the laws of creation thoroughly.***

There is a beautiful and serene Ashram [holy retreat] where some Sanyasis [holy men] and their disciples stay. The facilities in this Ashram are very good. I was served cauliflowers in summer. I was going en route this Ashram that is why I felt like popping in. I had intended to have a good sleep there. Lying on my bed I was reading an ***Arabian*** 'kitab' [book]. Meanwhile, the ashramites came up and said, 'please come and join us, why remain closeted in a room?' I asked them 'What's going on?' 'Planchette' they replied. They attached a white ***sheet*** all over a table with a ***top pin.*** Some spirit (they are all good souls) was getting something written which stopped. Suddenly the hand of the medium who was writing turned around. The ***Pencil*** started moving all over. Everybody started chanting hymns for the act of endless grace. The ***Pencil*** spun around and came to the lower left corner of the table and started writing from one corner to the other. ***Swami Vivekananda.*** I had goosebumps. I realised this was---***Genuine.*** Then the medium's hand started moving. He was asking, ***Why here, carrying thou, is it, get along, forward on your way'.*** I got up and going outside I gestured. It was one at night. The Sannayasis did not say anything. They knew my nature well enough. I told them having had ***rest*** for a few days I would be able to cover the distance I had not been able to cover in two days. I went out wearing the same clothes that I had been wearing.

Death vindicates life and life vindicates death. The one who can thumb-nose both is fit to be my friend. It is by virtue of this thumb nosing that when I set out with eight thousand men there were only two hundred. Had I known about this, the backstabber would have succeeded in his design. See how Lord Jagannath makes a face.

The infinite limits itself within the finite. Human being remains in front of this world so that the discerning people can realise the presence of the infinite within the finite using it as a ***medium*** and take the lead from the finite to understand the infinite. The infinite desires that human being understands its infiniteness and engage himself in the quest to elevate himself in order to do so. The infinite knows that it is not within the power of the human being to fathom him,bound as he is within his limitations. That is why the infinite makes himself apparent to the human beings even as he remains within the confines of the finite. Infinite thus makes himself apparent within the finite to help human beings to understand him. The finite is a ***symbol*** for the human being to lead him to the infinite. for you the ***Solar system*** is infinite, human beings cannot readily understand this 'infinite'. To explain what the ***Solar system*** is, its unbridled ***Pulsation,*** the solar system assumed the limited form of the ***Atom.*** The ***Atom*** is an ***exact replica*** of the ***solar system.*** There's not the slightest variation. At the centre is the Sun, and around it are revolving the planets and satellites. As comets appear within the ***Solar System,*** so also comets arise within and disappear from the ***Atoms.*** Human being has been given this so that he can understand the infinite mystery. Human beings have lost their ***discernment*** and misunderstood it. Do not think that you are the masters of the universe. ***You are tiny people.*** The master of the universe is executing his work in a flawless manner. Some of us are call it good and others call it bad according to the stage of intellectual maturity of each.

Our ***comments*** do not have any ***value.*** For example ***India's pleasure or displeasure, adverse comment or praise, moralising, theorising,*** has no effect on any other country, ***you are living in a fool's paradise.*** If you read Yoga philosophy, If you read Kanad you shall see how succinctly the different aspects of an ***Atom*** has been described, only part of which the ***so called modern scientists are able to understand. Atomic Fission*** is never ***complete*** but partial. If there is ***complete fission*** then only a single ***atom*** will be enough to blow up the earth. You do not know that your Yama [God of death] is guarding you. That is ***anti_____***. For each ***Atom*** that is there in the earth there is an ***anti atom*** that is not there in this earth. Surprisingly, do you know that if that ***Anti*** comes anywhere near this earth this earth shall cease to exist. Whatever is happening in this earth is being reflected in the ***Anti-Atom region*** in an opposite mirror image. An ant moving, something else moving in a two thousand mile velocity….everything is being reflected. Those who are monitoring you are also watching sleepless over you 24 hours! ***You can proceed to a point not beyond that,*** there is a boundary line of destruction, not beyond that.

You do not know the laws that govern the laws of creation. I am an embodied person who has first hand knowledge of it.

You are spinning your own path, like the wife of Ulysses; not only you but everyone.

I feel like laughing when I see a rocket flying towards the moon, etc. You have written about 'Mahakaashyan' [spaceship]. ***That is not*** Mahakaash [space]. That is the Akaash [sky]. Above all there is one ***creation---creation*** my dear is not one but there are countless ***creations.*** At the topmost ***layer*** of each ***creation*** there is nothing, no ***creation.*** The ***layer*** that covers each individual ***creation*** is known as 'Mahabyom' [megaspace]. Do you know its ***function? Every thought, every action*** of Human beings is being reflected here and being recorded. ***You cannot escape.*** Every ***thought,*** every ***word,*** every ***action forever and eternity.*** When ***Creation*** shall end it shall begin anew according to the ***photo***s saved in the new 'Byom'[space]. Destruction, part destruction, great destruction or cataclysm. At the time of each cataclysm we do the same thing that we have done at the previous cataclysm. This is why I am careful----I have not done anything that I shall have to do again. Because my velocity has pierced it and gone beyond. It is an unique record. 'Mahabyom' ***is the recorder of thoughts, recorder of words, recorder of deeds.*** At a certain stage of Sadhana one can take out the 'Pranasharir' [astral body] out of the 'Sthulasharir' [gross mundane body] . If you get used to doing it with the 'prana' [astral] body ***You can go anywhere. You resolve and you are there.*** This motion is in the realm of the mind. There are Sadhakas who are even able to ***consult records*** kept in 'Mahabyom'. ***Creation*** is always ***reborning.*** I know what they do know. They do not know mathematics, they do not know ***Ratio,*** they do not know ***calculation,*** they do not know ***tangent,*** that is why they are seeing events that occurred ten thousand years ago.

In Mahakal's gathering there is no dearth of topics that are discussed, endless ideas, endless life experiences and knowledge come crashing down like the waves on a seashore, Charan has tried to present only some of them in this presentation, Charan feels not only him, the entire country should know about this vast expanse that one great life covered. Lands, 'Byom' [space], 'Mahabyom' [mega space], nothing is unseen or unknown to him. Charan invites attention to all these aspects so that in future there remains the possibility of bringing out many hitherto

untold accounts of myriad mysterious events and secret voyages. The ones who read this account in between the lines and imbibe its contents with utmost care shall realise why Charan calls this the greatest epic of the twentieth century and the new-age India. The extent and depth of Mahakal's sphere of activity is unfathomable. That is why to some this may sound like the product of a fertile imagination. Charas only this to say, the great epic needs to be read not once, but repeatedly, several times, before the innate truth of this epic begins to dawn on the reader. Unless one is able to get above obstacles of vanity and ego, he or she shall never be able to imbibe the significance of Mahakal's 'saga'. We the inhabitants of this world are ***tiny people,*** smallest of the small when it comes to work, knowledge and experience. The ambit of our learning and knowledge, thought and ideas is limited. The extent of Mahakal's sphere is beyond belief. That is why to study Mahakal's quotes one needs patience, tolerance, perseverance, understanding and realisation, and above all ***DEDICATION.*** That is, total ***surrender*** at the feet of the one and only great Sadhaka Mahakal.

Every utterance of Mahakal is profound, far reaching, carries a message far into the distance-----'If you do not develope the capacity to laugh at yourself, if you don't learn how to play with your own self, then you shall be cheated in this life. Learn to jeer at and make fun of yourself,laugh at yourself, learn to fight all by yourself, completely on your own. Learn to speak to yourself in disease, during moments joy stare at and warn your own self: Beware! Do not become Ravana!. Tremendous ***Hazard,*** tremendous ***Risk, crucial decisions.*** Thumb-nose ***Problems*** when they come. Meaning thereby if you can conduct yourself in this way then your life shall be worthwhile otherwise you are a loser.

Within a space of 24 hours several ***incidents*** happen in your life. If you notice some of them shine like diamonds and some glitter like gold. Always treasure such moments. The responsibility of their ***Storage*** lies on you, the onus of polishing them and decking them is on you. You shall be able to taste the nectar of joy even in pain, if you do not know how to seek them even nectar will be transformed into poison. Everything actually depends on the state of your mind, on how you are conducting your mind. You are the slave of your mind.Your mind is your servant. At your service. If you can conduct your servant it can transform into Shiva. If you cannot do it it can turn you into a beast.

In general I know this, sing whichever 'Kirtan' [devotional song, usually dedicated to Krishna in which others repeat the same lines sung by the leader], it is advisable to stick to one Kirtan. Those who are Sadhakas and devotees can sing the Kirtan after having completed their discussions on Bhakti [devotion]; If everyone in the circle sings this Kirtan in the same tune in chorus, Divine power descends on that assemble, it can be felt ***Physically.*** It is through the devotee who is the best at heart that divine grace manifests itself and flows into others in the assembly. Of course, there are signs of this manifestation. Even without being the follower of a Sadguru [a genuine spiritual guide] or Sadpurush [a man of integrity] one can have divine grace showered on him if he can accept the programme with proper attitude. ***Provided they follow this rule.*** Actually after the advent of the Muslims, the Hindus declined, and that was the beginning of our slavery. Then came the British. As a fall out we began to make fun of Hindu beliefs and devotion. To poke fun at them is the hallmark of the ***Elite, progressive, civil society. We have become so many empty shells.***

For any individual---irrespective of gender--restraint of character is a ***requirement.*** Along with that the cleansing of the mind and body. The one who has been able to restrain these two, or want to do it ***for the sake of expression or experiment*** let him restrain himself physically for one month and mentally for one month. Even the most ***mediocre*** practitioner shall be able to take out his astral body from his physical body. And with me it happened effortlessly. Suddenly one day I found that I had come out. Rather it is a ***lesser achievement*** for the yogis. But it is not insignificant either, it is, say like a silver coin. when you think of your body, ***that is the real you.*** stands in front of your body. You have a connection with your body. Even this coming out of the Astral body has five categories. I had no idea, the way I came out suddenly on the first occasion was the ***highest cadre*** of coming out. I shall not discuss here about how to ***control*** it and move around. As a baby gradually learns to walk after coming out of its mother's womb, so also after you learn to come out with your astral body your movement shall be ***Unrestricted,*** you shall have unfettered access to the Sun and the Moon, ***Milky Ways after Milky Ways.....***

Man is blind, this is a limit to man's blindness. The common person is not blind, they have developed cataracts in their eyes, meaning thereby if they undergo treatment, they will only be relieved somewhat, not cured. It is the ***declared policy of the Government*** not to inform ***public*** anything ***secret*** about ***space track.*** The only ***Government*** to have acknowledged at the ***Government level*** Unidentified flying objects that lakhs of people have seen is ***Brazil.*** every time there has been an ***Unknown object*** flying alongside a ***moon rocket*** it has been detected at the ***base.*** It has never been disclosed to the ***public***. Notwithstanding all attempts at cover up, some news always leak out. Have these bumbling fools ever got an inkling of something till date, like a ***craft*** flying across the sky, with all its components functioning ***perfectly***, suddenly vanishes. Many such ***news*** reach us, a ship sailing suddenly vanishes without any ***trace***. Even the deep sea divers cannot ***trace*** it out. We get to hear many similar stories. So and so person has set out for such and such place, after which nothing is heard of him. ***No trace.***

Have you seen smoke coming out in layers? Like smoke emanating from burning charcoal or cowdung cakes rising like ***miniature*** clouds? You shall see many are like ***lines,*** some are like currents. Very similar to it there are many in the ***atmosphere*** touching the earth's surface. The atmosphere for fish is water. All around you there are layers of varying ***density***. Likewise there are different layers one above the other. The higher you go, the lesser the ***density*** you get. Your universe is situated amid all this. As there are **shafts** in smoke, so there are ***shafts*** in the atmosphere. As there are empty spaces in smoke, so are there empty spaces in the atmosphere. This you cannot see with your eyes. Not even if you try to see with a ***Radi screen***. If you happen to come inside one of these shafts you too shall vanish. ***Aeroplanes vanish*** if they run into these ***unseen funnels***. ***without any trace.*** It shall never some back to this earth again. There are many such things. I know only 15.*16* such instances but there are several things outside the scope of my knowledge. How asks diverse is this creation, if somebody asks why this happens he shall elicit no response because because the person asking this question himself does not deserve to know the answer. Many such instances have occurred, like several ***aeroplanes*** are flying in ***formation,*** suddenly you find the ***aeroplane*** missing. They day you come to know the reason you shall yell 'Help! Help!" in fear. The day I came to know it first there were two more of my circle with me.

There was a discussion going on about Sanatan Hindu Dharma in Mahakal's gathering. Someone remarked: You are speaking from your own conviction and ***realisation,*** whatever I shall say will be on the basis of intellect and logic and that too will be incomplete, because I do not have in depth knowledge about the same. But the two preconditions that come to my mind regarding Hindu Dharma (1) 'Chaturvarnyang maya srishtang gunakarmabibhagashah'----the Varnashrama (2) ***Transmigration.*** Varnashrama, the society, the circumstances in which it arose, doesn't exist any more, it has started breaking down. that is why that condition to me is ***anachronistic.*** Secondly, transmigration of soul is outside my ***Ken.*** Therefore I shall not be able to say anything regarding that too, although we read about recollections of past life memories in the newspapers off and on. Therefore I do not have any passion for the Sanatan Hindu Dharma. You asked, what is your goal, what is your motivational force? I am a common person, I am not a Sadhaka. Of course a bit above ***average,*** I have had some education, I am trying to move on a fixed path. My conceptions, my ***sense-perception***s are all limited. I know this world of ***self perception*** is fractured, this is ***relative reality,*** even modern science accepts this. According to science, the identity of objects is but a compilation of ***data*** based on ***sense perception.*** The ***content*** of objects, the complete identity is outside the ambit of science. Human intellect can fill up the hiatus and identify the true content of objects. I know the source of Tattwa behind the apparent universe and the abstract concept of 'Atman' and 'Brahman' of 'Advaita' philosophy also gives me strength. This is enough for me and in my day to day life some ***Ethical values*** provides me with a ***sense of direction.*** Such as ***sense of right or wrong, to live not for self,*** ----trying to efface oneself, ***to fight injustice,*** etc. Its not that I am following everything properly, but these give me a ***sense of direction.*** when it comes to application, I too have a number of flaws, but these ***ethical*** values guide me the direction in which to proceed. everybody cannot be a Sadhaka after all, if I succeed in doing this much ***"I am worth my salt".***
Mahakal: How could you utter the words 'outside my ***ken***'? does something being outside your ***ken*** make it false? When Thakur [Ramakrishna Paramahansa] used to say 'I have just come back after speaking to Ma [Divine Mother Kali] did anyone have the guts to tell him that he was lying? If someone says 'That is outside my **Ken'** he should be cut down. Ghosts, apparitions, spirits all exist. ***President Roosevelt*** used to send for a ***medium*** every time he took some ***important decision***. Do you know ***Abraham Lincoln***'s spirit comes to the ***White House*** at night? He harms nobody. Do you know that thousands of photographs of spirits have been taken in ***England***? Is is photographed just before they move out of the body. Do you know that Yogis can move about in the ***Astral plane***? Let me tell you of an incident, a ***recorded*** incident, proved incident. Kulada Brahmachari was once travelling somewhere in a train, with him in the same compartment was another Sadhaka with dirty clothes and without any luggage. There was a ***Retired Officer***, a Bengali gentleman. In course of conversation it transpired that the Sadhaka in tattered dirty clothing was travelling to a religious conference. On questioning it was learnt that it was to be held in Tibet! But there were only two to three days to go. The ***retired officer*** asked him "It will take at least twenty to twentyfive days to reach there, how are you going to reach in time? " The Sadhu said he would manage to reach his destination. The ***retired officer*** wrote a letter on a piece of blank paper and putting it in an envelope wrote his own address on it and gave it to the Sadhu and told him 'please post the letter after you reach your destination.' The letter reached the ***retired officer*** in due time and calculation showed that the Sadhu had reached his destination in time.

I am narrating two more proven events. An Indian student went to Sorbonne University in ***Paris*** to study architecture. He had a special talent in Gandharbavidya. Do you know what Gandharbavidya is? Music. He had a large Veena with him that he used to play. In Sorbonne he acquired a girl friend. The girl wanted to have a veena on seeing it. He got a veena for her and he taught her how to play it before he left for India. He taught her a few ***tunes*** too. The girl used to sit alone beside the Seine river and play the ***tunes*** on the veena in solitude. It was observed whenever she played a particular tune a ***profile*** used to emerge on the ground near her. After this happened repeatedly it became apparent that the profile was that of the goddess Saraswati. Then on inquiry it transpired that the tune she used to play was the 'Saraswati Bandana' [eulogy to Saraswati,the Hindu Goddess of learning].

Another ***recorded*** event of London. A girl used to sit in ***meditation***. At that time if any screen happened to be nearby at first there used to appear the image of a snake on the screen, followed after some time by that of Shiva, with the snake on his head. Isn't there a quote of Shakespeare ***'There are many things in Heaven and Earth--than you can dream of.'***

And there are thousands of ***recorded*** anecdotes of people having been born with the memory of their past lives intact.

I am giving you a ***fair warning***, forget the ***cliche***-s that you have learnt. At that time the conditions will be such that there will be no chance to change things by ***agitating.*** You shall have to admit things ***willy-nilly.*** Our ***traditions***, our ***culture*** will definitely be ***re-established***. A lot of Propaganda is being carried out depicting the Chinese culture as great and very old, and all our evidences are being carried away to ***Europe*** and ***America***.

There are a lot of instances of reincarnation being heard about in the North West Frontier Province. A dog would stubbornly refuse to eat of some particular days. After a lot of inquiring the day came out to be identified as Eakadashi [the eleventh day of the Hindu lunar cycle, an auspicious day].

A snake used to come to a young woman during sleep and sit by her. The woman sued to talk in her sleep but would deny recollecting having said something during sleep. In a state of trance, the woman said that the snake was her lover in a previous birth. He has reincarnated as a snake. The woman had become very depressed after the de. ath of her husband. After that the snake used to come to her during her sleep and used to comfort her by giving her ***association.***

Another incident. I witnessed it in Uttar Pradesh. A snake used to come and sleep in the room. The younger son of the householder's wife had recently died, his name was Dayashankar. The wife did not drive the snake out. She used to feed the snake milk instead. The snake used to come regularly and she used to feed it milk each day. Nobody knew, one day, when the wife was sleeping, the snake came in and started suckling from her breast. The wife woke up and saw the snake. She used to call the snake Dayashankar and the snake used to jump into her lap. Everybody accepted the snake as Dayashankar. The father used to ask, what sin did a two and a half year old commit that he reincarnated as a snake? The uncle would reply indeed, a snake is a God. He has been reborn as a God.

Until the Jivatma (soul) is liberated it keeps on reincarnating as a human being. The age of the soul is the real age of the person. Liberation can come in a single life or it might take many lives (births), One cannot get liberated being born in 'Devyoni' [Being born as a 'Deva', deity]. The body of 'Devayoni' is meant for enjoyment, that is why even the "Deva's also have to take birth as a human being to attain 'Moksha' or liberation!

Where an association of three characteristics are present, one might assume the ground is ripe. The association of these three characteristics is necessary for Ma Kali's mission. They are, the absolute celibacy of Bhishma, the ***loyalty and revenge*** of Shakuni and the vision and dispassionate attitude of Sri Krishna. Sri Krishna knowing everything that is going to happen in Mahabharata, orchestrates everything without being seen. He is completely in the background. This should be everybody's ideal.

The people of my horizon sincerely regard and think what this man says is infallible. He is saying what he has realised through his own life experiences. I have no time for arguement. They realise this man has witnessed everything, past present and future and is moving accordingly. Therefore they have no doubts. If you do not believe, then listen to what I say now. When things happen the way I predict, believe it then.

At times doubts surface. Disbelief takes hold. Charan is unconcerned about all these. Charan's mission in life is to awaken the countrymen who are groping in darkness and reinstate them to their senses. This is his prime role. Even in the past Charans have roused the country up from slumber. You face the same task this time around too.

Charan had mentioned the name of a country on the way to Mahakal's domain, at that time the country was embroiled in a war.I want to quote Mahakal's myriad hints and unequivocal statement to the incredulous know-alls. A few days back the event that occurred, the most powerful country on earth with its mountain high pride and all its bluster, after playing with the lives of millions showed a clean pair of heels. Because whenever the country at war has been engaged in negotiations with the foreign power, there always was on one side, in the words of Mahakal--- ***A Pride of 9 Generals and a shadow behind them.*** Charan does not want to elaborate whose shadow it is, because this shadow has been causing many major events to take place throughout the world for the last few decades. This shadow alone has been responsible for the changes in the world scenario one after the other. Whatever be the case, when the first meeting between the greatest power and ***Nine generals with a shadow behind them*** took place Mahakal was a ***Guest*** of that country, and the ***Host*** of this honourable guest was the poet-cum-Army Commander Ho Chi Minh. Mahakal had mentioned to Charan only about his location in a small slip of paper. Charan is presenting what was mentioned in it:
"Today I am far away, in the cave of a lion.The lion is playing the role of our ***Host.*** There is no dearth of hospitality-courtesy-food-drinks and ever innovative entertainment. At present I am alone. There is no bugging in the house earmarked for me. And---has the same privilege been extended to the accommodations of two other hosts? Perhaps not. But they are extremely cunning. Attempts to bug their rooms are bound to fail.

The ambience is extremely beautiful. I have put the lights out and bid the fighters goodnight. There are three windows, bay-windows, all of them and have opened all of them; in front of the verandah are the hills. There's moonlight bathing the garden in front, and the choppy waves are splashing against the hillsides. How calm and serene the surroundings are; ushering in peace. I am also being entertained like a king of a thousand kings, in the lion's den by the lion himself. How curious and strange is the drama being staged by our adored Ma Mahakali! And even more amazing is the friendship of the Lion--in his hearts and thoughts-- "towards" "this guest"-- there's no duplicity, no skulduggery----no subterfuge. Why? Ma's consummate skill in setting the stage.

It's surprising that an indifference has rendered my mind bereft of emotions and has taken it far, far away---one after the other gigantic bombers with their powerful wings are continuously roaring on their way----high above. Far, far away from here, with blinding flashes they are raining down fire, thunder, and destruction. Like a drummer playing a huge drum in the background."
Later on while describing the the palace where he stayed on the eve of the great power raising its hand and eventually capitulating he goes on to say:

"The location rises out of the ocean and is a ***mountainous country.*** The place that I am in is not located ***main mountain body.*** This hill is a ***projection*** of the ***main body.*** This too looks like miniature daughter hill of the main mountain… .The sea surrounds this hill in a semicircle and steps are cut into this hill up to the point where it meets the sea, for the bathing of the queens who lived in the palace. Small mountainous creepers have been planted there. This arrangement was apparently made for the benefit of the family members of some ***King.*** The ***Fort*** lies at the place where the narrow projection of the ***Mainland*** meets the hill. The massive 80 feet road begins where the ***neck*** ends. The main ***Host*** showed me around the interiors of the palace. My mind wandered far off elsewhere. What amazing works of art! All over the hill roads had been carved out for the fairies to play around and sit. Stairs have been carved out and above them the beautiful palace. The ***Complex*** has three levels--one beside the sea, the other behind it and the other further behind. The gap between two ***solid structures*** serves as a bay window. There are ten such in front. Among them are arranged beautiful statues. One statue, that of a huntress, darting away with a bow and an arrow in hand with long hairs dangling down, and a deer speeding away from her too,, suddenly stooping down to look at something that hit its feet. the entire beautiful scene sculpted in white stone. My host pressed a switch in the belly of the deer and the entire place lighted up. The host after taking me around the entire palace took out the most expensive cigar from his ***case*** and asked me 'what are you thinking about?' The ***Host*** wanted to know if this palace was to my liking.My own companions numbered 19, I gestured back in agreement. I said,it is here we shall stay'.
Mahakal had stayed in that ***haunted house,*** and the account of what he did with his companions for a future presentation have been reserved for a future presentation. It is enough to recall only this much that he had come there earlier along with Generals from the land of the Dragon as their (the hosts') very own friend. At that time his name was ***'Anand',*** which later became Ho Chi Minh. Mahakal had come in a meeting as a 'shadow'. Charan was fortunate enough to listen throughout an entire night how he had tormented and harassed and opposing

parties in the meeting and about facts that are emerging after the withdrawal of the great atrocious power from the scene.

His voice was heard In a political conference in London in 1933 in connection with the need for an independent nation:

"Free India will not be a land of capitalists, landlords and castes. Free India will be a social and political democracy. The problems of free India will be quite different from those of present day India and it will be therefore necessary to train men from today who will be able to visualize the future, to think in terms of free India and solve those problems in anticipation. In short it will be necessary to educate and train from today the future cabinet of free India."

This hold as good today as it held then. We need this even today. We need it for the group of individuals who would steer India in the direction of her cherished ideals. Mahakal's thoughts os the present day are derived from the accrued thoughts of and 'Deshnayak' of the past and real life experiences. Charan has hitherto briefly described the actualization of these thoughts in a writing on 'Mahakal's kingdom'.
Deshnayak has said in the past that all great and noble movements start from small beginnings and this movement shall begin in India:

"Our first task will be to gather a group of men and women who are prepared to undergo the maximum sacrifices and sufferings which will be necessary if we are to attain success in our mission. They must be whole-time ----workers -----"freedom---intoxicated" missionaries----who will not be discouraged by failure or deterred by difficulty of any kind and who will vow to work and strive in the service of the great cause till the last day of their lives."

Mahakal sends out this call even to this day. For tomorrow's bright India we need a band of patriots ----with steely resolve, unshakeable ideals and unstoppable at work. Whose only desire is to sacrifice themselves at the altar of Mahakal's mission.
Only they shall be able to accomplish this task, whose minds and bodies are conditioned by a special kind of Sadhana[spiritual practice].

"When those morally prepared" men and women are available they **must be given requisite training** ***so that they may be able to realise the magnitude of their task.***

Along with it, they shall have to discuss and scientifically analyse the independence movements of different countries because they should not indulge in blind mimicry buteen carefully proceed with proper thinking and steps accordingly. Only after the basic preparations have been carefully made can one proceed to engage in battle.

Mahakal had a booklet with him whose title translated into English reads 'Why this Crisis : Where are we headed.' I am quoting the last two paragraphs of this booklet wherein Mahakal has left his own comments. The booklet was published in 1967.

India has a mission : an eternal message.

Let that message of Netaji arouse the countrymen, which shall keep reverberating in India for eternity: 'India has a mission, a special message, to deliver which India has been surviving for centuries. This dream is a living reality for me and from this dream I draw inspiration which nourishes my soul and provides me energy for my work. In the absence of this dream **it would have been impossible for me to survive.**

The way to a solution:

Coming back to one's own roots by turning away from external influences.

Today the call has come to make this message of India heard by the rest of the world. The English-Nehru leadership has tried to make India forget her eternal message by sending it into the oblivion, to make her ignore her innate character and intoxicated her in the glamour of an erroneous concept of internationalism. India forgot the dictum "Atmanam Bidhhi" [know thyself] taught by her sages along with her own intellectual treasures and removed herself far from the fulcrum of her spiritual strength and **inherent scientific ground . The nation that forgets its own self and nature is doomed to destruction.** The English-Nehru leadership has its roots in the west,so also the powers inside India owing allegiance to Russia-China-America. India's crisis is a direct outcome of its looking outwards for inspiration. Hence Netaji's message: 'India has a mission' ---through whose fulfilment lies the key to the solution to our crisis! We shall have to move forward with this message foremost in our minds. **Move forward!! Move forward!!.**

'Wake up, the children of the unbeaten and successful power, rise up with an earthshaking roar ripping the skies and oceans apart. Let out a war cry so that ten directions tremble in fear and strike with all your might for Janani Janmabhumi! Strike!! Spread out with the fire of an all engulfing wildfire, march onward! march onward! Let the world tremble in fear of the merciless thunder you unleash!! Behold! your Mother beckons scythe and skull in hand!! Attack! Attack!! Attack !!! Destroy enemies of all hues and establish your own Swarashtra and Surashtra [own bona fide nation state]. Put your ears to the ground and listen….Hark! Hark!! Don't you hear your mother beckoning? Don't you hear her clarion call tearing through the netherworld? Tear apart your effete emasculated and defeatist outerself. March ahead Janani Janmabhumi's fanatic battle crazy fighters, rescue your Mother from the netherworld, reinstate her in her eternal seat of honour, the throne that she adorned for several, several thousand years. Come on sons of the brave Mother, Come on! March onward, March onward, behold! Mother in her entirety, bedecked with all treasures approaching! Hurry up! Achieve victory!"
Charan is spreading her message throughout the country in response to her call.
This Supreme Purusha who is on the verge of moving past consummation! Charan can never even as much as hope to portray him given his limitations. Even then, some pointers towards his activities throughout the horizon may be highlighted.Charan feels that the first directive that Mahakal had given to Charan during the first contact after a prolonged gap should be made known to the countrymen----" Go through my words repeatedly, because every time you read them you shall see newer and newer ideas and thoughts being ***revealed.***

I never leave any work after reading it just once."

That is why Charan appeals to the countrymen to be aware of their own identity through repeated reading of the new Mahabharata of India's new age.Mahakal is present today at our head with his mundane, metaphysical, earthly and heavenly largesse, our countrymen shall be blessed and inherit the kingdom of heaven if they are able to accept and imbibe only a part of it. Mahakal is present with endless mystery in his own glorious abode. His halo extends across the infinite, beyond the confines of country, space and time. Charan believes that the prayer---- " There thou art, and Intrepid I stay------- within thy heart." shall reverberate throughout the country.
Charan believes that as he remains prepared for responding to the clarion call of Mahakal so does the multitudes of his determined, undaunted and death-defying compatriots with bated breath and with a single thought:

"Wherever and however engaged my mind be at all,
May it respond in full readiness, to your clarion call."

Barring one article the rest have all been published in the Jayasree Patrika. Mahakal had remarked while alluding to this publication ***" It must always be borne in mind that "A Daily is a revolver, a weekly is a rifle and a "Monthly" is a "cannon". Bear that in mind and Act!*** And one day when this composition was read in unison Mahakal sang out in the same tune as one reads the Mahabharata:

"Mahakal's words are the equivalent of Nectar
Charanik speaks, listen O my countrymen!"

Dol Purnima, 1379 (1973)

Appendix

INTERPRESS : INTERNATIONALER BIOGRAPHISCHER PRESSEDIENT, 1949
Subhas Chandra Bose

The fact that the Indian revolutionary Subhas Chandra Bose, stated to have perished in an air-crash after World War II is actually biding his time to bring Asian political arena under his control appears to have credibility based on sequence of many recent events.
Babu Bose : Mann Hinter Den Fronten (Man behind the fronts)
Last October, a sudden "atomic explosion" had occurred in Indian frontier, albeit political and experimental in nature - resulting inevitable outcome. It was learnt in a recent radio broadcast that Indian revolutionary Subhas Chandra Bose missing in action in last World War might address from Peking's communist radio station.

Nothing has been heard after this mysterious announcement, but no one expressed doubt on the possibility of him being actually alive. Moreover, is it just a coincidence that one-time compatriot and now nemesis of Mr. Bose, the current Indian premier Mr. Nehru is presently enjoying President Truman's hospitality in Washington? Most Americans anticipated Nehru's silence on this matter. He did not disappoint them. However he told that he would go to Moscow if invited.

Did he realise that the turn of events hinted at emergence of a majestically powerful personality? Mr. Bose, in India's interest had adopted the same very path that Lenin resorted to - by choosing Germany as a passage in 1917. … This is the same Bose who unthinkably appeared in Tokyo - in fact, within a year of meeting Hitler in May, 1942. The mystery has yet not unfolded how he undertook this perilous journey when the eastern hemisphere was devastated in a razing war. But Hitler had certainly helped with all possible means - long range fighter planes, U-boat, blockade breaker etc. Perhaps Mr.Bose found U-boat spacious enough for the arduous voyage. Nor was the trail that he followed while escaping from India in 1941 less hazardous. At a tender age of sixteen, Mr. Bose while still in school had left his home in search of eternal truth and had travelled alone at the foothills of Himalaya. He who bore a strong dislike for britishers mastered the art of disguise during his Cambridge days. He had also learnt facial camouflage from an Indian acquaintance in Vienna where he spent some times in 1932-35. Those days a movie named "Ishanpurer Bagh" (Tiger of Ishanpur) was shot under this Indian's patronage. Mr Bose put this trait into good use within few years when he escaped to Kabul in February, 1941 to meet the German ambassador despite an arrest warrant issued against him by the British Indian government. He failed to evoke sufficient support for his passage to Germany. At last he managed an Italian passport faking an Italian identity from Italian embassy there. Incidentally, Mr.Bose accepted Mussolini's hospitality almost 10 years ago, on his way to Vienna. But this time he was more anxious to meet Hitler and Ribbentrop. Accordingly his first port of call was Berlin. He crossed German border as an assistant to a German engineer and then arranged for a visit to Moscow as a tourist. That trip to Moscow was absolutely important for him whether it went right or wrong. Soviet people treated him with due consideration although his knowledge of languages was minimal - he understood Russian a little with almost no knowledge of italian. He did not speak at the immigration office. Then for almost a week, he travelled in trains with some unusual luxury in abundant tea, milk, vodka and beef in a chair car - that itself was a bold act for a devout high-class hindu considering the social backdrop of the time. But it did not bother a refined revolutionary like Mr.Bose, wee bit. Russians were aware of the fact that Mr.Bose had taken a great deal of interest in bolshevik and fascist policy in 1933. That earned him lot of respect at Kremlin. They did not utter a word against him even when he expressed his solidarity with the axis force. Incidentally in a summer in 1933 he had also uttered, "No asian could support the policies of Nazi". In a radio broadcast to the countrymen in 1942, he stated his belief that Germany and Japan would "naturally" support India's freedom struggle as enemies of enemy (British). But that did not ensure him a good time in Berlin though. He spent in solitude in a hotel room for three months anticipating some positive response. When Hitler invaded Russia, he muttered in utter shock, "This is the gravest mistake in this world war!" To him, only hope for support remained with Japan. And when Japan's participation in the world war brought in almost overnight change in the south-east Asia, Mr.Bose took an important role to play in World politics. He established the provisional government in Singapore. Indian National Army led by him and adorned in Japanese

armaments marched towards India through Burma. That path was well-known to him as he traversed this route to spend his prison times in Mandalay. This revolutionary army was not looked down upon as traitors by their countrymen, instead they were welcomed as heroes. And their "Netaji" was none other than Mr.Bose himself.

According to a popular adage in India, one begets an increase in lifetime if he is known to be dead while he is still alive. His death in air-crash was rumoured on another occasion at the outset of the world war. This unvalidated news had opened a floodgate of condolences from all over India for his family at a time when he had already been officially declared as traitor. Even Gandhi did not agree with Nehru on this matter when he commented on his political bete-noire, that Bose was after all not an enemy of our motherland, he had helped the cause of India's freedom struggle. In april 1942 when that rumour had surfaced, Gandhi wrote to his mother in his condolence note that Bose was a gallant son of Mother India. But within a short span of time, voice of the dead was heard thundering from the other end of the globe in a radio broadcast.

Just after World War II, Mr.Bose's death in an aircrash was once again announced. It was an announcement based on enquiry commission undertaken by allied forces as well as the british government. Though a radio broadcast from Tokyo mentioned Bose's demise due to injury in an air crash that occurred on his way to Formosa from Taihoku on 18th August, 1945 - no one believed this news in India, nor was much importance accorded globally. Only after a year (21st October 1946), the allied force enquiry commission came to its conclusion that Bose had indeed breathed his last in a Japanese military hospital at Formosa on that fateful day. But personalities like Gandhi expressed at a later date, his belief that Bose was alive. The Government of India expressed their inability to announce his death. Bose's elder brother speaking on the issue said 'I know nothing' at a national conference. No information could be gathered from Japanese nationals in Tokyo till the time American forces entered there. Bose's aide had noticed the unusually large luggage during his last known journey. Almost 200 million US dollars worth of precious stones, jewelleries etc. that had been collected for India's freedom struggle were assumed to have been contained in those chests. Neither any trace of those chests were found, nor of Bose. No one had seen any charred corpse either. It was a well known fact for those who knew a lot about East Asia that many prominent Japanese personalities were declared to have died in "air crashes" during the course of surrender.

Even at an age close to 50, Subhas Chandra Bose had a steely resolve both in mind and physique and was a statesman with unusual political force-sight. He became anxious of an uncertain outcome of the joint adventure with the Japanese. It would be unthinkable for a farsighted and resolute personality like Bose not to have thought of other options for future. Would he not have planned to avail Asian nationalistic resurgence in a larger political arena in foreseeable future?

He could have easily arranged a special air travel to Moscow or any secluded area in Russia once he could make it to a Soviet territory. He had plenty of wealth with him to seek a safe passage through China - a country embroiled in chaos after allied forces' victory. A news also carried immense possibility when Irish government and Gallacher, a leader of Communist Party

of Great Britain - while discussing Indian freedom struggle, mentioned of Bose's secret trip in a steamer to Irish free state - a fact not even known to the British port authority. It would not be a far-fetched possibility of a triumph for Bose with the help of Kremlin at the backdrop of Mao Zedong's victory
in Red China, considering similar circumstances in India and China. A similar situation as in China could be created in India with little help of guile and force as there also exists a party just like Kuo Ming tang of China.

Crores of Indians believe that a prosperous India would dawn in at the turn of this decade resulting a lasting transformation. Adorned with a face as ethereal as Buddha, spiritually enlightened Bose will one day become India's Mao Zedong. He has already earned respect from his countrymen. Moreover, he has his representative in the form of his elder brother Sarat Chandra Bose back at home, who has welcomed a formation of Asian Confederation with the advent of new government in Red China. Inspiration to his invitation was attributed to his brother living incognito. Every year birthday of Bose is celebrated with grandeur across India. A newspaper named "Netaji" (akin to 'Fuhrer') is being brought out from Delhi commemorating Bose. Sarat has been elected to the national assembly in June this year.

Yet another important event is related to Bose's trip to Switzerland, where Lenin also lived incognito. Bose's political philosophy and current thoughts are quite well known in global context. He could address his country from Peking radio in the same very manner he did few years back from Berlin and Tokyo radio - if his views concurred with those of Marshal Stalin. Although he has not done so yet. Influence of his towering personality has crossed Himalayan peaks into the hinterlands of India. It is certain that his voice will be heard once again, if he is alive and it is most certain that he is.

28.10.1949

Interpress
International Biography Compilers' Association
AUSGABE POLITIK
335/1949

* Translated from the original German. This article has reference to the editorial of "We need single minded preparation". It has been included considering its rarity. - Publisher

Second Volume 1.

Following the publication of the first volume there were requests for the publication of the second volume. Eventually All that has been published in the Jayasree has been compiled here. After the first volume was published, Charan recovered a slip of paper from Mahakal," I am not ashamed to confess, as I immersed myself in reading, I was filled with an unique feeling, an inexpressible joy was rising before me like waves at a sea shore. "
"I started thinking, it is me who wrote all these---I 'understood'; but how could I write "such writing"? How come? How come?
After I read it in full i recalled-

'To the tune of many a heartache old,
Laden with melodies in letters of gold,

Strains of which enchants his heart
Charanik's greatest gift this art'.

This is Charanik's lifetime achievement. .

1 Baisakh, 1389.

The taste of Independence.

A child sitting in a crowded street of Kolkata ate picking the remains of a discarded 'Bael' [Bengali for Golden Apple] ,signs malnutrition writ large all over his body. A clothless woman lay on one corner of a busy railway platform, and men and women were searching for food amid a heap of garbage lying on the streets along with dogs, cows and other animals. Even on the twenty-fifth anniversary of a country's Independence one could see underfed men and women searching frantically for something to feed themselves with. What an example of the slogan "Garibi Hatao"! A voter having turned out to vote learnt that his vote had already been cast! Elsewhere another voter was told that if he did not cast his vote in a particular ballot box he would be beheaded. Somewhere bonafide voters ran away in fear of organised gangs brandishing bombs and pistols, the party with the greater muscle power won the election. We have witnessed this face of the march of democracy and state of fundamental rights in our constitution before the silver jubilee of our independence was celebrated.

We shall dwell upon the tale of the unblemished governance and the governed for the first quarter of a century of the post independence era later. The story, in fact, is known to all, and in the midst of this heart rending true picture of lofty ideals a handful of characters had embarked upon a journey hand in glove with evil forces at the stroke of a blood soaked midnight sweeping under the carpet the grief and anguish of lakhs of suffering human beings. Nobody remembers

that history in the silver jubilee celebrations of independence, but Charan does. He cannot forget it because on that day he had the good fortune of meeting some great souls among the lakhs of human beings mired in sorrow and misery. Charan wants to remind the story of those who were ignored and sidelined on that day, what they had to say on that day of desolation and despondency to his countrymen.

15th August 1947, some of those true Sadhakas of India's liberation struggle had actually felt the real taste of India's freedom. That taste, rather the prevailing mood was one of melancholy and gloom. The dreams of those who had sacrificed personal comforts, well being and even their lives towards the cherished goal of the establishment of the highest ideals lay shattered on the 15th August 1947. Because a handful of leaders of the Indian National Congress had become too impatient from the overpowering lure of the seat of power---" *The truth is that we were tired men, and we were getting on in years too. Few of us could stand the prospects of going to prison again---and if we had stood out for a united India as we wished it, prison obviously awaited us." (Leonard Mosely, Last Days of the British Raj, Epilogue, p.185).* This was the confession of the Indian Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru before Leonard Mosely in 1960. Then then President of the Indian National Congress wrote, forty-eight hours after the India celebrated its independence by creating a chasm between human beings by injecting communal venom: *"The very next day news of communal troubles began to cast deep gloom in the capital. It was the news of murder, death, and cruelty. It was learnt that in East Punjab, Hindu and Sikh mobs attacked Muslim villages. They were burning houses and killing innocent men, women and children. Exactly the same reports came from West Punjab. Muslims were indiscriminately killing men, women and children Hindu and Sikh communities. The whole of Punjab, East and West, was becoming the graveyard of destruction and death. (Maulana Azad, India wins freedom, p.209).* No, the events had their beginning even before forty-eight hours had elapsed after India's freedom. The terrible nature of the communal riots that had engulfed Calcutta on the 16th August, 1946 has been described thus by Mosley----" The people of Calcutta hacked, battered, burnt, stabbed or shot 6000 of each other to death and raped or maimed another 20,000 (Leonard Mosely, *Last Days of the British Raj,* p.1) . This riot was instigated by a couple of selfish individuals, they were helped by lumpen mobs owing allegiance to them, but strangely after this incident the national leadership decided that it was desirable to divide the country on communal lines. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru realised---*'it was inevitable and it would be wisdom not oppose what was bound to happen...it would not be wise for me to oppose Lord Mountbatten on this issue.'* It was no longer possible for Jawaharlal Nehru to go to prison again, that is why being directed by his good sense he junked the idea of an united India and decided that it was not a good idea to oppose Lord Mountbatten on the vivisection of the country. On the 14th of August, at midnight, that is, the 15th August, when the night was at its darkest, Jawaharlal Nehru and his colleagues deciding the fate of India declared the independence of a vivisected India amid great pomp and grandeur. Elsewhere, trains loaded with hundreds of corpses and multitudes of uprooted humanity set out from two newly independent capitals on both sides on their journey across the borders with memories of bestial massacres. There is no parallel of this incident in the history of mankind.

But Charanik cannot forget the anguish in the minds of the revolutionary leadership fresh in whose memory was the martyrdom of hundreds of their comrades. In their words:

"With what sacrifice of blood and lives was this nation gradually building up its future. The golden temple of freedom was just visible over the horizon. At this juncture British perfidy pushed this independence far away. The compromising attitude of our leadership helped to serve the interests of the imperialists. This is called the quirk of fate. Those who had struggled for long grew weary and tired and held out their hands with a begging bowl in the hope of acquiring power with peaceful means.

...The mystery has finally been resolved setting all doubts to rest on June the 3rd last. We have come to know the real face of our independence. The God of our destiny must have shed tears in silence, unnoticed, behind the scenes. Disasters do occur in this world. But a calamity of such gigantic proportions involving resulting in the defeat of the aspirations of forty crore human beings and such a monumental blunder is without parallel in history.
What a contrast between the victory earned by the brave and the glory of the sun that comes with it and pest eaten worn tasteless fruit and the shameless pomp to cover it up! The united India of four thousand years shall be balkanized! The history of struggle filled with happiness and sorrow were all left behind. A multitude of movements, quests of philosophers, storms and upheavals were building up this India inch by inch. In one stroke this India was broken into two. The leaders of today's India completed the burial of the India that Rammohun, Keshab Chandra, Vivekananda, Tilak, Dadabhai Naoroji, Lajpat Rai to Chittaranjan Das dreamt of and had been gradually shaping.

...The progressive media throughout the world has in one voice criticized the British plan to partition India. It has been enthusiastically accepted only by the leaders of those peoples whose lives and deaths have been accursed for a long time to come. What a woeful historic tragedy!"

(Editorial, Jayasree, Jaistha 1354).

The all sacrificing revolutionary souls has cried out in despair, on the one hand on they have run around in Calcutta on the *Direct Action Day* rescuing Hindus and Muslims alike, and on the other hand have reached out into the interiors of East Bengal to provide relief to the uprooted Hindus. This news has gone down in history. There was no one to listen to their heart rending cries. The then leadership heady with the wine of power had long forsaken them leaving them to the wolves. With her proposal rejected, the disappointed revolutionary writes:
"We shall even have to tolerate the disaster of secession. Several nations have had to get around similar misfortunes in their history and have recovered from it. So shall India. Today's pitch darkness is not final and permanent. The rising of the sun which has set is equally inevitable. The people of India shall start their struggle anew in hope of the sunrise, of forging unity once again. Let the struggle for unity begin with altruistic work. Those who stand for unity shall have to start their altruistic mission and the uphill struggle for organisation. Let unity be rebuilt from there. The folly of those who have fed people with false hopes and the virtues of partition will soon be exposed." (Jayasree, Jaistha, 1354).

The misconceptions from the minds of many have been removed in March 1971; the people of the East [Bengal] were finally liberated from the domination of the West [Pakistan]. Instead of one united country there were now three countries. There is no doubt whether there was any need for this shall be judged in Mahakal's court of history one day. One must remember there is no shortcut to achieve anything tangible in history. Neither there is any abridged version of independence nor is there any shortcut for revolution.
Why this unhealthy state of affairs in our society? Who is responsible for this? The day of judgement is at hand. It is this seamier side of the state of the affairs in the country that becomes increasingly prominent as Charanik takes stock since the last twenty-six years since independence.

The lives of the younger generation who form the backbone of our society has been built by an educational system which is paralysed and worn out. The government offices that run education are centres of corruption. Hence the candidates boldly demand the right to copy in the examinations, the government employees in exchange of a fat premium reach information necessary for a favourable result in the examinations. This scenario, such news does not surprise anyone anymore.

During the twenty-six years post independence, the leaders of all our political parties have accomplished something with perfection; that is the use of the student community as expendable pawns for their own interests. Under the influence of these selfish politicians with vested interests, crores of young people in India have misused and wasted the power of their youth and have been deprived from the joy of nation building.
Where is the end to this wrong and deprivation? Charan wants to remind the words of caution that the Deshnayak addressed for the younger generation of this country:
"The exuberance of youth---- is the ripple of creation. Whatever creative has happened till date in this world has been the result of the power of the youth. One cannot discount it simply because it does not always manifest externally. It this creative power of the youth is diverted then it gives rise to self contradictory suicidal tendencies which can destroy a nation."
Everybody is eager to keep the country's youth under their firm grip to serve their vested interests. ….All ***Imperialist*** and ***Aristocratic*** powers in the world use the youth for their own selfish ends and the day the youth developes the power of discernment and the requisite awareness, it will not take long for the throne of the tyrant to bite the dust. …..Our so called leaders are loathe to understand this. They like to keep the youth intoxicated in their own whims and fancies---for their own ulterior motives. How far are these motives conducive to the interests of the nation? The youth has for long only been ***exploited*** behind this high sounding rhetoric."

On that day the Deshnayak had sounded the clarion call of revolution before the youth of the nation. Charan today feels that the younger generation should be conscious and revolt against their misuse and exploitation. In Deshnayak's words on that day:
" We declare unequivocally that any work done in course of a passing popular excitement cannot be termed as national duty. We have a well defined plan of action and a goal. We want to dismantle the duplicity that goes by the name of religion, society and state and build up the

nation anew. Until we are fully prepared to succeed in this act of dismantling we consider it madness to take the plunge into any action to that end."

As the younger generation was divided into a hundred factions then, so it remains to this day, busy in infighting. We should think who is responsible for this disunity and infighting among the younger generation. The requisite characteristics in a leader that Deshnayak had mentioned remains as true in changed circumstances today as it was then.

…."Everything is somewhat peculiar in this unfortunate country of ours. Here groups are formed centering around various personalities. The ambit of new and old gangsters is gradually increasing; and the same faction is giving rise to contradictory forces. They maintain a facade with a rhetoric of the welfare of the nation. But in practice, their work for the national welfare means----speaking ill of and acting maliciously against one another."…..
…."The youth of the nation must be rescued from the clutches of these gangsters. The entire nation shall certainly accept the ideology which is true and the path that is true."
Behind building up a country that is centered around a nation (nation= Indian), an ideal and a goal is desirable. The so-called independence of India came through a lack of direction and misplaced ideals. That is why just as the nation has been steered in the wrong path for the 26 years since independence, the lack of ideals has taken firm root in every aspect of national life.

That is why we recall…..'Every individual or a nation has its own character or its own ***ideals***. It developes using those ***ideals*** as its pillar of strength. Bereft of those ***ideals,*** its national life becomes meaningless and useless." (Deshnayak's speech in the Hooghly District Students' Conference, 1.7.1929).

What is the ideal of independent India? What is the ideal which will form the bedrock on which the citizen of independent India shall grow up? He shall feel proud as an Indian!
Charan cannot write anymore. Many young faces of the future crowd into his field of vision, of children, young folk, mature and the old. There was painful plea in their eyes. As if they want to say 'it is because we love this land we have not been able to take your leave till this day.' Charan loses himself in this disquieting realisation at the ancient pedestal of ideals, the feet of the one with the joyous and pleasant face laden with nectar. Charan is able to put words to express their pain.

Charan is also unable to express the thoughts of the Sadhaka-Deshnayak who is in deep spiritual quest in front of the 'Dhuni' [ritual fire]. Charan has no idea how the omniscient Mahakal shall establish the kingdom of his desires.

Organisation and people are needed. Men are needed. The demand is not of today but of the second decade. "The want- is of a proper organisation. And you need to bring in military discipline within that organisation." If the organisation is built on the foundation of strict discipline then it shall be able to withstand assaults of every kind. …..In future we shall have to build up an ideal organisation that shall, one the one hand maintain strict discipline a

on the other shall spare room for expressing views of all kinds within the organisation. On one hand ***Democracy*** and on the other hand ***Military Discipline.*** The ideal organisation is by the combination of these two attributes."……..

"….Today our main shortcoming is that of an ideal leader. A leader does not land from the sky----they come through struggle and constant striving in every country." (Let there be an end to factionalism, Baisakh, 1330)."

"..As a precondition to nation building you need pure individuals. To be a pure individual you need to have deep rooted faith and ideals. One must not take service to the nation as a pastime or a part time occupation……What price is the demagoguery and writings of a person who is himself not above board? Only a soul can enlighten another soul and man cannot acquire the all conquering spirit unless he is prepared to sacrifice everything. The one who desires to be a complete human being needs to say…..

Bequeath I do my physical strength
Bequeath I do my heart's love
My holy faith I lay forth too
My soul I sacrifice for you
My treasure trove I bring for you
Everything mine I pledge for you.

Unless one empathises with the soul of the nation one can never realise what patriotism means. Only he can create a nation or establish a new ideal who is completely able to be one with the soul of the nation and thereby has aroused the spirit of patriotism within him. The core truth of every Sadhana (spiritual quest) is to be completely immersed in one thought, be inspired by a sole idea in life and in death, while awake or asleep."

….A nation is not an imaginary entity; It is an elemental truth. As an individual is true, so is a nation true, neither can there be a nation without an individual, nor can there be any individual without a nation. A nation has a ***collective soul--*** a ***culture***------ a past------a future. A nation has its feelings of joys and sorrows. One who has not realised this has not understood anything about a nation." (Deshbandhu O Jaatigathan [Deshbandhu Chittaranjan and nation building]). Charanik's discourse has become lengthy, but he doesn't have much choice, for, if we gloss over the past, the briefest expressions bearing the greatest significance will be rendered incomprehensible. Charanik in his previous presentations has tried to present a sketch of Mahakal's domain. The STATE shall only act as an observer. The STATE shall only keep a watch on whether someone is flouting its laid down policies to secure his own ends. Any transgression has only one punishment--death. No questions asked. How shall this kind of governance be established in India? There are some preconditions for establishing this kind of a state. These 'preconditions' need to be fulfilled by India too, it is not possible in today's background, the building of a new India is possible only after a complete dismantling and reshuffling of the decaying old order.

Some primary steps towards minimising the damage to the countrymen to be followed, for example, according to Mahakal, are:" Wherever there is a village of 500 inhabitants there should be a ***Upper Primary*** school, arrangements for physical culture, books of ***fanatic*** patriotism, the faith in Divinity-Brahmins-Nation should be awakened. That is, know thy motherland, know your country, and thereby progress on your way to educate yourself keeping these in mind. Teach them the tales of your courage, tales of …….. courage, the true anecdotes of the courage of …….. farmers, the power of the mantras of……..'s exorcists.Establish a centre of indigenous methods of treatment in every village. Kaviraji or ***Homeo Bio Centre.*** And one precondition to every activity ***'No politics'.*** Remember this is your ***sacred duty.*** For every work you need inspiration from your soul and allegiance to your ideals.

That is why I am repeatedly saying you need to be ***fanatical Jesuits,*** you should not flinch even if you are burnt in a fire trying to execute your mission. Even if you burn your hands in a fire while following an order, do not run away. We are in need of such die-hard workers. You have to have this mentality if you are to serve the nation.

Mahakal briefly touched upon the topics of rural developement, construction of roadways, production, ***preservation, distribution, sanitation, health,*** etc topics.Establish 'Dharmagola' s in every village. ['Gola' harvested rice dried and stored in a mound covered with hay in rural Bengal, roughly the size of a small hut]. One 'Dharmagola' and one 'Lakshmigola'. Donate in one fistful of rice everyday in the 'Lakshmigola'. If you create a 'Dharmagola' of 10,000 maunds ['Maund'=weight measure in British India equalling 37.32 Kgs], during the second year release 5000 maunds rice on the market and fill up the half empty 'gola'. During the third year release rice into the market from another 'gola'. Thus in every year 5000 maunds of rice shall be stored. One thing one has to be particular is---if you make a 'Dharmagola' you shall have to dry and clean the rice very meticulously before storing. The rice needs to be disinfected with 'Neem' [Indian Lilac] leaves. 'Neem' is a very good pesticide and disinfectant. Like you plant 'Neem' trees all around the 'gola' so you shall plant them beneath the 'gola' as well.

The team of village volunteers should clean up a pond every year. The silt that is obtained form its bed should be distributed all around the pond preparing a ***bed*** for plants. Plant fruit trees in the silt deposits. Plant 'Neem' trees everywhere, they are good for health, quickly and plant fruit-bearing or tuberous trees on the silt obtained from the bed of the pond/water body. The more you plant trees the more you shall stay protected from excessive or drought. You shall have good rains and a good harvest. Kill mosquitoes with kerosene oil. Prevent malaria. There is no need to make profits by selling anything. Sell surplus crops only when they would rot otherwise. Dredge river ***beds***. Mahakal explained how river water could be utilised for the benefit of the people by preserving rivers. That would stop floods for good. In four years a ***complete*** river could be made broader, deeper and strengthened thus. Plant Neem trees and other plants with deep roots on the banks along with 'Durba' grass, the variety of 'Durba' that strikes deep roots in the ground.

There should be no Cinema houses in the villages. Build cinema halls in towns with a population of over one lakh. Villages should have 'Palagaan' [ballads with mythological and religious themes], yatra [traditional rural open stage drama] , 'kabi'r lorai [poetic duels], patriotic songs,

readings of Ramayana and Mahabharata, etc. Charan has felt that the brief hints that Mahakal has dropped are but a few preconditions of establishing the state of his dreams. The whole idea of his action plan is to produce real human beings. We need human beings called humans, not beasts masquerading as human beings. Only then shall the country be saved, and India shall occupy the pride of place in the comity of nations. Otherwise, people shall starve and die a slow death eating out of dustbins. People without proper clothing shall move around the country until the day they come to their senses and then they shall turn into cannibals and start consuming human flesh. The neglected people shall take revenge on that day.

On the eve of Matripuja [Mother worship] Charan is not in the mood for a prolonged discourse. The fervent prayer of Mahakal's song in praise of Mother Shyama [Goddess Kali] moves him. Mahakal then deep in the description of the Mother after the Shyama Sangeet (paeans in praise of Mother Kali] is over.

"From whatever I have realised, in my own understanding, Bengali and Durga-Kali are ***Synonymous***. And the Bengali, by virtue of the geographical location of Bengal, right from the ancient Vedic age, ***by nature*** are believers in Bhakti [cult of love]. The relationship between the Bhakta [believer in the Bhakti cult] and his God is emotional, not intellectual. Bengalis are emotional, Bhagwan Vashishtha, sages Rishyashringa and Ashtabakra were all Bengalis. And a number of the chopped off pieces of Mother [Sati] are in Bengal. Durga puja began in Bengal. God can be realised through emotional thoughts. That is why God's idol is termed 'Bhava Vigraha'. He cannot be accessed through your intellect and cleverness. Western influence is causing great harm to our country. Even now we are crying out for help during floods and calamities. The incidence has come down now, it was much greater in the past. Bengalis existed even then. They knew this was not a curse but a blessing in disguise. That is why in the flood prone areas like Dinhata, Coochbehar, etc, people used to build flimsy wooden huts resting on bamboo poles, it did not matter if they were destroyed in the floods, like the jetties on the Brahmaputra river, ***temporary.*** Our ancestors used to teach us to spread seeds on the left over silt after the floods, which would yield crops that would last four years. Look at the form of the Bengali a hundred years ago. In those days even the Bengali women ventured out in the forests alone, undaunted. The venerable Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar could consume mutton of half a goat, after which he never needed to be helped getting up on his feet. This was their ***normal diet.*** The one who got me into politics and thereby in trouble [affectionately alluding to Deshbandhu Chittaranjan Das] used to take two pots full of rosogollas after a full square meal. I am an ant compared to them. Do you know what was the pet name of the family priest of the Maharaja of Burdwan? It was 'Dhenki Thakur'[Dhenki- Rice thresher in rural Bengal, Thakur-respectable person].

Why did Bengalis become so emotional? The earth of Bengal is nourished with so many rivers, Bengalis got the food they wanted with minimum effort. In those days they had muslin to wear, endi, muga, there was a silk industry. That nature provided them with the means of living amid plenty with minimum effort, ponds and lakes filled to the brim, forests with fruits growing aplenty, left them with a lot of leisure time in their disposal. As a result they developed the culture of music, kirtans (hymns), song and dance, worship and prayer, in every home, constantly immersing themselves in pursuits steeped in emotion. But then you went to

perdition (he sighed and kept quiet for a prolonged interval)--- but then why….how did you go on the road to perdition?

The faithful Bengali, the Bengali who believes in the cult of love, the worshipper, unmindful of his own self, simple, connoisseur of beauty, the greenery all around has left an indelible imprint of greenness in his heart. Therefore the unparallelled wealth in his heart makes him address his daughter as his mother. Where shall you get this sweetness and richness of heart except in Bengal! Even today you see the Bengalis address their daughters as ' [mother]. The daughter in law affectionately chides her father in law. The Bengali brings Ma Durga to her father's house. The Bengali became the mother and father of Ma Durga. All the while, the Bengali knows Ma Durga is Adyashakti [primordial power]. That is why he cries before her too. And, what does God say 'Ye yatha mang prapadyante'. To each his own, the manner in which one wishes to conceptualize me, thus I appear to him in his thoughts.

Read Ramprasad, the Mother appears to him as his daughter, is talking to him, she does not descend before him from the heavens. Bamakhyapa, Tarakhyapa, Sri Sri Thakur, how many examples shall I provide, Where is its genesis? The Gods are praying to the Supreme Being Adyashakti [primordial power] as Mother. That is why the Bengalis address Durga Kali as 'Ma' [Mother].

"Ideal means the hangman's noose. This noose is tougher than any other noose. Total sacrifice. This is the only value of ideal to me. I do not expect an unblemished character in a person. Even then always strive to build up an ideal character. I do not know charan if this is our last meeting together, I do not really know whether we shall really see each other again, the life with the revolutionary Deshnetri was another ***platform.*** And Charan your interactions with me are on another ***platform*** altogether. Though I (Mahakal) does not have any personal happiness or sorrow, but still then my affection for you is a different matter altogether.

May your lives be worthwhile, do not lose your own selves."

Charan wants to accept this deep affection from Mahakal for the youth of Bengal across the country. His benedictions are meant for all. And immediately afterwards came the command for everyday compliance from the voice of the Mahaka----Remember---- ***"Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing; more a cunning thing; but very few a generous thing."***

Jayasree, Bhadra, 1380
September, 1973.

'Where lies the end of the road!'

There is no light, the light provided by electricity and science is not the only light, there is no light to serve as sustenance for living for the countrymen. This light is the light if humanity. The persistent price rise and the scarcity of essential commodities have made life difficult for the countrymen and has rendered them adrift. If one analyses each day then it will be found that a common man has divided his time waiting in queues for Kerosene oil, ration, bread, milk , bus, minibus or taxis. One can daresay people weary of this daily struggle for life have lost the capacity to fight d social inequities against political and social inequities, people in this country are gasping, and they are on the verge of collapse from fatigue. The few among them left with some zest for life are at a loss as regards what is to be done, the plan of action to be adopted, etc, to which the countrymen shall wake up and send out the call for battle!
In this massive country the end to misery, poverty and injustice can only happen if a movement is begun to create true human beings. If those who shall build this country are not themselves efficient then on whose power will the country be built up? This appeal was made first by Swami Vivekananda and then by Netaji Subhaschandra. But their appeals could not find their way into our hearts. If we are led by the contemporary events even today then we shall lose the plot entirely and we shall condemn the country to an indefinitely prolonged period of darkness. This is why on the new year Charan is presenting Mahakal's messages for enriching our lives. Let everybody realise these 'lifetime messages' and transform his thoughts into a living reality. Charan feels therein lies the road to the country's liberation. A large component of this is mental preparation, Charanik knows that preparation is continuing at different places in many fields, at different places, but is needed in a far more composite and wider scale. On how to communicate with Mahakal----Mahakal says:

"In this world, (Mahakal) shall turn the mental compass of the baby newly born to a mother in an instant---***axiomatic truth***--there will be ***contact*** with Mahakal---this is self determined."
Mahakal narrated his first experience in this respect.

"In the initial stages when I never used to think of these things an enemy slipped out of my fire from an automatic rifle. I was atop a hill, and I fixed a target about 1500 yards away. It was a ***Hazy area***, but even then since it was a ***telescopic rifle,*** I could not have missed the target if the ***focus*** was correct. When I was about to pull the trigger from prone position, I suddenly got restless and as I pulled the trigger the man jumped away and moved out of the line of fire. Of course, he could not get away, my companions shot him almost immediately. However, I kept on trying to figure out the ***source*** of my restlessness, such an incident had happened only once in my ***life.*** I had cursed him [myself] a lot. I told him that if you act thus at ***crucial*** moments you shall cause ruin. Then I had my ***promotion*** to the ***next stage.*** After that I became worry free. Since then wherever and whenever you think ***Genuinely*** about this man I keep a note of it in a slip of paper.

This son of Ma [Holy Mother] is always in yoga [divine communion]. I laugh and I cry, I chide and scold, I eat and drink, I fall sick, all this is within my state of yoga, like a mundane puppet wound up well. I am different material. Many a time you must have noticed I become quiet, it is because of this.

The key to everything is your mind. If the person who holds this key and uses it properly there is nothing which is impossible for him to accomplish. The key to mind comes within one's grasp when he can unify the power of thunder within him like a magnet, can concentrate his mind like a stone. There are four ***phases*** of achieving mental concentration. Each ***phase*** comprises two months and in eight months the ***rudiments*** come within your grip. Then you have to sharpen your mind by constant brushing up. Then you have to use it. Once someone gets ***complete mastery*** you can downsize it to the tip of a needle towards any direction. Always remember that the holy man-Sadhu-Dervish who commits a breach of Mother's discipline is ***automatically*** not a Siddha. He has committed a puerile act. He is not a complete Siddha [adept], he has acted in a childish manner. That is, he gets punished for flouting the laws of the Divine. Those who are truly ***disciplined,*** will never break the ***discipline of creation.*** They are akin to ***astute*** Barristers.They write cheques in His favour for whatever is in excess; they neither curse nor do they bless anyone.

There are four types of yoga, four types of the ultimate state of holy communion. The ultimate stage of 'mantrayoga' is 'mahabhava', that of 'Layayoga' is 'Mahalaya', that of 'Hathayoga' is 'Hathabodh'. If you reach 'Rajyoga' astride all three or any one of these yogas then your journey begins from there. I tried all of them and found them all empty. They day in which Mahakal made his appearance was indeed an auspicious day. We the fortunate were blessed by being fortunate enough to pay him our obeisances. He said,"Let your lives be dedicated on this day. May your lives be ***disciplined.*** The ***synonym*** of ***discipline*** is to ***obey.*** And the ***synonym*** of ***Obey*** is ***Dedicated life.*** And the ***synonym*** of ***discipline, obey, dedication*** is ***sacrificial offering.*** Will 1you be able to devote your life? Commit your life?

On another occasion he retorted sharply," ***Why was my order flouted?*** You want to be soldiers, Do you have what it takes to be soldiers? The only dictum for soldiers is ***Discipline.*** The word ***Discipline*** implies ***Discipline concerns a person's own self. Disciplined is that person who has effaced his ego for a given idea.*** The order, instruction, desire, direction strict obedience to the one who is his ***Superior----***all these expressions convey meaning--***Order, command.*** A soldier is commended---***stack*** all the hay of a farm in one corner. ***He is not doing what is known as work,*** what has been told is an ***order.*** You are just the opposite. You apply your ***intellect, inject*** your conveniences and inconveniences into your work and in between yourselves. ***You cannot hold on to anything, even all your endeavours shall become so many failures on the rock of your ego being injected between you and your work. 'Discipline'*** is something without which it is ***extremely impossible*** become a Yogi or a Sadhaka. The first lesson of a Yogi is ***controlling himself, outer*** and ***inner.*** If he sits on a chair, there he sits entirely motionless, he won't even as much as move his leg. All the five senses, all five organs of work are at his beck and call. ***That is discipline.*** This is one manifestation of Mahakal. He does not brook any flaw or imperfection. But as the day of farewell approaches after union, it is an inconsolable situation. The hard and rocklike personality also turns dejected and forlorn, and the insights to his mind in this situation is soul stirring.

" The expression of the bonds of affection is 'I won't let you go'. If such expressions are not exchanged, affection is not expressed in adequate measure. These expressions sweeten your nature. People come and go from this world. But if you see through the eyes of reality, nobody

'goes'. 'I won't let you go' this is the natural expression of love of all creatures. The 'Gandharva-Gandharvi, Kinnari, Apsari [all heavenly beings], Gods and Goddesses, Indra, one the four Colossi of the heavens, all say 'I won't let you go'; Even higher beings they too use the same expression;'I won't let you go.' Kal says this and so does Mahakal. But the controller silently smiles to himself. He takes everybody away at the appointed hour or forces them to leave.
Can anybody hold anyone else forever? Everybody tries to hold on. 'Won't let you go.' That means I am applying my own power, and I shall not let that power leave me. This is what Mahakal, Mahavishnu used to say.

Everybody commits a basic mistake, the power who is the ***soul,*** keeps smiling. The source of generation of ***Electricity*** is the real master of the show. The sole truth is to go and do Ma's work. To be unable to come is only a matter of ***chance.*** I come out of the horizon whenever I get the opportunity.

This world itself is Ma's play, it is this play which has erected its dwellings. I received Ma by dissolving myself. Since I received Ma by dissolving myself I am known as a mad man. You dissolve ***automatically, you*** too are mad. If you want to receive 'Ma' then you dissolve yourself within her. A lump of salt will dissolve into the sea in an instant.

I am a dust particle of my 'Janmabhumi'[Motherland]. I get a feel of Bengal, Mother Bengal courtesy you. The speciality of the feel from you is that you are ***entirely*** the children of Bengal. Your touch means the touch of the revolutionary Deshnetri. Your touch means the touch of the revolutionary philosopher. It gives a soft touch laced with affection.

There are several Bengalis in the place to which this body belongs at present, not one but many. Among them many are ***Indian Nationals.*** Some stay with their families, others stay alone. There are many among them who come to ***India*** and return after staying over at their homes for sometime for an annual visit. I do not get the sniggers from them or from their children that I get when I talk to you. ***They intensely hate you people*** and this ***hatred*** is so ***intense*** and and so deep that it leaves me speechless. Because within them there is a ***sacrificial offering*** that is not there among you. Their only prayer, request, imploring is, please do not go. We are staying in the same was like we used to stay on the other side of the Himalayas. In such a ***vast region*** there is absolutely no ***law and order problem.***

There were a few minor problems in the first three years. ***Laws*** were ***framed*** and how? Sit together all of you and frame laws. There are people from at least every country of ***Whole Asia***. There are ***Europeans and Americans*** as well. The ***law*** of the indigenous people was the ***Law of the jungle, survival of the fittest.***

The ***Whole Congress passed*** this ***law***,those who shall ***disrupt*** this ***law,*** shall commit theft, robbery, shall say or do something ***anti--,*** or shall ***dare*** to stand against the administrative discipline, shall try to break ***Social law,*** ---***Only punishment is by shooting, axing, hanging or by any other means.*** When this body stays in a particular ***Region,*** then this body's seal is needed for ordering that kind of ***punishment***. When this body is not present the local ***military***

Government issues such an ***order.*** There have been one or two such cases of ***punishment*** in the initial two to three years, after which there has been no capital punishment in ***civil life.*** There has been no death penalty for ***Military misconduct.*** So why were they awarded the death penalty? When they have been negligent in any ***battle, skirmish***, etc. they have been awarded ***punishment.*** As a result in a thousand ***cases*** there are such ***lapses*** in a few odd ***cases.***
They know who they are talking with, and I know they are living in exile like me outside their own countries with a similar ***sacrificial offering.***

What is scheduled to happen is beyond your imagination. No Hindu or Muslim shall have a chance to escape when the cataclysm takes place. Even a mouse shall not be able to flee. ***You cannot adore your parents, your ancestors! be blasted, let perdition get you. The world does not know, you do not know….. what is going on.***

This is the war total and final. No surrender, no defeat. War means concentration and dispersion. Disperse the enemy over as long an area as possible and give him a concentrated blow to defeat him.

If you want to deal with the enemy on his own ground you will not succeed. Do not give him any inkling of what you are going to do, keep him guessing and take him by surprise.
Do not meddle in others' business. Set yourself to your own task and leave the rest to General Shiva, who will take charge of the situation.
Be a true son of Janani Janmabhumi and remember the do's and dont's of your task. If you do not do it, you will be left behind.
Remember war is a matter of cold calculation. No debate, no surrender, no defeat. It is total and final.

He is very particular about one great life. He expressed his opinion about about a particular part in a book, saying perhaps this portion shall provide a proper direction to the concerned quarters. 'The author while dealing with the topic of Samadhi has written something which is wrong. Here lies the problem. One who does not have expertise or first hand experience in a particular field should desist from making observations in that context. The word Samadhi is used anywhere and everywhere in books about sadhakas and sadhana (spiritual quest). After attaining 'Mahabhav', 'Mahalaya' and 'Mahabodh' one proceeds to the next step with the help of 'Rajyoga'; it is through the practice of 'Rajyoga' that one attains 'Samadhi' or 'Mahabhav'. History shall change. If the substance that constitutes the core of History is erroneous, then History is bound to be wrongly written. Mahakal speaks from his first hand experience, and this will open up a new horizon in creating history in the days to come. Some of whatever little that Charan has been able to grasp from the hints that Mahakal has dropped through his cryptic communications about history to be rewritten about events having taken place long ago are thus:

Taj Mahal was the palace and a temple of a Hindu King. Fatehpur Sikri, Agra Fort, Red fort were all palaces of Hindu Kings. Can the Taj which is so beautiful be erected through the concerted efforts of one or two years? Is it some miracle? Look at the 'Pyramids', they were all built by Hindu engineers with the help of Hindu architecture. The Char Minar of Hyderabad was built by

Hindu Engineers. Do you have any idea where the Peacock Throne is? I shall not tell you, but I know where it is. Some people say it is in Iran, but it is a lie.

Jesus belonged to the Nath Sampraday. It was the Guru of Jesus who instructed him to go outside India and preach, the Gospel of Jesus has been prepared from Atharva Veda and Hindu Shastra. with Jesus there was 'John'. Both Jesus and Mother Miriam are in this country. They are present even today.

I am alive and shall declare these phenomena and events and shall prove them too.

Jayasree, Baisakh, 1381.
May, 1978.

'Oh with what thoughts had thee created thy garden, and what fate befell it'

'Shyama Ma ki amar kalore' [How black is my Mother Shyama], 'Ay Ma berate jabi'[Come Mother I shall take you on an outing]. The two songs were being sung by an amazing artist. An unassuming revolutionary singer! The artist expresses his talent only in presence of Mahakal in his gatherings. At the right time and the right place and in the presence of the persons of his liking, , the door to the inhabitant of the celestial world, the unconcerned Kamalakanta's mind opens up.

And Mahakal, with his unconcerned and soft spoken servant riddles him with his queries and doubts. Mahakal is enjoying little cardamoms and cloves, and he asks Baidya Shastri Kamalakanta the properties, merits and demerits of small cardamoms and large cardamoms, cloves, raisins, etc endless questions. Everything to the minutest details. When to eat, how to eat, what are the merits, what are the demerits, etc etc. And the unconcerned Kamalakanta went on replying to each of his queries confidently providing his explanations. At times the topic changes to Sadhakas, at that time Kamalakanta is a poet, and his expressions are amazingly poetic.

The unassuming Kamalakanta is no more! Charan has hitherto described some experiences of the journeys of Deshnetri [Leela Roy] and Maharaj [Trailokya Maharaj the revolutionary] to the ethereal world, experiences which provide him glimpses of the other world even to this day. Mahakal is calling his contemporaries one by one to his 'Bhoot'[past] family. Perhaps he did not get them in the proximity he desired in this mundane world. Probably this is why he is recalling them one by one into the world of his adjacency. Deshnetri, Maharaj, philosopher revolutionary [Anil Roy] have all come to escort their dear Kamal to 'Ma Kali's horizon.

Charan quotes herein them matter written in a few slips of paper recovered from underneath Kamalakanta's torn mattress ----all these were Mahakal's quotes in presence of Kamalakanta.

'Oh you simply cannot understand how terribly floating the Ghost of the Dead shall have to be! The Ghost of the Dead shall have to float in and out .....shall have to float here-there and "other places", like a 'spectre' at some places and like a 'spectre' at "other" places.....Prince Lucifer somewhere in some Erebus,....and somewhere as Gabriel.....If the 'Game' permits, I might allow myself several visits to the place.....If the Game permits (it is quite on the cards), then I shall have to vanish----only to appear "on the scene, after it has been enacted". The "Game" requires all this. And it is worth it---- And the Ghost has to take all this in his Ghostly stride. Aye! I say the game is worth it.....It is a game the like of which the world has not witnessed the last thousand years....meticulously schemed and drawn up piece by piece, rehearsed in action again and again and perfected with utmost patience and care. It is not for nothing that Ghost of the Dead has denied himself every worldly care and sacrificed unto utter nothingness. Everything that this world-----and flesh could offer. Yes, dear one, the Game os worth this 'Naramedh'. The tempo has already quickened and the crescendo SHALL hand with it bitterly -----anguishing to be unleashed again....and again.....and again. (I wish to Durga Kali small though, the last again is not forced).

Kamalmani you are not the one who is spellbound! Spellbound is this ***Ghost*** of the ***Dead. I am not given to sycophancy. It is not in my blood and against my grains.'*** Do I have anything called 'sorrow and woes?' How shall have the ***Ghost*** of the ***Dead*** have sorrow and pain? So where lies the question of sorrow increasing or decreasing? All these have already been sacrificed, how else would the ***Dead*** have a ***Ghost?***

Perhaps "someone" tried to understand me, understood and knew a little bit of me, trying to turn me by telling me "This path, truly speaking, is not yours." He also used to say "I know you shall not listen to me", etc (He was a singer friend). And, even as I speak to you, ***"A shadow from those forgotten wanes tries to elongate itself beyond the lost Horizon."....***Why is it this that spills out? ...I don't know .....maybe, the array of "your thoughts and emotions"blends with the wiped out colour of the ***Ranger,*** the ***Dead Ghost.*** Who knows? Accusations-expostulations----***Judgement***---I used to smile at these expressions. What.....but.....

Off and on an unexpressed pathos, a limitless emptiness, an unending loneliness-melancholy-desolation used to overshadow me----burden me (on my lips used to me the "same old faint smile" to paint a different facade before the world) ....I used to think 'Look how they discuss matters animatedly'! It was like looking through the other end of a telescope. There was absolutely none to tell and share the feelings with. "____" thoughts in my mind, emotions of my heart, the discernment from the depths of my intellect, my own conclusions, the differences in modus operandi--whom to confide in? With whom "___" do you pour your heart out to?" Is there even one among us who has tried to be one with his intellect, thoughts, heart and its emotions and tried to empathise with him? Who bother about the Raga [Indian classical melody] that plays within him? Who's there to call my own, Kamal, you speak of my "woes and sorrows"?!! Perhaps I feel like laughing deep in a corner of my own self. (I do not know whether you know or not) when small, medium or large issues used to crop up, and everybody in my house would speak in between themselves, often within my hearing range, "Huh.....Don't you still know _____? Has he ever opened his mind to anyone ever?

……."***SHIMLER***".... have you ever been able to figure out what he has in mind? What he thinks, what he is about to do, what he will not do, he never shares with anyone. Even Lord Shiva won't be able to fathom his mind if he himself manages to enter his tummy. Its of no use pestering him too much." Many such quotes used to be poured out. Quite often. All I did was to smile. Yes everybody used to observe this "he" listens to everything and smiles quietly. But Kamal all of them really used to say "None could figure out what went on in my mind". Who has really tried to understand him ever? Whom shall he open his heart to? To whom?

Kamala! the thoughts within my mind were true, that is why I used to keep quiet.
To look through a telescope properly will spell trouble, for you shall then see things as they really are, casting your illusions away. Hence nobody wants to commit this "foolishness".
I am not there any longer Kamala! I do not want to be there either, because---you need desire, enthusiasm, all that has been ruined within me.

What we are striving for shall definitely be fulfilled. Only this I am sanguine about…. vivisected Janani Janmabhumi shall be one again. The ***Godless greedy creed (Of Communism)*** shall be destroyed. ***Already I have splitted in two. And the worse devilish one I have splitted in three.*** …….Several maps shall change. Thus the quest of ***The Ghost of the Dead*** shall be consummated.

"Your words" moved even this heart of mine, (the ***Ghost of the Dead*** is not supposed to have anything called 'Heart')
I have noticed; whenever you start talking out of your heart, I feel 'a unique resonance in my heart'---it appears that some strings of the hearts of both Kamala and the 'Dead Man' are tuned together. This is why it happens.'
That is why Mahakal--while listening to Kamalakanta's 'Vaidyashastriya' stories of holy men and Sadhakas uttered the core truth of Kamalakanta's life—

'Oh with what thoughts had thee created thy garden,
and what fate befell it'

How many have been able to reach Kamalakanta's garden? How many have really been able to recognize this unassuming man? Mahakal, referring to an occasion when under unique circumstances Deshnetri's 'messenger' Baidyashastri Kamalakanta sat intently feeling Mahakal's ***pulse*** , 'It was like a little boat, with two of us sitting together in semidarkness, with intense love between the two of us.' As a matter of fact on that day Mahakal had redeemed Kamalakanta's life when it was on the verge of sinking, for which Kamalakanta remained ever filled with gratitude. Kamalakanta used to constantly remember that he was all but lost had it not been for Mahakal who took him by his hand and reclaimed him. Perhaps Kamalakanta's presence was needed for Mahakal's yagna for the few years of his life, who shall solve this impregnable mystery?.

Jayasree, Shravanm 1381
August, 1974.

"Behold he aims steadily at the lamp, burning twice as bright before going out"

'The insolence of composing your speech I have not,
The unbeatable and powerful words of yours how do I utter unless you do
Whatever you say I repeat anything else I know not.'

Charan is but an instrument. Charan's target in his lifetime are the words that have been uttered by the saint poet who has realised and visualised the truth

A picture of Bengal of a century ago.
"People began consuming leaves in the absence of food, and subsequently they started living on weeds. Those of the lower rungs of society started eating dogs, mice, cats, many escaped, those who escaped abroad died of hunger there. Those who did not escape, started falling sick and dying of starvation and eating food unfit for consumption." (referring to the great Bengal famine of 1176 Bengali Era/1770 AD)

It was in a colonised nation, the land of traitors like Mirjafar, Uminchand, due to whose conspiracy lakhs of people died and rotted on the roads, vice and malpractice became widespread throughout the country as Bengal was dying a slow death.
A century later, in a sovereign and independent nation another face of Bengal after an efficient rule of 27 years since independence—

"While West Bengal is surplus in foodgrains, people in several villages in rural Burdwan do not have enough food to eat. Leave aside rice or puffed rice, they are deprived from even half a fistful of broken pieces of rice grains. They are satiating their hunger by consuming Yam (Kochu), Yam leaves, Taro (Man Kochu) and its leaves, drumsticks shaluk danta) and snails (googli) leaves of water spinach (kolmi shak), grassroots, half boiled or raw." (22.9.1974).
So much about Burdwan.

About Murshidabad--' Nine and a half lakh agricultural labourers are penniless, unemployed and distressed, one lakh fishermen, weavers, poor are fighting over wild yam." 24.9.1974.
Women stay put indoors for want of clothing, and venture out only after it is dark.
And in the Bengal on the other side of the Padma which has just been liberated from the yoke of the West Wing, mustard oil is selling at 45 rupees a seer (0.93310 Kg) chillies sell at 30 rupees a seer. People are making a beeline for the Bengal on the other side of the Ganges (West Bengal).

This does not surprise Charan. The cause for his amazement lies much deeper. The countrymen are yet to come to their senses, they know best in which dream they feel so secure, and the Mir Jafars and Uminchands with their ilk are leading the country on the high road to disaster.

Mahakal has portrayed a picture of the great Bengal Famine of 1770 repeatedly.

'....Stock rice, set up Dharma Golas (rice storage mounds), and keep storages for essential commodities for the next 2-3 years. A day is coming when there shall be no food to eat, this ***stock*** shall stand you in good stead. Not only food, regarding drinking water he advised the preparation on house to house ***distribution*** networks from ***tubewells***. All urban water supplies shall be polluted, and ***tap water*** shall become unfit for consumption.....

No statement or hints dropped by Mahakal could be judged on the basis of contemporary circumstances by the laity. But the problem lies when leave aside the common man, even well educated people, conscious about time and place, even patriotic people commit the same mistake. Human beings tend to consider their own mundane experiences as the ultimate benchmark and judge everything accordingly. But Mahakal's sphere and Mahakal's thoughts are way above the boundaries of this mundane world. His statements are above analysis, above judgement of any sort, to cut it short, the only comment worthwhile about his sayings is "Faith begets faith." In this faith there is no ***self*** or ***ego.*** Those who attribute their own thoughts to those of Mahakal and his history are also Mirjafars acting against national interests. How many people realise this? How many can renounce the lifestyle of fifty years in one go for the sake of an ideal, dedicating and effacing himself completely at its altar? It is only the one who has got the glimpse of the ultimate truth, an experience of the divine abode. Deshnetri is that person. Mahakal can judge people----in one word he revealed the true nature of the person who was the cause of worry for Charan---quoting the words of an Omniscient----

" ***You can understand people better if you look at them---no matter how old or impressive or important they may be---as if they were children....for most men never mature they simply grow taller.***

(Here the word ***mature*** denotes a liberated divine self)---- The exiled Faqir has realised this from his mundane experiences.

Charan presents the words coming out of the heart of Mahakal once again:
" The exiled dead Faquir is Ma Kali's and Janani Janmabhumi's crazy child. Perhaps he is unblemished? Who knows? The eternally itinerant wanderer neither has the magic staff of Solomon nor Pandora's magic box with him, for the new hopefuls---he does not have the enchanting vocabulary of the English Indian political demagogue. All he has is uninterrupted 'Matrisadhana', [Mother Worship}, Ma's yagna [renunciation], total sacrifice of self at the pyre of Ma's worship. The Dead, this soul invites nobody to be his cohort in this terrible yagna of sacrifice. Because Mahakal has realised fully that--nobody shall leap into the raging fire.Everybody wants to partake in relishing its fruits. Then so be it, because it has always been thus."

Hundreds of people, thousands rather, had become followers of Mahakal, but Mahakal expressed himself only to the worshipper who sacrificed everything with all her heart, that is, Deshnetri. She relinquished her life of fifty years behind her at the call of Mahakal because in that call she could hear the voice of the vast multitudes of humanity from the Himalayas to the

Oceans. On the one hand there was this unprecedented self dedication and devotion(Whose untold story Charan might perhaps reveal one day), and on the other the ***partial release of pent up forces*** of the silent Dead, worshipper of the liberation of the soul of humanity. Charan reveals some aspects of the initial phase of the reunion----

Deshnetri's thoughts----*"A strange spell has come upon me. A mixture of deep and unknown foreboding of my sojourn and dislike in daily trivialities and exactings. My whole being is yearning for an unusual horizon and mission that would raise me up from this morass and free me for the eternal journey---where to? Who knows, who cares? But before I finish up, I certainly want to relive my life intensively and purposefully so that the years I have travelled shall be relit by a glowing, by an uncommon rare sunset."*

Mahakal had ***released*** himself to this mentality---when something which is ***"pent up"*** finds a way to release itself, don't you understand how it releases itself?
Perhaps fearing that this time and opportunity of "releasing" himself shall not present itself again; perhaps he shall have to remain in a ***pent up*** state again "He wants to come out hissss….hissss…… more and more powerfully----as much as he can, he wants to release and dissolve a part of him into the open sky."

This is why I keep on talking, no thought of what I say or what I shall say ever comes to my mind. I speak without thinking and at random. So be it then. If I speak something cryptic, it is fine, But so I speak what is fit to be spoken? There is no time to think about it. Because to the ***pent up,*** there is nothing which should be spoken and which should not be. To him all is fine and gospel truth. He is above the good-bad-true-untrue-desirable-undesirable. None of these can touch him----that is why at times I struggle like and unborn foetus----giving trouble, at times I cry like a newborn child; at times I raise a cacophony like children do, at times I shout like a boisterous kid; at times i emit a ***gurgling*** like a neonate; at times I talk

like a kid mimicking adults. I behave like a child trying to be grave, at times I behave like a semi matured twenty five year old; at times I try to behave like a mature forty year old; sometimes I become an eighty years old wise counsel; I become a two hundred year old and raise my arms like a world patriarch; I touch five thousand years and roar like the Mahakal. ***Partial release of pent up forces:*** a dam bursting flood; nothing more.

"For him who has no arrival or departure; nobody to bid him farewell with the hopes of his return: Do you not understand what even the ***partial restraint of pent up forces*** means?"
Charan is not bothered about what was not judged properly and where. What the verdict of the Commission which was set up to resolve an impregnable mystery was likely to be was predicted in unequivocal terms beforehand by Mahakal---"His (the Judge's) hand is actually that of the country's ruler, his finger is the finger the finger of the country's ruler too. Hence the judge is holding the ruler's pen." Meaning thereby it is a ***Command performance.***
Charan appeals to the countrymen to leave aside ***ego*** and devote themselves to the sayings of Mahakal once again. Because the great revolution that is ultimately going to happen is unstoppable. Among manifestations one manifestation is "revolution"; therefore revolution is self fulfilling. Revolution is eternal.

Revolution has been and shall be necessary in all ages. "Revolution" ***Is the supreme dictator,*** because Ma Kali is "revolution" herself. That is why Ma Kali gives birth to children through the ages only to sacrifice them and take them back. She takes away her own offspring at her own altar, in her own worship, as sacrifice her own 'Yagna.'Revolution personified, Ma Kali takes up her own offspring at each step as a sacrificial offering---and fulfils her purpose.
It is Ma Kali who is dwelling within you and me is at work, driving us. It is her sole discretion which child of hers on whose head she shall put vermillion and take back as her sacrificial offering to the chanting of mantras.

Take a glimpse back at those days. Those glowing days of revolution in Bengal, whose fire had spread from Bengal to entire India and outside India as well. (Where it still exists).
The Mother, revolution personified, has been choosing her children (boys and girls) since eternity at every step and has taken unknown thousands of them as sacrifice…..
This time nobody has the power to stop the advent of Mother, revolution personified. The price, of course, has to be paid! Makali is "Kali". Kal is ----***time.*** This is why Kal (time) has to be referred to by the adjective 'Digambar'.

The one who devours(swallows, engulfs) even 'Kal'(Digambar Shiva) she is "Kali" --- Dead Wanderer Pathik Faquir's Ma Kali.
No substance has been created which can ***contain*** Ma's (Mother's)beauty. It can never be created, that is why my Mother is devoid of clothes.
My Ma is the ***Time*** of ***Time***---- devours -----regulates time (Kal) ----Kali. Who, which swaggering fool has the ability to stand in the way of her unstoppable motion!

That is why Mahakal says ----

Chaleddhwi him wa shoulo medini shatadha bhavet
Dou pateccha sanakshatra na me moghang bachobhavet
Shushyettoyanidhih "krishne", na me moghang bachobhavet
Satyang te pratijanami "krishne" bashpyo nigrihyatam
Hata mitrstriya yuktana chiradadrakshyase pateen
Ahang cha tat karishyami daivaccha bvidhinirmitam

I tell you that there is no force which can nullify this onsurge.
This is why the "Dead" must have to remain invisible and Dead.
There are levers---after levers---in rows which are being levered; and wheels--within wheels---which are turning---grinding---turning---churning, turning.
"The moving finger writes; and having writ
Moves on! Nor all "their" piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line
Nor all "their"tears wash out a word of it."

The Dushashanas and Mirjafars in India who are in their death throes are fighting tooth and nail for survival.

Jayasree, Ashwin 1381
October, 1974.

"I remain lost in you as I pretend to worship you"

One name has been limited to emotional admiration. There are many questions, but these are only expressions of transiently curious minds, there is no depth of significance in them. Countrywide there is no dearth of endeavours to determine the veracity of an "incident", but there is no sustained tenacity that should accompany it, everything is based on a short lived enthusiasm, which dies down almost as soon it is aroused: this casual attitude characterises not only individuals, but the entire nation.

Many a time news spreads like wildfire, whose authenticity the fanatic followers of someone never bother to verify, neither do they come forward to establish the same with determination. There are many such bits of news which have accumulated from various sources, which were placed before a much talked about inquiry Committee but failed to elicit any response. Referring to those who are extremely enthusiastic about a particular name, and those who cannot repress their verbosity about any news or event related to him they come across, Mahakal said--- Charan ask them (Journalists) '***China's Premier categorically*** mentioned several things ***in a press conference in Paris*** ------ Why don't these enthusiastic newsmen inquire from him?

'***China***'s ***Premier***' incidentally stated that , this massive ***Organisation***, this huge ***Army,*** it is irrelevant whether they number 50 lakhs or 70 lakhs, has people from all countries in the world and is engaged in a massive endeavour, every ***Major*** government in the world knows that their mission is achieving liberation from ***foreign domination. Foreign powers*** shall have to move away from ***South East Asia.*** ' Why are the newsmen keeping quiet even after hearing this news? Ask them the reason.

MacNamara kept quiet as long as he was holding a ***key position in Government,*** but after he became the ***Chairman of the IMF*** he said, "We have information that is ***categorically*** different from the news broadcast about the death of ***so-and-so***.'

"The Chinese Premier, Mr Chou En Lai yesterday told French television viewers that the era when the American and Russian supremacy could decide the fate of the world, had ended for ever. There is in the world today one Super Power who will force the American satellite armies to withdraw completely from the Asian countries.'
Mr Chou said: 'Around the world there is a fearless army whose strength no one knows. They may be 60,00,000 or there may be 70,00,000.....there may be millions who wear no common uniform, speak no common tongue, but have a common aim. Their enemies are

different, but their aim and mission are the same….They are well trained, well organised and scattered around the whole world.'
'In the ninth Congress of the Chinese Communist Party, Mr Mao Tse Tung declared that India is her Ulterior Brother…..This thorough change of Mao's mind is due to the generous disposition of an "Onlooker" who had been to China for a considerable period in exile."
'At the time of Chinese adversity when Mr Mao Tse Tung became very bewildered, "Onlooker" with his irresistible power helped him a lot to get mainland China freed from the clutches of the imperialist bloc in a single play of dice."

(London, May 23, 1970).

Another piece of news, I have no idea who he is, might have been the assistant of India's first Prime Minister, Charan doesn't even know his name, whatever this torn page documents, Charan thinks it is his deposition before the 'Commission', reads thus

I solemnly affirm and state on oath that it is also a fact that one evening (the date may be 26th or 27th of December 1945) I was called by Shri Jawaharlal Nehru on telephone to come to the residence of Shri M Asaf Ali with typewriters as he had a lot of work to be typed by me, which I complied. After getting typed some papers from me, Shri Jawaharlal Nehru drew out a paper from the pocket of his achkan and asked me to make 4 copies for him. The said paper was a handwritten matter and was somewhat difficult to read. Now what was written in that paper, I am going to reproduce from my memory:-

"Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose proceeding by aeroplane from Saigon arrived today 23rd August 1945 at Dairen (Manchuria) at 1.30 afternoon. The said plane was a Japanese bomber plane which could hardly accommodate one man. It was full of gold (in the shape of bars, ornaments and jewellery). Netaji carried two attache cases one in each hand. On alighting from the aeroplane, Netaji took tea with bananas. In the meantime the aeroplane was unloaded in a motor jeep standing nearby. When Netaji finished tea, he, along with four others (one of whom was a Japanese known as General Shidey and others have lapsed from memory), took their seats in the motor jeep. The said jeep proceeded to Russian territory. After about three hours the said jeep returned and informed the pilot of the plane who flew back to Tokyo."

After handing over the said paper to me for typing Sri Jawaharlal Nehru went to Mr M Asaf Ali on being called by the latter and remained busy in conversation with him for 10 to 15 minutes. I could not complete the work because the name of the writer on that letter was not readable and I kept waiting for Sri Jawaharlal Nehru to come and tell me the name. In the meantime I went through that letter several times and this all that I could remember to the present day. Sri Jawaharlal Nehru too, could not discern the name of the writer and he asked me to pull out the papers and hand them over to him as they were.

I solemnly affirm and state on oath that thereafter Sri Jawaharlal Nehru gave me 4 papers from his writing pad to make 4 copies of a letter which he could dictate to m on typewriter,

which I also complied. The contents of the said letter, as far as I could remember were as follows:–

Mr Clement Attlee
Prime Minister of England
10, Downing Street
London

Dear Mr Attlee,

I understand from the most reliable source that Subhas Chandra Bose, your war criminal, has been allowed to enter Russian territory by Stalin. This is a clear treachery and betrayal of faith by the Russians as Russia has been an ally of the British-Americans, which she should not have done. Please take note of it and do what you consider proper and fit.

Yours sincerely,

Jawaharlal Nehru.

As Charan was compiling this account a roving messenger of Mahakal left a slip of paper and left. On going through the slip of paper Charan realized that several errors had crept in as he had compiled the script with groggy eyes on a cold winter night The corrigendum was as per the directions of Mahakal.

"In ***Estonia,*** (presently the Soviet Republic), in the ***Baltic Sea ; Baltic*** - In the ***Sea*** of the present ***State*** in its largest island, named ***SAARE*** there is a lake named ***Kali.*** It is the most ancient lake. "People of that region speak of several legends, stories, tales There are several ***Mysterious Legends*** which are associated with this lake. The Kaali lake is the ***most beautiful part*** of the ***SAARE island.*** The forest is deep, comprising of Birch, Pine, Oak trees of the oldest antiquity. Hundreds of birds chirp constantly Huge ***boulders*** lie there in a strangely upturned state ---- over a huge area. The ruins of an ancient royal castle still stand there, massive and impenetrable. (It appears as if some ***catastrophe*** took place there in the remote past) The remains and the surrounding ***fortifications*** of the ***Old Royal Castle*** can still be seen even to this day (Butter Milk became "Sea of Butter Milk" in Charanik's dreamy state).

Mahakal is thus perfection personified. Even in the midst of his gigantic and grinding schedule he does not miss out on sending corrections such as these.

While discussing about the nation state he built up in some far away land through immense sacrifice and diligence, he said that this would function as a role model for the future.

"It is meant not only for India, that is why I have built it outside India. We shall accomplish even ***What the present day Bharat leaking, lacking and forgetting and forgotten.***"

Jayasree Pous 1381

January, 1975.

"None heard or understood the tune I am singing in"

The date was the 6th of March, 1975. The citizens of free India, forlorn and sick of the unabashed exhibition of corruption formed the picture of their minds amid the glamour of the tricolour representing democracy, socialism, secularism on the streets of the capital. The two pictures were represented in two national dailies which were polar opposites. The day had been depicted in a **Patriot** daily -" **Free ride for some, free food for others'**---
those who by nature uphold and preach falsehood were pretty much active in trying to seek out some unbelievable bits of straw in this huge flow of humanity, this publication in their customary style wrote '**Most of them were forced to join the procession by the shop-owners employing them. They were "plainly told" they would lose a day's wages if they did not show up at the ground.'**

The reporter of this truthful and patriotic publication found out a few students who were lured with offers for food and travel expenses, beggars came in droves from Haridwar, farmers who were made to attend the rally during their harvest were offered free food and a five rupee allowance, also there were wayside brigands, Ananda Margis and others of their ilk.
The Motherland, another daily published from the capital, reported the nature of the crowd that had congregated there in that gigantic rally. Labourers, even those at work in their factory clothes, students, farmers, lawyers, doctors, businessmen, teachers from schools and colleges, social workers, and lastly political leaders. This reporter described this assembly as a 'mini India', "**They came from all the regions including Kerala and Tamil Nadu in the South, Assam and Manipur in the East and Jammu and Kashmir in the north."**

Charan was a spectator in this sea of humanity. As he was on the 7th March in the Racecourse ground in Dhaka and at the same venue on the 17th March 1972 when the Prime Ministers of the two countries met. These are all recent events from the pages of history, and Charan had the opportunity to witness the events. One is reminded of the spontaneous tumultuous welcome accorded to the warrior- saint on the day on in which he decided to utilise the eastern theatre in the interest of his country after studying carefully the situation on the western warfront and embarked on a perilous submarine journey across thousands of miles surfacing in Tokyo, Singapore and other cities, that was also a watershed moment in the history of Asia. The massive rally in the heart of Delhi on the 6th of March was not only a silent-vociferous protest against the ruling party and its cohorts, the corrupt murderers of Democracy but it was in many ways an indicator of the shape of things to come. Charan had heard the heartbeat of the pilgrims on their way to the pilgrimage of revolution.

The topic of discussion at Mahakal's gathering in Charan's presence was regarding the movement for values in whose backdrop Mahakal stated : You need a ***movement*** to bring about a change in the character and mentality of human beings. Nothing will happen unless there is a idealistic change in the character and mentality of a ***sizeable*** chunk of the population. But if you seek such a change in the entire populace, that shall never be nor can ever be possible. If the common people lead their lives modelled in the lives of people of high character and ideals, when the top personalities and families in the country conduct themselves in a manner inspired by high ideals, the commoners shall ***automatically*** conduct themselves accordingly in a manner in concordance to those in the top rung of society; it is a completely wrong notion that the lower rung of the society shall undergo a sea change spontaneously. A family is an epitome of the society. The top echelons of the family, the parents and the grandparents are the role models whose way of life inspires the other members of the family, the children, servants, to conduct themselves befitting the way the head(s) of the family conduct themselves. This is why there is an age old adage in our country "Yatha Raja tatha Praja" ("As is the King, so is the subject."). 'Yatha praja tatha Raja' ('As is the subject so is the King') is an oxymoron.

Therefore the wave that has arisen in this country, doubts will linger whether this will change the mentality of the rulers, but if someone can form an organisation based on a high standard of ideals, who shall serve to function as supervisors of every sphere of activity, in that case under changed circumstances they shall be able to assume a gubernatorial role steering the nation on its road to progress. They shall be established in the leadership by the spontaneous will of the people at large. The laity shall ***automatically*** fashion themselves in the same idealistic mould as that of the leaders. But if someone wants to usher in a revolution by ***transforming*** people from the grassroots level it is bound to fail. Always remember that how the ***units*** are going to function depends entirely on the top echelons of the society....
Conscious people congregate looking for answers to 'the way ahead'. Charan visualises the future for a crystal clear thinking leading the way ahead to a firm and secure future. Those who lay the claim of belonging to the political elite ----by assuming epithets like "left", "right", "progressive", "reactionary"----do so to camouflage their political aspirations and interests and to attain stability thereby.
Mahakal's analysis"

"Cleansing a system of ***Corruption*** by washing it in water from the Ganges is a metaphor. Only he who is himself ***incorruptible*** and ***uncorrupted*** can hope to do it"

Jayasree, Falgun 1381

March 1975.

'No one heard or understood the tune I am singing in'.

Charan witnessed a bizarre manifestation of democracy on the 2nd April 1975 in the heart of the city. A group of young people believing in democracy had assembled in the University Institute Hall, they had come to seek guidance from the 'Loknayak'.

But a group of youngsters, believers in an even more aggressive brand of democracy led by a minister and a legislator had gathered outside the hall and set themselves on their mission of throttling the voices of the unarmed gathering within the hall , they were assisted by the 'red shirt'[Yuva Sangha Youth Federation], who were the sole agents of the advent of democracy and scientific temper. On that day the assembly inside the hall sat calmly and patiently listening to the proceedings for two hours while, outside the hall a grotesque dance of youngsters under the patronage of state power led a young cabinet minister, the vocabulary of his address was ultra modern, and the well known 'fascist' leaders were heckled by the boisterous gathering for obvious reasons.

On the 3rd April the print media was full of this news, and a lady leader of the Indian version of a communist state felicitated the 'courageous' leader of the 2nd April commotion in the State Assembly. This is nothing new, neither of a distant past, it was during the 'red shirt' supported United Front government regime that a merciless killing was enacted in Burdwan [Three youths were butchered and their blood was poured on their mother and a baby was flung into fire] ; it should have been condemned as an act of murder regardless of the character of young men who had been so brutally hacked to death. Far from condemning the heinous act, a Minister actually praised the killers at an open gathering in the Brigade Parade ground endowing them with the epithet of 'Bahadur'. Charan vividly remembers how the editor of Deshnetri's publication, member of a citizen's committee protesting the shameful incident that occurred on the 6th April during a music programme in the city, was openly heckled and humiliated in front of an open court. He also recalls the same group that had applied the sobriquet of 'fascist' to the nationalists yelling 'fascist' while referring to the nationalist forces even to this day The 'progressives' are deceitfully shouting about their struggle under the benevolent patronage of the imperialist powers. It was at the bidding of these evil forces that the freedom had been derailed during the forties Because many had then been enamoured of and had romantic ideas of communist Russia In those days there was no way that news could trickle out through the iron curtain, Today its loathsome and horrendous character lies exposed The rebellious exiled Nobel Laureate author in his six hundred page magnum opus 'Gulag Archipelago' has depicted the threadbare details of how human voice has been stifled in the most shameful and abominable manner. In that great country ten times as many common people have been imprisoned as those of leading personalities of the opposition. There the meanings of freedom and equality shall forever remain with endless forgotten moments of human life, and paens will be sung eternally for the rulers while the tyranny meted out to the laity will be considered as a necessity for the greater good. Streams of blood are flowing, the dungeons are full of rotting corpses over which flutters the victorious flag of equality. Charan cannot forget this picture of communism. The omnipresent blood and gore in the background of total revolution continues to caution that their character never changes. About their character, Mahakaal has said" ***A leopard can never change its spots.***' Mahakaal has warned against all hues of red, dark red, light red, very light red, and has advised keeping a safe distance always from all of them. In 'Patha Jigyasa' [Inquiring the

way ahead] the patriot's mind concludes,"The Marxists exist on the diametrically opposite pole of Indian values. That is why a time shall come when even the Marxists shall unite with the ruling party and join their ranks to stem the onrushing revolutionary tide of Indian value systems".

Mahakaal speaks without doubt—"Someone said something very emphatically. He himself was not very well acquainted with the matter with which these words are related. He made those comments after some reading and hearing, but all that was incomplete. A lot had been said then about which he did not have any first hand knowledge or ***wisdom.*** "

Thereafter when he gained ***personal experience*** regarding the particular subject then he uttered his words of caution on how to save oneself from this menace. Meaning thereby when I have made a statement without having had personal experience of that matter I have had to pay for it with personal experience for the fulfillment of my knowledge. A so-called ***Leader*** started trembling when I contradicted myself earlier and said something different subsequently. I am not that person. I cannot do otherwise, I am speaking from my first hand experience. The bottom line is—do not ***suppress*** truth. Truth cannot be suppressed Truth, sooner or later, shall come out one day. But this is also true that they are past masters in the art of making somebody vanish completely, without any trace. Nobody has the expertise in this art that they have. They are consummate artists in the ***magic*** of making something disappear without a trace. Even the Gods would applaud the finesse with which they liquidate people. Once someone was explaining to me how to ***deal*** with ***painless instantaneous death.*** There are ***method***s by which one can ***completely*** forget his own ***identity*** If you ask the subject his former circumstances, he will just stare blankly at you. The same aristocracy and the middle class, for whose destruction the ***most despicable host*** was unleashed is getting re-established again. There are places---not one or two but lakhs of them, where, if you happen to see their lifestyle, it will be indistinguishable from if not a cut above the ***norms of life*** of the people of ***America, France, Spain*** or that of ***Old Prussia.*** There are lakhs of ***circles*** frequented by so-called ***comrades*** which commoners will not be able to penetrate even if they keep trying to do so for a lifetime They are ***Russians*** only in their appearance and speech. Women in those circles wear ten thousand pound ***furs. Diamonds, Tiara***, etc shine like streaks of lightning from within their hairs. As if it is a world of women Perhaps you won't come across a woman who has not undergone an ***abortion*** or two. ***Prohibited by law*** though it is, there are ***most expert doctors*** who are there on call for 24 hours to carry out ***abortion***s within the ***circles.*** It's a constant flow of ***eat, drink and be merry*** but when they come out in the day, they do so with their façade of ***Stark Russian Communists*** intact ***Black market?*** There is no circle where there is no ***Black marketing***

When you go from your country to theirs none of this will be visible to you. You shall never realize that you are actually being ***conducted.*** You shall feel as if you are ***freely moving*** about. You shall not be able to figure out the reality no matter what. It will give you shivers if you know that even your friends in that country shall not know that you are being watched. Those who were ***key persons*** have been engaged in such places that ***they have become so many Babylons and Dodderheads.***

Mahakal is that personality in whom the wildfire of the entire world is lying dormant. It however makes itself manifest at times. "Everybody utters ***Dictatorial, fascists.*** They term indiscipline as ***fascism.*** They do not know what ***Fascism*** is. How diabolical ***Fascism*** is. ***Democracy can function only in a disciplined population. Indisciplined Democracy is nothing but mobocracy or factionalism. It is synonymous with Demonscracy.*** "

I have repeatedly said I am no arbiter of life and death, neither am I their harbinger. ***I abhor these things. With the minimum bloodshed*** I desire to treat the deep rooted malady. I have repeatedly said so earlier and I say so again, I desire just that. To achieve the desired objective, I shall bow down my head and pray from door to door, please, please chastise and reform without killing or bloodshed. One need not pray at the doors of Demons or Satans, I have been praying at the doors of Gods to cleanse this rotten and stinking global scenario with ***antiseptic. If I cannot move the Gods I will raise Hell.***

Those who had assembled in the University Institute Hall had done so with a resolve to salvage Democracy, and those who had thronged the roads outside the hall had also done so to save Democracy from the clutches of 'Fascists'. Charan has no idea who among them were the demons, who among them found peace in paradise and who made their way to hell. But he has been able to figure out that those whom Mahakal is trying to awaken are indeed waking up, and with that Mahakal's great mission is getting gradually and surely expedited. That is something to cheer about.

Charan wants to remind the forgetful countrymen that everything that has been happening for the last 28 years have actually *pivoted* on just one *incident* It is for this reason that all this upheaval is taking place, whatever is happening in Asia, for whom it is happening, Where is the *pivotal figure? Wherefrom* are these *incidents* taking place in country to country? What had the *Chairman, Premier* of the country of the Dragon said? They are *authoritative* people, after all What did Rogers, MacNamara, et al have had to say?

"Know this truth from me, it is the humblest servant who is the ***Leader.*** The one who makes himself the poorest of the poor, humblest of the humble, is the ***Leader.*** "

"Awake!
For the morning-in the bowl of the night
Has flung the stone
That puts the stars to flight"

April 15, 1975

Jayasree, Chaitra, 1381 (1975)

"Sing I shall thy enchanting ballad each day"

Charan tends to lose the plot whenever he sits down to write about Mahakal. He is at a loss about where to begin and what to highlight. 'Scouts' moving around in and out of the country drop slips of information into Charan's bag and whenever the opportunity presents when sitting at Mahakal's gathering, the 'Phalgudhara' [Phalgu river in Gaya which has a subterranean flow by the curse of Sita according to the legend of Ramayana] begins pouring out. Charan immerses himself in that flow to his immense pleasure, but given his limited intellect he cannot imbibe Mahakal's national, international, global, mundane and metaphysical discourses in their entirety. Still then Charan is writing down a blueprint of the new age Mahabharata or a new age Ramayana. True, Mahakal used to discuss at length on the country, its land, people, society, state, state policy, but Mahakal used to derive greater pleasure in discussing the matters of the "***beyond this world***"; Vyom, Mahavyom, the deep mysteries of human life, etc. But Charan neither has the authority nor the ability to stride those worlds and have a first hand taste of these spiritual treasures. Charan listens spellbound with an amazing feeling. Charan has decided to present according to the dictates of his mind, or whatever he picks up when he gropes inside his bag.

Torn page 1.

"It has been eight days since I have written these letters in stages, and every time I am about to dispose of them properly "something or the other is happening so that willy nilly I am being compelled to address the situation"(keeping aside the daily chores).
Added to it the hassles increase the inner frustration and irritation. At times I wonder what was the auspicious moment in which he embarked upon the task of incarnating.
From the sky, a dewdrop descends from the heavens on the endless path: I had thought that the touch of the dew drop would provide some succour from the fire that was raging within. At least for a moment the fire would be stymied, but alas, foolish eternal wanderer that I am! I look forward hoping to catch a glimpse of the glowing lamp emanating peace in the distance, With the ever-alert graceful eyes, the glowing lamp is constantly burning, so that the wanderer does not lose his way. Calm, graceful, pleasant-silent-indication, ***A Beacon -Beckons!"***

Torn page 2.

"From where you touch the earth---above above--further above, there are layers. Up to the last great layer. If you understand this "above above-above-even further above then it comes to = all around the earth---enveloping it. The earth is dancing along its way all the while remaining within these layers in its orbit. The real truth is =, the earth rotates (dancing in its revolving rhythm) in six different poses (a consummate danseuse girl).

All the enveloping layers of this earth above it(unless these protective layers existed, the earth would have vapourized in an instant) (they) maintain ***100%*** synchrony with the earth as it rotates and revolves. The density of the constituting particles of these different layers are not the same. At places the density of these layers is so less that the particles are spread far and

wide. Therefore the extremely rarefied zones cannot either be seen----or even understood or----even identified. This is why (taking care not to scare human minds) these areas are termed = "Black spot"," "Black patch", "Black hole". These almost zero density zones are "drawn" across (? piercing) all the above layers (one might say, like extensively long tunnels. Their long extents may end after traversing the whole length of some particular layer. Meaning thereby these zones are rarefied/?astral zones). As a result, if any object comes in contact with these rarefied ***almost blank density*** (unseen) ***patch, hole or spot,*** ---it will immediately be ***sucked*** and become invisible, and sucked in a whoosh!(A very thrilling prospect, what say? Aren't you getting ***gooseflesh***? ya?).

The power of visibility of human beings is limited. Humans are incapable of seeing rarefied(astral) objects. The astral travel of yogis, yaksha-raksha-Jind-Angels-Gandharva-Apsara-bhootyoni-pretyoni are moving around us all the time (bhootyoni), coming-going-standing; we the commoners are unable to see them. But their existence is for real.

This poorest of the poor Faquir "Mritabhoot" has not bluffed you. The precocious "scientists" too (***(scientist)*** have come to know for certain the existence of ***ANTI*** or ***BLACK*** atoms. But they have not been able to understand it. There are ***anti/black matter regions or globes.*** There are living beings within those globes.

The people in the ***Anti*** or ***Black*** worlds are far more evolved than us. Always remember this ***Truth***: the tiniest of the tiny particles in this world created by Ma Janani is supervised. "They" from the ***Black*** or the ***Anti*** matter world move about according to their free will in their own transport mediums (Of course, to different places within their own universe). At times, (***very, very rarely)*** they move toward different galaxies too. ***But they are never allowed transgressing protecting belts. Because contact means crash boom-dust.***

It was in 1949 that I came to know of the existence of their world first---from a-f-a-r. At first I was unable to realise "There, in the distance, what is that faint shadow? What is it there? …." [This letter came from the first volume of Charan's "Oi Mahamanab Ashe" in a detailed explanation to what was written in pages 189 and 194].

Charan gets overwhelmed as he marvels at his good fortune and wonders by what stroke of luck he has been entitled to the affection of such endless love, affection and kindness of Mahakaal, in his mind's eye comes alive a pair of dreamy ---in the words of the British Intelligence Department --Deshnetri's ***Large*** and ***Luminous*** eyes. This opportunity has come by because of her blessings.

There were many more things to be mentioned from Mahakal's sayings, which have been kept in abeyance for a later date.

In the meeting.

A few matters were discussed in the meetings with Mahakaal which had a hint of a bearing with certain contemporary events. It is amazing that, whenever some event is about to take its ***final shape,*** and work towards the culmination into its ***final shape*** was well under way, it is Charan's feeling that Mahakaal drops hints of the events that are going to occur for the ignorant listeners. This was the way in which he had predicted the defeat of America in South East Asia and the impending Independence of the country of the poet-national leader in a prolonged night long narration in which he spoke non-stop. Because in his words 'to tell you folks at the eleventh hour means making it known to other people as well through you and thereby making everybody alert.'

In this meeting Mahakaal described his sailing a big and turbulent river in Southeast Asia. And along with it he mentioned ---"In a Kingdom which does not exist anymore people were reeling under the despotism of a King, and in that kingdom there was a minister who was very trusted. He always used to ***"protect"*** the King in every way while discharging his duties. ***It is a historical fact.*** Only I am not naming that kingdom. The ***Crown Prince*** declared that he would only like to remain a ***Citizen***. If you sow even the minutest seed and take care of it properly, it will one day mature into a gigantic tree. The ***Crown Prince*** single handedly through an organisation gradually transformed the government from ***Monarchy*** to ***Presidentship.***"

Today Charan wonders which country it is, what was the event that took place recently, because on the Matri Yagna [pyre of Mother worship] of Mahakal there is nothing that happens by chance and all of a sudden. It is bound and regulated to its minutest detail, and is progressing in a predetermined route.

Jayasree, Baisakh, 1382,

26 May, 1975.

'The day approaches nearer.'

Charan has not been able to keep his word. He had been writing some serial writings, when the mishap occurred. Almost in every meeting Mahakal used to tell' If you sit with concentration for some time, you can easily earn a knowledge within a few hours. You shall be able to bring out your astral body from your physical body. And once you master is whatever you think shall become reality. You think you are at a place a thousand of miles away ***'You resolve and you are there.'*** Mastering this feat has by no means appeared easy to Charan but Mahakal frequently says that you do it all the time without knowing it. [In Mahakal's words, Every person while sleeping (without himself knowing about it) Though some are able to understand it they cannot benefit from it in a well thought out manner. The coming out of the Astral Body from the physical or mundane body occurs in two ways (1) With knowledge and (2) Without knowledge. Occurs during sleep. The coming out of the Astral Body without one's knowledge is an essential activity of every human being during his sleep. It has been proven in your scientific ways too

that the energy that is spent during the waking hours is replenished in sleep through inadvertent coming out of the Astral Body. You do a little bit, when you are asleep, the dreams that you see are true. When your Astral Body comes out of your physical body taking advantage of your resting state, you see several beings sitting on your ledge with their legs dangling down. Its ability is limited only upto dangling its legs down, because this inadvertent astral travel is not the result of any regular practice.

As Charan sat several thoughts tormented his mind. A scene that was causing emotional stress; a social movie being screened in a theatre in which the roles played by different leaders during the second world war prior to independence was being depicted. First came the father of the nation addressing some large gathering, and then came his favourite Jawahar. Thereafter Azad, etc, but the audience was quiet and lifeless. Suddenly the theatre came to life and there was loud and spontaneous applause as the Deshnayak appeared on the screen taking salute in military uniform in Singapore. The emotional response to the Deshnayak moves Charan. For what sin of his have the countrymen kept him at bay with a Himalayan barrier!

Suddenly it happened, Mahakal was standing before Charan, and Charan was split into two selves, one was the physical mundane form and the other was the Astral form which was beyond the visibility of the common man. In an instant Mahakal transformed himself into a luminous being and Charan followed suit.

Charan went on, Mahakal leading him, or was it Charan dreaming in his sleep--
'The sky has s-e-v-e-r-a-l layers. In layman's parlance, the sky we see above is called 'Vyoma'. But the sky in its entirety is Vyoma. The outer limit of the sky (Vyoma) is formed by the Mahayyom, in other words (which is more apt) Mahabyomkataha. Each Mahabyomkata envelopes the universe. Vyoma or Akash has several properties---several activities----several manifestations--several functions----several powers----several ***duties***. It gives life---gives death---holds, carries and conducts----causes to manifest in a good/bad way---regulates the manifestation in a good or bad way---reflects----***Recurrent*** protector, ***etc*** etc antics and stunts…..
Therefore it should now be clear to you that the Akash [sky] ***OR*** Byom is present within you, me, and every other creature (Sarva Jeevyoni). A major constituent of your being = Akash [sky], you know that.

This Akash ***OR*** Byom (Kshiti-Ap-Tej-Marut-Vyom; Earth-water-energy-air-sky/ether) is present within you, me, a horse, a tree, a bird, the soil, the earth-----within and without and all around and in ten directions-----extensively, you should have no problem understanding this. So whatever is being done by you, ideation-speech-bodily functions, by very natural process has the property of a "radio"(radiation) television---tape-magnetic-recorder-discrecorder, you all are being and shall forever be recorded by Byom ***OR*** Akash phenomenon (inside as well as outside you) ***i.e,*** in Akash [sky] ***radio-tape-televised---magnetically tape recorded*** and ***disc recorded.***

Remember all particles of creation, molecules and atoms, yourself, myself, everything is = endowed with magnetic properties.

The real truth is (in case you do not know, do not get astonished! I myself know and use this phenomenon quite often, ***Rather*** I am compelled to) yourself, myself, everybody everything consist of---- only ***vibrations*** and nothing else. What you term as solid is nothing but the dense and gross frequency vibrations in their condensed form.
Whatever happens "bodily, mentally or verbally" have differences in quality. There are many which can be conducted upwards; its ***radiation-frequency*** may get ***absorbed***, that is recorded in some layer. There are some, very few, which are recorded even higher up. And maybe one or two that break past all barriers and complete the journey all the way to Maha Byom the ***receiver-recorder.***

---In the Maha Byom everything that's occurring in the world is received, recorded and reflected for all time to come. (Endless yugas, ***i.e,*** Satya Yug, Treta Yug, Dwapar Yug, Kali Yug) ever happening part cataclysm, great cataclysm--- peace agreements between two powers, everything…..

Charan is afloat along with Mahakal, sailing across layer after layer. Charan floats in mirth and clean unadulterated joy. Mahakal is a luminous enlightened being of great energy. Before Charan could realise where the luminous being disappeared, Charan found himself present at the 'Tapovan' [spiritual retreat in woods] of a 'Tapasvi' [one engaged in intense spiritual practice]. Charan looked about in wonder, seeing so many known faces! The first he came across was the revolutionary philosopher [Anil Roy]. He smiled gently and said 'there's very little time, we are too busy'. Charan wonders what is all this business about, but probably in this entire kingdom nothing needs to be said between one another, this was a world of enlightenment and realisation, In this world the revolutionary philosopher could instantly realise what was going on in Charanik's mind and he said' Do not worry, only remain careful, we and all the other beings in our and our adjacent and even higher spiritual beings are constantly striving towards the same end. He [Mahakal] shall be reinstated in full.' Charan is reminded of the legend of King Nala, the geology described by Mahakal, the mention of King Nala, etc----are all beings working here as one man? ----they who appear to be busy in a single mission neither seem to be affected by age,nor do they seem to have infirmity or illness, they seem to possess eternal youth, boundless power and energy. Charan met Deshnetri, Mahakal nas always said 'Your Deshnetri is here with me', this time Charan had no other choice but to believe it. Somewhere Deshnetri's favourite song was being sung, 'Ki Paini tar hiisab milate' [To take stock of what I have not received], 'Jiban patra ucchalia madhuri korechho daan' [From the cup of your life you have poured out nectar], and the revolutionary philosopher was singing with his 'Esraj' [Indian stringed instrument with frets played with a bar, 'Dilruba' in Urdu] from the days of his incarceration "Hingsae unmatta Pritthwi" [The world intoxicated in violence].
Charan's entire body aches and he feels suffocated, and suddenly he seems to wake up from sleep...where was he so long? His voice is stifled, stifled in fear, fear of what? Charan is unable to fathom.

Early in the morning on the same black and blood soaked date which brought freedom in 1947, came the gory news that the head of state of the newly independent country ruled by his own countrymen has succumbed to assassins bullets along with almost his entire family. Charan

remembers the time before this country got its freedom and on the date it proclaimed freedom hordes of people poured in from this side of Bengal onto the other side, and the warning coming in the form of a thunderous roar from Mahakal "Do not go to the other side." Likewise in his last meeting Mahakal had said whatever work you have on the other side, meeting your relatives, etc, please complete them before the second week of the eighth month of the year 1975. On no account shall you remain there after the 14th of the month. The deep significance of this warning fills Charan with amazement today.

Perhaps the endgame of daily life full of temporary excitement filled with despair and uncertainties has begun because Charan can hear the strains of its farewell song being sung as also the sounds of the footsteps of the coming age which are getting more and more distinct. That is why Charan is repeatedly reminding the countrymen of the life of Mahakal which is beyond the confines of space and time.

When Mahakal portrays the pictures of the domestic life of Bengal in threadbare details, then one really wonders when this itinerant vagrant of an individual got the time or inclination to observe these aspects of Bengal domestic life so intently. In his gathering one day Mahakal gave an immaculate description of the manner in which a Bengali homemaker conveys, portraying a picture of her messages to her husband through gestures with all its attendant sweetness also thereby portraying a picture of his Mother.

He has said a Bengali mother is sitting with one child on her lap, another is trying to climb her back, one is perhaps wiping his mouth with the end of her Saree and sucking his finger and another trying to draw her attention by pulling her chin towards his direction, at that moment Mahakal has described the mother's graceful face, filled with the deepest affection thus--What a smile it is! What a glow in her face! What a look in her eyes, what an outpouring an ocean of filial love! Unparallelled! In Kaliyuga everything is adulterated but it is this remnant of motherhood which still exists that holds this earth together. "

'It makes us laugh that mothers of the old Bengali culture convey messages to their husbands through gestures, which, though nobody else can figure out, the husband understands perfectly well.

'My equation with my Mother, is, however, different. I fight with my Mother all the time. Mother is an absolute ***Dictator*** within her domain. The dice is always heavily loaded in her favour. At times I revolt strongly. And at time when she is in a lighter mood and finds myself being too difficult to handle, she says to herself "Oh no, not him again!". (As he narrates this Mahakal seems to lose himself somewhere far off, and everybody remains silent for a long while). Mother has some such actions or works or ***phases,*** that is, while Mother is at work father comes in from nowhere and starts throwing a tantrum raising his voice, the moment Mother casts her glance at him he falls unconscious. It is not for nothing that my father keeps chanting the name of my Mother. Of course only the two of them----Oh no I shall not disclose further. God knows what she'll do if she comes to know, Have you disclosed everything? This is why I try my utmost not to broach on Mother in any context.'

Mahakal is a Matrisadhaka [Mother worshipper], ever unassuming wanderer pilgrim. His spiritual quest is not endless. The architect of destruction and rebuilding is now getting ready for his ultimate mission of re-establishing Mother's glory in his own country, and it is this message that is being brought by messengers from all corners. 'The day approaches nearer'. The only wait is for full reconstruction through complete destruction.

Jayasree Ashwin 1380
October. 1975.

'I keep waiting for someone day in and day out'

When Charan pens down his account of the prolonged discussions, dialogue, high and low, several gestures between two brothers about the upheavals of world history and then looks at the several curious eyes looking at him expectantly, he loses the plot. Still then Charan feels the urge to narrate something, the expectations aroused by listening to the narrative which has built a bridge between Charan and a huge population, pain and prayer in whose eyes Charan cannot ignore.
Surprisingly, amid all thoughts raging in his mind, Charan's attention is drawn to a news clipping----

WORLD NEWS....Jerusalem Dec 21., 1975
A spokesman for Israeli foreign minister Mr Yigal Allon has confirmed a report which appeared today in an Israeli newspaper Yedioth Aharonoth that Mr Allon had secret meeting during a lightning two day visit to Europe a week ago, reports A.F.P.
The newspaper citing reliable sources said that his 'secret and personal mission' had probably been to Switzerland where he had met with a political figure of the greatest importance. The spokesman said he visited two European capitals.

Amrita Bazar Patrika
21-12-75

Comments are unnecessary. One such person of political importance is striding from one end of the world to the other like a Colossus. Step by step his scheme of things is manifesting itself.

Charan 11 hour storm raged on his pen and paper, and in this 11 hour storm over the world map featured the country of the Dragon, the custodians of Socialism the land of Bears, the Oil Kingdom, has own country and the country of songs 'Golden Bengal'.
Mahakal is bound by a close relationship with the country of the Dragon, that is why the discussions between the two are so close and intimate----'One said I have got my punishment, but even then God took away one of my sons ***'God has punished me'*** and after wards I have had to spend five years in internal exile. I shall never transgress again.'

The other one replied, 'If a by a repetition of the same mistake a duel starts again enacting the ancient drama of Bhim and Dhritarashtra you are well aware of what one can do by tilting the scales on one side.'

One says,'Your spartan lifestyle actually scares me-----even an ant is capable of killing an elephant but when I see that he is "Dead" he really has nothing to gain nor anything to lose being dead. To fiddle around with someone who has neither anything to lose or gain indeed fills me with an unknown foreboding.'

The other one gently put his palm on his friend's chest and said, 'Your fear?'
He replied 'Well I am not without fear, if that really had been the case I would not have nursed a grudge against God after having being afflicted with the grief of losing my son. There was poetry within me, that is why an actress found her place in my life. Wherever there is the prospect of receiving, therein lies the fear of deprivation. The fountainhead of your power lies in the endless lonely path that you have chosen and the state of a corpse and admit it or not, it is your condition that gives the fear of the unknown deep inside anyone.'

In Charan's panoramic view several events, past, present and future are disclosed but Charan has not received any instruction regarding reflecting them, Besides, how much can poor Charan assimilate, if it is in the same discussion topics as diverse as Matrisadhana, the king of literature Sarat Chandra, songs of Krishnachandra are flowing in one after the other in gay abandon? Today he remembers after discussing the entire works of Tarashankar from end to end he discussed each book threadbare with an endless sprinkling of quotations. And in the midst of the discussion he suddenly remarked, 'Do you know what kind of relation I enjoyed with this person?' Charan wonders who shall ever create a scientific model of this person and how.

Charan cannot describe the extent of spiritual power a person has acquired In an interval of thirty years between 1945 and 1975 far exceeding his mundane attributes of understanding, feeling or comprehending. Whenever any topic arises he leaves no detail uncovered from the beginning to its end. Be it cooking or music.

Charan feels that if his readers try to imbibe and understand this personality through their heart and soul then the events of the future that are yet to take place shall be easier for them to comprehend and understand. Not only that, it will be easier to understand a person who has completely imbibed within himself the nation's culture, heritage, history, art, literature which have taken a wholesome shape in him, has made the immovable move, has brought mobility to life in its totality, whose mind does not hesitate from indulging in the boyish pranks of childhood at all, knowing and understanding that person----Mahakal-----will be easier---and shall take the pledge to follow him in his footsteps.
Charan hereafter describes whatever he has heard at other times whatever Charan has heard at other times numbering them sequentially.

The first session

One day I asked Mother, 'Does an idol have a mind of its own?' Mother asked me back,'what do you think?' I said 'It has' Mother replied 'You have become precocious'. I didn't know this earlier, now I know, ***Chaitanya in Comatose'***. The worshipper of the lethal weapon, lethal worship, remains a worshipper as long he is ***impersonal.***

Mother remained silent for a while, then raised her hand in the gesture of a slap.
--Thus goes on Mahakal's conversations with Mother. In course of conversation, at times he is lost in the distant past, and at times like a tempest.

"I am waiting for the day when Mother will relieve me from this ***farcial stage act*** and take me up in her lap. If you ask me why ***farcial?*** I am Bheeshma, I am the legal and spiritual inheritor of the earth and the moon. I----***I declared I am stepping aside form the path of ruling and reigning the world.*** The Father saw this and thought --such renunciation! such monasticism! He blessed me with the power of death-at my-own-wish.

My death-at-my-own-wish does not depend on someone's blessing, it is ***inherent,*** Charan can you show me a life more dramatic than this? Mother knows everything, so she said fine.
I don't revolt, but I have the right to sing the tune of revolt, don't I?
I had said, why not take me up in your lap? She said 'how can that be? I have borne you, I shall pick you up of course! Bear with me a little, after which I shall pick you up and keep you in such a lovely abode that you shall forget everything.

Life means action---***Discipline***---a massive quest--when Charan said something like 'I shall do it tomorrow, not today, let it wait....Mahakal said--
There is no place for such a thing as 'I shall do it next time'. What needs to be done has to be done and done immediately. there's no question of this time or the next time. In this life I need to remember it's now always. Those who are with me in my journey, ***everyone of us live by the surviving seconds. We know it.*** That I am alive this moment and it might well be my last. ***This is the reality***. In everyone's life this is the ***reality.***

Second meeting

I know the area from the Pamirs to the ***Alps*** and the ***Himalayan region*** down to the point where it meets the seas like the palm of my hand. Managaon near ***Badrinath,*** Basudhara, Alka, Satopanth, Brahmakund, Rudrakund, Shivkund, the monastery of Thury----this is the ***last very renowned monastery for the Lamas*** in ***India***---This monastery of Thury was a favourite haunt of mine. There's a place called Saptarishi which is so beautiful, surrounded by seven peaks with a lovely lake in the middle. A thousand varieties of orchids are found there. I used to ***pass*** through that route very frequently. I used to take that route because we had three or four places on that route where we could rest. I left a ***standing order,*** whoever commits nuisance in that place; ***shoot them.*** One day as i walked down that route I saw a man coming down humming a tune from the other side with a walking stick fashioned out of a coniferous tree. We

thought how could someone know this secure place that only we knew about? Instead the hill man asked us whether we had lost our way. He thought we were wayfarers in the hills and had lost our way. The man said he would be going to 'Trishul' so this was the *short cut*. In this place a thousand varieties of flowers bloomed from the lake up to the peaks. The hillman told us never sniff those flowers or consume even by mistake because this is the abode of the Gods. I recalled 'Devatma Himalaya' of poet Kalidasa. I had come across a sage in "Basundhara" who once told me, I wish to become invisible by consuming one of these roots. I wish I had the time to know about the secret by ding him some service but unfortunately that was not the case. There's a plant ---which has only one special quality--if you take a bath on a particular day with a particular configuration of the stars, then uproot this plant and hold the tip of its root firmly in grip of your right hand in some time you shall see that you have reached an assembly where healthy and well built men and women are singing and dancing. Gandharva and Apsaras, they are from Devyoni, (divine birth), they had such assemblies at different places. If you can hold on to it you shall see you have come back to where you came from.

The third meeting.

"Democracy can function only in a disciplined population. Indisciplined Democracy is nothing but mobocracy or factionalism. It is synonymous with Demonscracy. "

When it comes to ***International dealings there is no eternal friend or foe.***

The fourth meeting.

Do you know that the book 'Pother Dabi' had been ***proscribed*** ? It used to be my constant companion then. I used to have a good laugh on Sarat Babu (writer Sarat Chandra Chattopadhyay) having filled out an ***impossible action***. in it. The manner in which he has portrayed Sabyasachi, a man of such *cadre* cannot do such a thing as he has made him do. This is ***typical*** drama. A ***revolutionary*** of that ***cadre*** simply cannot do such a thing. To begin with a true revolutionary is incapable of fraternising with women, even if she is an angel from heaven. Secondly in such circumstances one cannot indulge in such activities. Thirdly, if you are aiming your pistol at someone to shoot and a woman comes and hold your hand, you will ***miss*** the target. I find the way this character has been ***delineated*** distasteful. The ***delineation*** could have been done in a better way.

Once during a prolonged wait at a ***railway junction*** a long distance train from Calcutta arrived and halted. Some eight or ten people came running to me. One of them said Kestoda has sent us to you----someone had seen you and reported to him, so he sent us to you. I went near him, he held my hands and wanted to sing a song for me. This had always been our way of meeting each other. As he sang, a large crowd had gathered to see the person for whom he was singing. The guard came and stood still---the signal flag neatly rolled under his arm. The song was over after 20 minutes. Then the train started moving. I gave him two apples. The journey of my life is full of such small treasures, at times I weep, at times I feel sad.

Whenever a man of action has been born in this country we tend to deify him just to cover up our own worthlessness. Ramachandra was not God, Krishna was not God, they were human beings like us. Since we do not have the ability to own up our weakness, worthlessness, pettiness and meanness we deify them and thereby cover up our own failings. This is nothing other than trying to undermine their accomplishments in the field of activity.
Charan had begun this narration with the mention of a bosom friend of Mahakal. As he wrote this anecdote in print curtains fell on a chapter of history. There was mention of someone's statement in the Paris Conference in the 1381 Pous (Bengali) issue, and the context came up in course of 11 hours' continuous dictation. Someone whom Mahakaal did not hesitate to call the world's greatest ***Diplomat,*** who in turn addressed Mahakaal as his elder brother has been advised rest in a palatial hospital, and that he needs rest.

Despite having so many bosom friends-----'I am absolutely alone. I don't have any friend. But nobody can do without a friend in this world. I have a ***twinself.*** Whenever someone is born in this world a twin-self is born with him or her. This is an ***unalterable law.*** Some have the ***twinself*** within himself, some without. My ***twinself*** exists within myself.

What makes the world go on? The world functions on thoughts. It is thoughts that makes a deity of a demon from a human being. It either takes him high or throws him down into a bottomless abyss. When you address a woman as a mother the thought does not let you be a demon. When a father looks at his daughter in the same room he showers love and affection through his eyes. SImilarly if it is his sister his look conveys protective resolve towards her. When it is her son looking at her thoughts of love are overwhelming, and when a husband looks at his wife his looks convey desire.

There are several poisonous creatures which love me. Wasps come buzzing and stand still before me. Everywhere it is this thought which is active.
There is no difference between Chinmayi (astral being; of thoughts) and Mrinmayi (earthly being, of flesh and blood) Mother.

You term lust as love. As long as there is a carnal relationship there can be no trace of love. The floodgates of love will open only after the desire for physical, carnal and emotional relationship had died out. In Upanishads you find this expression 'God the embodiment of love'. Where do you look for him? He is there within yourself. Extinguish the fire of desire and light the flame of love. There are two wicks, but the same oil. IF you are able to light up the light of love, not only you are lighted up, you awaken the God within you. Your Mother's face lights up. Your journey ends there.

Remember beauty manifests, this beauty is all pervading, physical, that of one's character, inner self (mind, intelligence, heart, and ego, in a larger sense comprising of these four elements), that of wisdom, the actions arising out of the intellect, beauty in every ***segment*** of the earthly life manifests itself in an attractive way if it has a suitable outer covering.
The moot point is unless you have been completely forsaken and ***in the same token*** you have forsaken everything it is impossible for you to realise what love really means. As long as i was in touch with my ***soil*** I had no idea of how much i loved it, but now I am exiled and forsaken.

Someone who has no ***Nationality,*** who has to look from the horizon towards the soil which is his God, I can understand how much I love, as long as my unfortunate self was in touch with this soil I did not realise its worth. (Mahakal was weeping uncontrollably as our motley group of sat listening speechless to his heart rending thoughts).

Jayasree, Pous, 1382
January 1976.

'Who robbed my voice of its song'

The interview that had been published in the revolutionary Deshnetri's Journal's issue of Pous 1377, the geographical surroundings in which Charan met Mahakaal, Charan never imagined its fate would be so painful. After all,who would be there to feel the pain! His true friend, who unhesitatingly addressed Mahakaal as his own brother and whose only lament was that they were not born from the same mother's womb is now no more. The firm, *Granite* like man of firm resolve looks perturbed today. There was only one true friend, someone whom he could call his own, today he too is gone. And the country and the nation for whom he was the father, that was being shaped in the shadow of this great personality, his children, that is, the countrymen, looked up helplessly to Mahakaal. They also knew that in the days of complete loneliness, there was only one person who could be called upon to provide wise counsel and guidance, the one who had nothing of his own. Who knew the great peoples' leader of whom Mahakaal gave his account in an eleven hour marathon session of dictation notes, the conversation whose two main protagonists were Mahakal and the great leader of the country of the dragon would breathe his last so soon?

Through the courier came the news, and Charan was on the move. Charan in fact cherishes this life of being on the move. Mahakal's voice was choked, He had received a brief message---which said---' My own brother and helper……..now wants me to be present near him." Mahakal's speed of movement was fast as lightning. Charan the lesser mortal was left behind. Only in wait for this news after which it was a dark, dolorous day filled with morbid and all pervading sadness.

Charan is quoting excerpts from a conversation between them----its source---its significance and its backdrop is part of history today.

"It is anybody's good fortune in several incarnations to have this kind of a friend. It would not have happened otherwise, I know why he toured with me such extensively in his own car. For 15 to 20 minutes Mahakal and his companion were silent."
"Suddenly as if woken up from a dream he said' oh! i forgot to tell you about the Cigarettes and Cigars that i had kept ***specially*** for you. He got up and opened a ***cabinet*** and brought out two boxes with a child-like smile on his face and kept them on the table. Someone's eyes became misty."

"The apparent monster of a person had an undercurrent of love and affection within him. The world might misunderstand him but someone will never do so- said Mahakal to himself. The other person muttered - I had kept them with me ever since you had left."
We also remember the words that Mahakal had said in course of a detailed narrative-
"My heart was filled with deep gratitude as I thought of the gesture of my protector and bosom friend."

Oh what all he has done and is still doing! How much they have known about the present and how correct is their perspective and understanding of the future! Tears filled my eyes as I thought of their concern and words of caution for my safety and security. In my mind I said that there was a lot that I had to learn from you all. You are my advisors and mentors. I paid my obeisances to Ma Jannani. Then I left their land.
Charan cannot write further as he is overwhelmed with emotion. Maybe he shall try to continue the narration the next time when he feels more settled----but there was this slip of paper which had been addressed to someone; after reading which Charan looks forward to the future, expectation in heart,

I bow to thee, O noble!
Nobility invests---a person, (or a family; a dynasty; a lineage) who has seen---endured---suffered, much, to---the---brim---: and has the rarest fortune of finding in them ----and garnering,---seeds of wisdom and truth , and in the process----truly, unconsciously sacrifices himself up. On the altar as offering to the cause; this transforming his life---into a beautiful song of praise unto the First cause…….

He becomes "Soundarya Laharee"---personified
Maybe ---you are that Noble;

Your words were "whispering rose petals"
To my mind : they floated in ; in their scents
Perfumes of tender--affectionate supplication
and love, they softly caressed me in my ----,
And with infinite grace said :remember, us,
to O Wayfarer!
I bow to thee once again O noble!

Charan finds himself unable to sing, his voice chokes in agony. In the distance, a procession of aggrieved people all over the country, their voices stifled in pain. Charan wonders when he shall sing again, when shall his restless heart be assuaged,

Jayasree Bhadra 1383,
September 1976.

'On the crest of each wave I dance.'

It was Republic Day, and there was an air of festivity in the national capital. On that day Charan was spending time with some of Mahakal's foreign followers in a desolate mountain habitation. On the previous day Mahakal sent the national tricolour flag and the order came for hoisting the flag before daybreak and lowering the flag at sunset. At dawn Mahakal joined in singing as Charan sang 'Vande Mataram'. An unique ambience was ushered in setting the mood for the rest of the day.

Charan was reminded of the narration of an amazing experience. One sunny morning a Mother worshipper from Bengal was lying supine in the open with his eyes on the blue skies above. Scenes passed by one after the other like the drifting clouds. The scenes were not in conformity with his contemporary ongoing thoughts, that is why he found them rather amazing. But a vision that moved the mind so much that the entire consciousness was thrilled and had a far reaching relationship with the contemporary situation. The Matri Sadhaka (mother worshipper) saw----' a number of masts without flags in the blue sky; gradually tricoloured flags adorned all of them, and from the mass of fluttering flags arose a shadow; as the shadow drew closer, it appeared to be that of a familiar figure, somebody too well known, that of an exiled renunciate warrior monk. Suddenly the flags started dripping blood and all was dark. From the darkness emerged a female form wearing black clothes, as the form drew close to the Matri Sadhaka it appeared to be that of the Deshnetri; gradually that female form faded away. '
The indifferent Matri Sadhaka is infinitely blessed. The scene was neither a dream nor any imagination; it was actually a ***vision.*** The people of this country are eagerly waiting to see this vision come to a reality, and are praying day in and day out to the almighty for it to happen. What the Matri sadhaka saw was only a reflection of the combined effect of fervent prayers of the multitudes in this country.

Elsewhere, astrologers consulting their charts are predicting that - the ushering of the new age of light shall begin with darkness, through immense tribulation and tumult. This will be followed by the flashing of bright light heralding the dawn of a new era. The powerless shall be the powerful, the rulers shall be the ruled.

And, on the walls of some famous temple is written the revelations for the future---the present times shall see the reign of women, and the future shall witness the rule of renunciate saints. Independence metamorphosed itself into a massive prison where according to Mahakal 65 lakhs were interned. But the country refuses to wake up from its slumber. Charan is reminded of an oft repeated promise of Mahakal ' If I cannot arouse the Gods, I shall arouse the demons." Some of his words in the present context is extremely significant---

"Nobody will rid himself of his ***Ego,*** hence the present situation. Those who genuinely love the country feel pained at this. The wise men laugh at the political parties appearing like fireflies. The light from the fireflies do not suffice at night. You need a regular lamp or a lantern. Myriad

political parties are India's bane. Someone is appealing for all to unite sacrificing individual ***Identity*** but nobody wants to do so. The ***strategy*** of the "Red shirts" party is to demand a huge ***share*** after turning itself into a formidable opposition. If their opponents accede to their demands, then so much the better for them. If their opponents do not yield, then they ***place*** a few demands and try to gain as much as they can from them. Simultaneously the land of the bears would continue to pressurize overtly or covertly.'

---Nobody ever thought these words would come true so fast. Politically aware and alert people have intently observed and followed these political chess games.
Simultaneously Mahakaal issued the strict injunction---Never align yourself with 'deep' 'less deep' or 'light' red parties.' He had repeated this several times, even in context of the present situation.

Whoever won or lost elections was of no concern to him. His vision was never limited to the contemporary political scenario. Myriad events have taken place in the 15/16 years period after the post war reunion, which Charan knows from his own experience have occurred (and are still occurring) as per Mahakal's predictions. (The country in which the name of a six year old girl finds its way into the electoral roll and so does a deceased mother's name whereas the name of the head of the family goes missing, elections conducted on the basis of such voter's lists are anything but free and fair).

Mahakaal is unperturbed and indifferent, but in course of continuous discussions by the multilingual spectrum of his followers, at times he would make an observation or two whose implications are far reaching. Charan wholeheartedly realises the truth of his predictions made regarding the fate of the political parties ages ago. It appeared in the Magh 1375 (January 1969) issue of the 'Jayasree' : Mahakaal's remarks on the main problems plaguing India's political system, which Charan wants to remind the people of this country with a short-lived memory:

'Indian Politics! Ugh! It stinks! Statesmen are a rarity everywhere, but in India ***Statesmen*** are altogether absent! ***Stability*** is a chimera in the country where ***Politicians number by the legion (s) . The vagaries of wayward politicians have debased the very life and look of India!'***
Charan scours this country mingling in the tide of the populace amid the upheavals. looking around eagerly for a ray of hope; he realises day in and day out the need for unfettered ***'militant nationalism'.*** It is only this omnipotent medication which shall be effective as the panacea for all the ills and evils afflicting this country. The nation is gradually turning towards an united entity fired by the spirit of nationalism. The countrywide upheaval bears witness to this. And in the horizon beyond everybody's sight else Mahakaal is gradually emerging from the wilderness with his divine treasure.. Charan is clear in his thoughts and opinions. The only need is dedication. Mahakaal composed a picture of this idea of dedication and self-development in context of a song. Charan will narrate that pleasant anecdote in another presentation. Today he shall only present its central idea.

Mahakaal is the motivating force behind every nationalist Indian. Their only desire is his return. But what are the hurdles and stumbling blocks for his return? Where is the minimum duty being done to that end?

'The God of your heart demands dedication. He wants everything to be dedicated to him. And how beautiful that acceptance is! When the devotee dedicates his knowledge, ignorance, deeds, misdeeds, present and future at his feet the God of his heart draws up the devotee with all his love and affection to his breast. The devotee, admirer, sadhaka obtains the company of his worshipped God. The worshipped God draws up the devotee who has divested himself of all that was his. And the onlookers see the devotee has become one with the worshipped. Who gave and who obtained? The one who prayed for has become the donor and the donor has become the recipient. The God of the devotee's heart transformed himself into his devotee and the devotee metamorphosed into the God himself! What a transformation! The spark became one with the fire!'

(As Mahakaal continued speaking something happened and he said' please, you people speak, say something, i am sinking, I am getting dissociated from your thoughts....' Charan and his followers from other countries started talking. Charan has seen this happening repeatedly and wonders...is it what we call a trance? who knows! There is no doubt this is the prelude to eternal peace and bliss).

Mahakaal was waiting, assured and quiet, having completed all arrangements for the next day. May the countrywide nationalist powers welcome him, like the sun his presence needs no introduction or advertisement. It is possible to usher him only with supreme self sacrifice and dedication.

Charan is waiting faithfully for that supreme moment with all his devotion. After that he shall no more sing, 'where is the end, what lies ahead at the end of the road'. That is because Mahakaal has made known to Charan the result of that ever unknown end. That is why Charan remains unperturbed by the contemporary developments evincing all consuming public interest, rather it makes him indifferent and gives him the supreme satisfaction of what has never been experienced before.

Jayasree, Falgun, 1383
6 March, 1977.

'O companion on my journey I salute thee again and again'

Charan feels really happy today. He has arrived with a gramophone and records of Mahakaal's favourite songs. Mahakal had been expressing his desire to listen to those songs to Charan for quite some time. But for worthless Charan, totally unorganised, had been utterly unable to cater to Mahakaal's desire of listening to those songs. Shyama Puja (Kali Puja) was approaching, hence Charan had brought a lot of records with songs sung by renowned singers from Bengal. His favourite songs included songs by Kana Kesto, 'Mon Chalo nijo niketane' (Mind, come to where you really belong) composed by Swami Vivekananda],-----Charan why don't you sing that

song--- this had been his order since ages, and worthless Charan's lame excuses had been " I don't know', 'Couldn't learn it', etc. Today it was an occasion for great joy, songs were being played on the gramophone one after the other.

The Gramophone had long stopped playing, Charan had started singing Mahakal's favourite song 'Dhana dhanye pushpe bhara amader ei basundhara' ('Full of flowers and grains, this lovely land of ours') ---- the song ended---Mahakal said " This body is for getting this heard" "This love of brother and mother" is more true for villages than it is for towns." 'Charan drew this picture in my mind's eye, the most beautiful thing in the world. the picture of Bengal's villages of my time. I nurture this picture in the innermost corner of my heart".
The indifferent Mahakal made a deeply significant statement---'This is my last birth as a human being. I shall not be born in human form again.'

The sensation of something warm touched Charan, suddenly he came back to his senses. As he slept in his miserable bed at night he dreamt of Mahakal's dream having come to reality, and he felt such bliss the next day and went on chanting 'Om' in the backdrop of the previous night's dream.

The very own son of Mother Bengal Mahakaal years for conversation in Bengali today. A little bit of conversation, some songs in Bangla gives him limitless pleasure.
While talking Mahakaal sang two lines—

'Eso Nipobone chhayabithi tole eso' -- (Come hither in the woods with blooming lotuses, sit in the shade of the trees)-- If you would like to call something my life companion, then speak to me in Bengali I shall listen to it whole day. I can then stay without food or drink.'

"There are some ***Hospitals*** where ***patients*** are made to sing. This has been practised in our country long ago. There are some Raginis (Indian classical melodies) whose ***Records*** if played gives a harvest of up to two and a half times that of normal."
"Those who have practised the art of classical music they have realised that if it is practised regularly, ***self control, power,*** and joy comes ***automatically. Chest diseases will be cured, throat and chest*** shall remain in ***top condition***. The correct pronunciation of 'Aum' stimulates three centres that are *vital.* Repeated uttering of the mantra cures all diseases of those three vital areas. This is Devpranab."

"I shall not tell you Devipranab. There are six Mahashakti Veej mantras (mantras invoking 6 primordial powers). ***Repeat*** either these six mantras consecutively or just one of them repeatedly, you shall immediately feel the ***influence***. There are seven Veejmantras (primordial mantras) including 'Aum'. The seven Veej Mantras are a combination of Purusha (Male divine power) and Shakti (female divine power) . The seven Veej Mantras shall ***vibrate*** the seven ***vital*** centres These are ***prophylactic and therapeutic, preventive and curative*** **as well."**

"The ***heart will vibrate vigorously*** when you chant the mantras. The last 'ng' is nasal, as a result ***respiration is purified. Oxygen gets purified*** as it goes in."

"The throat, palate, nose, and the upper part of the ***heart*** gets ***vibrated***. Respiratory system including the lungs and the ***digestive system*** get healed.
Rectum and ***Anus*** will be healed.

All diseases of the ***Liver, Spleen, Stomach*** and ***Intestine*** will be cured.

If only the seven Veej Mantras are chanted regularly the body gets healed. If not daily chanting on certain auspicious days does a lot of good to the practitioner.

Days are being passed in deep and unexpressed pain. At one time there had been no expression, the pain had been felt only internally, after that came forth the waves, as if a dam had burst, the tide ushered in a new day. But there was no thought for the one who had not come, no artist had that 'creative mind' for him, as a result nothing tangible took shape, except frustration, cumulated frustration, taking hold of the public psyche like the tentacles of an octopus; trading of charges back and forth, mutual mudslinging, sans any motivating idea. Nobody ever dwelt on the aspect of addressing the core problems and their remedy. What else can be expected when grabbing power and holding on to it anyhow is the end all and be all of every endeavour in life? The basis for formation of political parties is crass factionalism, there being no place for people with integrity of character or ideals in it. Therefore this is being reflected in every sphere of activity of the political parties and hence the state. The common man observes these activities all the time and his mentality and thoughts are shaped accordingly. So the conclusions he draws are based in this petty realities, beyond which he is unable to think. Charan however cannot bring himself to this line of thinking. Those who have dedicated their lives on the altar of ideals and mission, they may not be many in number but the contribution of their silent work is by no means insignificant. Mahakaal shall be vindicated through the power of this silent struggle and sacrifice. Out of necessity of the laws of creation, none shall ever know about the silent sacrifice of the workers behind the scenes. Ten years ago the future scenario Mahakaal had depicted before the Deshnetri which she in turn narrated to Charan, according to Charan's recollection went thus- the reappearance shall be heralded by clashes with the red shirts (leftist forces) of every hue along with the nationalist forces, along with the ultimate decline of the pseudo red socialist internationalism, India shall gradually ascend and reach the pinnacle of power and glory.

At times Mahakaal expresses himself, making known his mundane tastes, likes and dislikes, but in reality he belongs to another world, to which he returns every now and then in course of his conversations. Mired in the earthly needs, miseries and want, Charan and his friends find themselves unable to merge themselves in the flow of thoughts that emanate from the rarefied stratosphere of the spiritual kingdom that Mahakaal resides in. But are those little glimpses anything less? There is no *attachment* in Mahakaal's thoughts, Charan thinks had it been possible for him to recollect the events of his previous life, it might have made the understanding and interpretation of the present events and life somewhat easier. Mahakaal had once even remarked,' Express all events of your previous lives as and when possible'.
' The seeds of the present was sown when I went to Daulatpur. It was after I went there i learnt what was ***Activity*** was taking place behind the curtains. It was my tutor who took me there. At

that time one aspect of my intellect was underdeveloped. I had to do all the writing work in the College magazine. And Professor Oaten was the ***Chief*** of the magazine. '

The same incident, which many people have narrated in many different ways, but the pleasure of listening to the episode from the horse's mouth and narrating it for the benefit of the nation is limitless----

' Whatever had to happen happened within the time I went in and came out of the library. At the dead of night a respectable lady narrated the event ---- and said that this was the incident---initially I had exclaimed 'Oh no!'. I was puerile, so for good or bad, I had some principles in me. She implored of 'Su' to save her son----my mouth clamped shut and no one could open it. The greatly respected Sir Ashutosh---to whom I pay my obeisances repeatedly tried hard to get me to talk, but he couldn't. In my ***Immature*** mind the words 'please save my son' rang repeatedly. ---therefore once silent a thousand times silent! I had read in the Mahabharata where truth could harm or kill someone it is best to ***keep quiet*** rather than lie. If someday there is a tremendous outpouring (of words) maybe I shall silently write his name. One day she cried out to my mother 'Su' has got framed (because of my son). My father got furious."

Charan was singing

"O fellow wayfarer of mine!
Do take a bow from this fellow traveller!"

"What is the whole idea behind this? What does the poet want to convey?' Charan said the poet was expressing the eternal phenomenon of moving onward. He replied --" If you anchor your boat in the middle of the river you shall find that the river is flowing ceaselessly, without stopping. The parting, the hardness, is all within you, once you get over your illusion, you shall realise the river has embraced you with her endless motherly love. There is nothing sad, nothing hard about the motherly love of the river, these are nothing but illusions created by your own mind and its delirious state."

"Man knows nothing. What does he know after all!"

One day in Borneo--there are many places in Borneo which are thick with forests and islands which remain unexplored---a peculiar animal, which has a trunk like that of an elephant--- and two wings like that of a bird---almost three to four cubits long and with four fee, its toes like that of a thunderbird---the lower end of its legs like that of a goat, and its body resembling that of a ***Royal Bengal Tiger.*** Its wings are like that of the mythological Pakshiraj horse (The horse that pulled Ramchandra;s chariot through the skies in Ramayana) ---and its eyes like that of a man eating crocodile. Crocodiles are of two varieties- man eaters and those that do not eat humans. They are to be found in those densely wooded islands of ***Central and Eastern Borneo*** towards the sea. The ***Zoo Director*** of Djakarta knows this. There are a lot of ***prehistoric*** creatures to be found here. Nobody usually ventures in these areas."

"I have a lot of bad habits, if someone writes something or sings me a song a lot of questions come up in my mind, I analyse. When you sing, I try to relate to your life and mind through your song ."

Mahakaal relates successfully indeed, and that is why Charan enters another world, another dimension at those moments, and he experiences those moments of meeting in his thoughts, like the other day it happened in a dream. Not only Charan, this experience shall occur to many in this country if they are able to immerse themselves in the thought of Mahakal.
"Days and nights follow each other in a continuous rhythm---- ***ever-flowing***. The ***Mother Earth*** rests in time and *space*. ***Mother Earth is spinning in space.*** Motion--means the same as time. ***What is motion—motion*** is another name for ***vibration.***

The earth's revolution is so ***tremendous*** that it cannot be properly understood.

The earth is moving in ***space***. The earth does not ask ***space*** to acknowledge its obeisance to the cruelty of loving union.

The earth is not saying anything. The earth is located in the emptiness of ***space***. There is something all around your ***solar system*** and much more around it known as the ***Milky Way.*** And within the ***Milky Way*** you are moving along with hundreds of thousands of planets, big and small, within the motion of time.

"***The whole creation, the entire creation*** is held in place by time, which in turn is held together by motion. There is a ***vibration*** in all this. *What is* ***vibration--vibration itself is the mother of all creation, everything. Vibration is life and death is also vibration.*** You are a sum-total of ***vibrations***. Someone who is sitting on the bed is also a mass of ***vibrations.*** Your home is also a ***solid*** manifestation of ***vibrations.*** The skies, the winds, are all various manifestations of ***vibrations***. The actual name of ***vibrations*** is Prana. ***This is the Alpha and Omega of everything seen and unseen, comprehensible or incomprehensible.*** This Prana is ***force.*** this force ***encircles vibration. The entirety of unlimited creation, it is floating, it is being supported, it is being shaped, reshaped and altered by this*** Pranashakti. Its ***vortex*** is somewhat ***eggshaped.*** To begin with it was one big ***sphere*** which ruptured by the force of vibration. You are situated in one ***sphere*** and the rest in another. Prana envelopes both the ***spheres***. Whatever is happening within these two ***spheres is being recorded there***. Kala (time) is constantly vibrating. Whoever ***vibrates*** possesses motion, and whoever possesses motion has a rhythm. This Prana is like a firefly in the night.

Mahakaal, courtesy his lifelong spiritual practices does not need to be served any news or secret message, because he knows where and how all events on earth are being ***recorded.*** He consults and reads effortlessly whatever is relevant for him.

"Your own body is a ***whole universe.*** Within your body there are rivers, mountains, hills and plains, fertile lands, sun, moon, winds, with life, death and everything happening. At every moment there are lakhs of living beings taking birth and dying in your body. Your body was created by Pranashakti-- ***Vibration. Vibration shapes*** your body from head to foot. Prana is

called ***Life force*** in English. This Prana shakti is being ***Vibrated*** within you. The Pranashakti is entering your body from *space* and is going out the next moment in a flash----***Space***--is an ocean of Prana. Small ***Vibrations*** are entering your body and going out. This is going on ***Day and night***. Your time of death depends on when Prana stops entering your body.

All that has been described in ***space*** comes back to its original position after completing a revolution. The entire universe is revolving, after Satyayug comes Dwapar, Treta, Kali Yug, etc; followed by Satya Yug once again. This is why the Shastras quote ***Nothing dies.*** After constantly revolving a time will come when there will be a massive explosion of Pranashakti and ***everything will be obliterated***----only the pulsation shall remain. And ***everything gets themselves--dissolved and concentrated as a single mighty atom***. This wonderful moment has been depicted in the famous Nasadiya Sukta of Rig Veda."

Charan is ignorant in Sanskrit, he has not studied the Vedas and the Upanishads, and Mahakal has read, analysed and made a comparative study of all the great religious texts in this world. Therefore when Mahakal discusses the core principles of these religious texts, he feels lost in the jargon of religious words. He feels the presence of the revolutionary seer Anil Roy would have been more appropriate.

"Nasadasinno sadasi odanang nasidrajo no vyomo paroyat.
Kimavareevah kuh kasya sharmmannambhah kee masidgahanang gabhiram.
Namrityurasidamritang na tarhi na ratrya ahla asit praketah
Annedavatang swadhyatadekang tasmadwanyannaparah kinchanasa."

Rig Veda 10.129.1-2.

Everything ends there, everything then suspended. Pulsation remains at only one point. Within that one point everything is present in a ***tremendously concentrated*** form. Kal ***ends,*** time ***ends,*** the sky, winds, space, Mahakal, Prana, Mahaprana, everything gets dissolved and ***concentrated*** into that one point.'

"Ma, Ma, I shall speak no more, by body is trembling…..ascending somewhere high up, ---let me descend". For sometime there was total silence, Charan and all his companions, sat silently in awe, speechless.

Mahakaal started again, picking up the thread of his discourse-- Frequency, Frequency, since the frequency of your pulsation is lower than **mine *you are engulfed by my pulsation.*** The one who has conquered this pulsation has the power over life and death. This motion, this ***Vibration,*** this Kal. Mahakal has painted the image of our adored Nataraj and the dancing Mahakali in the sky. The Pranashakti too has *particles,* it has ***atoms and molecules***. This Pranashakti creates everything. The constituent particles of this universe are ***molecules. Particles.***
Brahmanda = Egg of Brahma (microcosmos) because it is ***eggshaped.*** The *shape* that envelopes the mega *shape* of countless crores of Brahmandas in creation = Mahakaal and Mahakali. That is why Kali is dancing on the bosom of Kala. I am there alone--- I shall create that Prana in countless crores of forms. With this power shall arise one after the other ***sphere, the density of the sphere*** is functioning and ***photos*** are being taken of whatever is happening. There is one

part at the top of the ***sphere,*** another below, day and night, time, is created. sun, moon, space, Bhuolok, Mahalok, Swalok, Janalok, Tapolok, Satyalok, everything has been created. ' Yatha Purvang akalpaya' (as it was previously conceived). Talatal, atal, bital, sutal, nital, rasatal.
All these can be observed as you ascend upwards or sink downwards within your own self, you can signal them you can mention them ***allegorically.*** But it is insolence to speak of such things. Sages, the dust of whose feet i am not fit to touch have stopped short of describing these things. 'Abang Manasa Gochar' (Perceived by the mind's eye but not spoken about).
If you chant one particular mantra continuously, or repeat someone's name in the same ***modulation*** **and** ***sound volume*** **,** it creates a ***vibration*** within you, that spreads from your feet to the ends of your hairs. That ***vibration*** shall emanate from the centre of your shikha (Stump of hair in the occiput-an ancient Hindu practice) and if you do not stop that ***vibration*** it will reach its ***destination,*** that is the origin of the ***Vibratory source.*** The moment the vibration reaches the ***Source*** the power of that mantra will be manifest before you and it will be said that the Sadhaka has met the deity he worships.

'The God of your heart demands dedication. He wants everything to be dedicated to him. And how beautiful that acceptance is! When the devotee dedicates his knowledge, ignorance, deeds, misdeeds, present and future at his feet the God of his heart draws up the devotee with all his love and affection to his breast. The devotee, admirer, sadhaka obtains the company of his worshipped God. The worshipped God draws up the devotee who has divested himself of all that was his. And the onlookers see the devotee has become one with the worshipped. Who gave and who obtained? The one who prayed for has become the donor and the donor has become the recipient. The God of the devotee's heart transformed himself into his devotee and the devotee metamorphosed into the God himself! What a transformation! How will those who have not seen this miraculous transformation appreciate it? The worshipper becomes the deity and the deity becomes the worshipper. This is the miracle of the worshipped deity. Onlookers will say ***what a transformation, what a climax,*** etc. Actually there is nothing of either ***climax or transformation*** in it. It is the spark that merges within the huge flame, and people do not understand these matters.

If you say it is the worshipper who is blessed, I would rather say that it is the worshipped deity who is blessed. The worshipped deity says, I have always yearned for the love of my worshipper, to quench my thirst for divine love, for I do not get to taste it often. He quenches his thirst with the divine love of the worshipper. And the deity says, blessed I am.
Even after one breaks free from mundane bondages he has to cross ten *stages* before he merges into his worshipped God. If someone asks him at this stage, whom have you found?--- the worshipper would say, I have found myself.

'O companion in my journey I salute thee again and again.' the entire cyclical saga in whose context this song has been sung concludes thus.

Scientists of NASA are saying that we are not the only civilization around. Because strange signals constantly keep coming which say 'we are there'. Whether you admit it or not, however much you try you shall not be able to destroy this earth.

Had I not engaged myself in activity in the Horizon, I would have taken you to a place. Though lakhs of people are regularly going there, there is a hidden place there-- long ago when the earth was younger some such ***convulsions*** took place that split the earth to pieces. ***And I know the place.*** I do not disclose it because if someone gets to own the place he shall become the ***Incarnate of Mars and Saturn.*** He shall become their combined representative.
So you understand had I been an enemy of this earth I would have asked you to dig up the place immediately.

It is your own Bharatvarsha on which the ***Iliad*** was written. Its proof is a Pharaoh. When he died, his mother buried him on the edge of your country to keep his dead body from falling in the hands of his sworn enemies.

By Ma Kali's boundless grace it has not been touched by the villains of the present day.
Abruptly the topic changes. In the context of our neighbour the indifferent man, enlightened knower of the shastras, hardens grimly. The rhythm gets broken----

"If I now speak about Bangladesh and why this newborn nation may not .....But take it from this inhabitant of the distant horizon, ***I say the sayings of the doers and digest.***
This is the man in whose statements and questions there is no scope for questions or doubts. He is the doer and he is the cause.
Once again the indifferent mendicant ----is lost in his horizon----' I have forgotten that this instrument (body) is mine. As long as I am not reminded of this fact the player of this instrument will play it.'

Jayasree, Shravan, 1384
August 20, 1977.

"With torn leaves I adorn my boat"

Before beginning to write this article Charan had come to know of an blueprint of the global political situation and future events from a slip of paper which he obtained from the revolutionary Deshnetri ---which he cannot locate today, it had crept up from the heap of papers lying around with Charan, and it seems to have disappeared without a trace. He was desirous of recovering that blueprint of global events to come.

Nevertheless Charan expresses what has been repeated several times in Mahakal's inimitable style. –

"Do whatever one can and try as much as one might----

There is absolutely no darned power (on Earth) which can, or shall be able to, reverse-or-check The Dead's swirling—onwards and achieving his ends....."

Prolonged absence, prolonged incommunicado existence was suddenly followed by establishment of contact , despite many attempts to establish contact by the Deshnetri through several sources and means went abegging owing to selfish, jealous and personal greed and ego, this re-establishment of contact in the sixties became possible in spite of apparently insurmountable odds. The completely devoted and Deshnetri renounced literally everything and devoted herself in the service of her mentor, the great renunciate monk Mahakal. Charan intends to pen down some of the mutual expressions between the utterly dedicated and devoted one and her adored deity.

Charan wants to remind those who read his apparently listless writings or those who have the inclination to do so that they will not be able to make sense out of the Mahakal's words unless they delve into it with all their heart and soul and elevate themselves at par with his thoughts. It is Charan's gut feeling that Mahakal's words cannot be analysed with dour mundane logic, rationale and analysis.

At one point of time after the unexpected reunion following prolonged existence without any contact Mahakaal stated:

"I have cried in my previous life as well; under many circumstances. For many people when I felt like crying I could not hold back my tears, but after some time I felt as if my tears had all dried up. I do not have anyone to cry for, there is none, I am absolutely alone. I am forever alone. Thinking myself to be mercilessly alone, I derived a sense of cruel and hard peace, I used to feel relieved, absolutely relieved. You are completely alone in this world, you have no one, will never have anyone to call your own. You light a dry and lifeless fire----blast it--- crush it--- produce an earthquake or cause a volcano to erupt, you shall have to worry for nobody again'. I used to laugh aloud…..but now I see that I can cry for somebody. How strange!!"

"My needs? I myself have no idea of my earthly needs. To whom shall I speak of my needs? Who will listen and understand my needs? No one, there's no one----there will never be anyone. No no no , there is no need for anybody's laughter, shedding tears, there's nothing to pull back this mendicant. No more…..after having come the long riverine course in my life, I am now standing at the edge of the ocean: only waiting for the time when the tide from infinity shall take me along with it, into the lap of the infinity."

No no I have not committed anything wantonly on anyone, neither have I done it nor am I capable of doing it. . Ma Kali herself bears witness to this!"

" It is true that I have no other ***initiative*** than the mission of my life, that only myself, rather we have to ----- fulfil (if Ma Kali Janani Janmabhoomi wills it, before my death) in my hands."
"Only the ***initiative*** and the ***consummation*** of the mission is in our hands. ***Consummation*** of the mission will certainly happen. Nobody can stop it from happening. Happen it will----even if I die."

Mahakal wrote in reply to a letter…"Thanks for the letter you wrote and sent through the gentleman bearer…..I received it intact. I read it and thought about it. Shall I say something?.... You have to admit that "social etiquette" has to be adhered to if you are to live in a society. But truly speaking, what is "social etiquette"? Aren't ***"social etiquette and courtesy" and Hypocrisy*** **synonymous? "**

"And the exchange of ***ceremonies-of civility*** is needed amongst ***Civil Beings"***.

"But am I one of them? I know that I am not. Yes I am not "that". Perhaps, you may ask, what, then, I am ?? So shall you say that I am an ***Illusion-- A Phenomenon,*** or.."
In case I reply "Yes, I am something like that"---- Will it be far too wrong? Will it be way off the mark? ***Illusion!!***

In case you analyse it from another perspective you may realise the import of this statement.

Is a Phenomenon, an Illusion, in any way less than God? And what do we know of God that is not an illusion? How could we know God?"
What we can know are certain attributes, isn't it? ***We can recognise the unavoidable, we can recognise the ultimate. The final-and-complete-unfailing-negation --beyond which there is no question and there are no further answers……***
And because of this I am Dead….. Am (my) Death is the only recognizable form of the God (Kali), only a complete knowledge of non-being is a true knowledge of God (Kali). All other talk of the supreme being is superficial and false.

[The 100% true meaning of ***Illusion*** , ultimate meaning = ***Death = Non being =*** you know this much, perhaps?]
That is why I was saying: you keep this genteel array of expressions carefully preserved for them (the gentry) . It is advisable not to keep them for me. The words that you hear emanating from the depths of your heart are the words of Ma Kali. With those words arising from the core, ***spontaneously,*** what you want is "child-like --innocent---joy" comprising "divine bliss".
Have you ever praised a five year old with love and affection for something well and perfectly done?

That child in all his divine and innocent joy looks up at you in your eyes and his face lights up so pleasantly, his face brightens up in a beautiful glow that cannot be described: his eyes lighten up with an intense joy and pride---- becomes ***"Deeply s-o-f-t"*** and radiant.
He feels your heartfelt praise! Perhaps as if in a dream he will touch you with his hands ---holding you, or may keep his face on your lap : or perhaps, giving himself heart and soul through his eyes he will run to his mother or elder sister to pour out the joy in his heart to them like the gushing of water from a spring.

There is no "civility" in it. There is no facade of etiquette. There is truth divine ----beautiful---*God*----Ma Kali.
There "….I am not capable of such intense heartfelt thoughts…..I am only trying to do my duty….."

In today's world, the spontaneous and deep undercurrents of emotion all but dried up. So therefore, if emotions of spontaneity flow towards you, do immerse yourself in it.
That slip of paper could not be traced----but another torn note was found which Charan feels necessary to *Record* here. Charan does not know when he shall lose track of it in course of his listless and vagabond life.

Minister,
Information and Broadcasting, India,
New Delhi
4th December, 1965.

Dear Shri Kamath.

In my desire not to take more time in the House, I did not mention certain points which I should like to convey to you.

My father was sometimes irritated with Netaji but his irritation was the kind that one might feel for the younger brother if he does something of which one does not fully approve. But apart from this he had regard and even affection for him.

It was he who made a very special effort to popularise 'Jai Hind' slogan and we find that with his going it is being used less and less. But I am impressing on all our workers and at my meetings that this is the best slogan for us and should not be given up. At the time of the INA trials, there were strong opinions amongst our leaders of the Congress that we should not interfere and take up this question. It was my father who insisted and fully identified himself with their cause…..

Yours sincerely

Sd/- Indira Gandhi

Shri H.V. Kamath, M.P.
New Delhi.

This letter and the buried ***Capsule*** with history having been recorded for posterity however tell a different tale. It is deeply regrettable that a particular power hungry family could never realise that no power on earth with all devious means at its command could or shall ever be able to stop or suppress the leadership and endeavors of a great mendicant from India. And some of his own family members became accomplices in this heinous conspiracy out of lust for money. History shall judge, and the day of judgement is not far off.

"After a rough-and-tumble for some time you shall start moving for the better---you shall begin changing for the better after the rough-and-tumble ends----soon".
"You shall be able to know three things about the Dragon's country. (1) Extreme (2) ***Medium*** and (3) usual. ------ You shall be pleased with the developements in ***Eastern Europe.*** Those of your opposite side shall grimace". Precise and small comments-- bearing immense significance

though when analysed in the backdrop of global events. Ignorant Charan and his companions find themselves out of their depths trying to fathom the underlying significance of his utterances. That is why they pester Mahakal time and again with questions, to which he listens patiently, at times he replies briefly, at other times he simply nods in disagreement. At times he portrays a detailed and complex picture of the mysterious world that the listeners get overwhelmed under its sheer weight. After one or two hints about future events, he gets impatient and says "I have told you this not just once or twice, and how many times need I tell you this----- you can never grow strong one someone else's strength. Come what ***Sacrifice*** we have to make, we shall have to grow strong on our own, not on someone else's strength. " Mahakal is indifferent about the final consummation before it actually occurs. The opportunities of leisurely conversation between Charan and Mahakal after the consummation will be very limited, because that shall be another scenario altogether. That is why Mahakaal prefers discussing topics such as; spiritual quest (Sadhana), philosophy of life, personality development, self actualisation, in the short interim period. Charan feels that in the forthcoming intense and brightly illuminated days of the future the countrymen shall have to be much more conscious and active in striving for their own spiritual developement.
"If Ma (Mother Kali) did not make me lead the life that I am now leading and led me through the mundane path that you are treading I would have taken control of the ground [earth]. It is not too difficult for me to take control of the ground."

"You have had incarnations in previous bodies before you took the present one. The ***Entire span*** of your journey since creation till the present is accurately recorded at a point in your body. After you attain a certain degree of ***mastery*** over all the bodily centres after relentless practice of yoga and then you ***activate that centre*** the entire sage ***commencing from your primordial journey*** shall unfold before you. I am not in favour in keeping ***all pigeon holes cluttered up*** with ***unnecessary material***. Only four things out of whatever I think and do are being *tied* up and accumulated.

At this point of time Mahakal, annoyed at some untoward behaviour of one of the listeners said "Know this for certain that nobody in this world had or will ever have the privilege of listening to whatever you are hearing In this respect those who are my ***Co actors*** know of the entire ***Drama*** and their role as my ***Co Actors*** in that drama and the question does not arise regarding any need of my companions to discuss their roles with each other. There is no question of their narrating this ***Drama*** to anyone else, and nobody else will tell you whatever you hear from me. This is because my companions do not need to narrate all this to you. There is no scope of introduction, acquaintance or knowing each other. Out of that group one ***actor*** is narrating you something by virtue of having known you personally. And you only have yourselves to blame if you do not listen to it carefully and analyse it by applying your intelligence. The ***Narrator*** was under ***no obligation*** to tell you all this. He did so out of sheer affection for you all. These {spiritually} highly placed people come to know of these matters by dint of rigorous spiritual practice and razor sharp discernment which they would not have known otherwise, and you are listening to all this right ***from the horse's mouth,*** who is to blame if you drag your feet in ***collecting*** them?"

Only after I came to know of all this coming down from Samadhi and having experienced all these ***practically*** did I realise why these masters behaved strangely while in Samadhi. Samadhi does not mean the final liberation. It is not liberation from bodily needs. You shall require food after the very moment you come out of Samadhi. When a Yogi has attained the state of Samadhi ***he is not above the requirements of upkeeping his physical body***. There are a lot of hassles in this. If he says I am leaving this body now the body will instantly throw back the challenge daring him to do it. That is another matter altogether. The one who has gone into the state of Samadhi shall have to open his eyes one day, after descending down from the state of Samadhi. There are several stages even after Samadhi. This is the reason why Sri Sri Thakur [Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa] used to come down from the state of Samadhi and used to remain in a state resembling lunacy. He used to have easy Samadhi because being devoid of mundane education he had a child-like faith and did not have to carry the heavy baggage of mundane intellect, and waves of spiritual currents flowed effortlessly in him. Hence at the very sights and sounds he used to have Bhava Samadhi followed by Sahaja Samadhi. Sahaja Samadhi means innate Samadhi. Thakur had Sahaja Samadhi because he had done the spiritual spadework in his previous incarnation, so he actually started off from where he had left, and his spiritual ascent was relatively easy after he was once well set on course. The problem is that though I should tell you all this, it might hurt the sentiments of someone who is respected or beloved of mine by contradicting what he or she has stated beforehand. He or she might think what was, after all my need to say all this, I could have as well not done so. That is why I do not say many of these things to you.

At times I utter a lot of gibberish to myself. Jagadamba- Jagadim-Jigidim-. Perhaps I am chanting this for over an hour, that is the 'egg of this world' ['Jagater Dim' in Bangla] as if the egg hatches and the world comes out. This is why I have no dearth of playmates. 'With torn leaves I adorn my boat'-- I play around with the torn pages and chapters from my past life. Like a child unmindful, carefree. I am also a resident, a wayfarer of the horizon. I am an eternal wayfarer of the horizon. My vehicle is akin to a raft made of the drifting clouds. Life, companions, whereabouts of companions, there is nothing anywhere.

It's not only one or two, many are there on the horizon who belong to my motherland. Perhaps they nurture a ***special*** feeling of oneness, Among them there are ***more than 3/4th*** who are there with their families. Because of the fact that they are compatriots, the feelings of oneness are intense among them. They are willing to pour out their heart and soul and to assuage the feelings of solitude in me. Their internal discussions to this end are non stop. ***Thus far and no further***. these thoughts, these ideas and these discussions are only to be limited among themselves, of which they are well aware. They know that if somehow these discussions ever reach me that would make the solitude even more unbearable for me. ***The relationship vis a vis collectively with them.*** I do not want to lord it over them like the *so-called leaders*. There are ***more than half a dozen of mine*** ever ready ***with the same identically functionally with me.'*** If at this moment I am not there there is someone ready to take my place. ***As smooth as oil***. Would this have been the case had I been your supremo? 'I have the key to everything' - I am devoid of this vanity.

Truly if I had someone of my own in this world they would never have had this deep-rooted sense of oneness with me.

In how many different voices are these words constantly resonating throughout the country! The enemies of the country, the assassins of everything that is good for the country are relentlessly hearing this ominous drumbeat. Charan wants to convey to all, believers and non believers alike, in the voice of Mahakaal—

There is always a voice saying the right thing to you somewhere----If you only listen to it….. And if and when you, Charan, shall know to listen and grasp; then it is wonderful what strength of purpose and boldness and energy of will are aroused by the assurance that we are doing our duty.

*As for me? **"There is nothing so fatal to character---as half finished TASKS. ……."And I know that, the truly illustrious are they who do not quote the praise of the world, but perform the actions which deserve it"***

My name has been ---------struck off from the register of living human beings.

Jayasree, Aswin, 1384

September, 1977.

'It appeared thus in my dream'

Charan has settled down to write quietly to fulfil his promise. He had been in the midst of a personal turmoil for the last few days. Ego had taken firm root in him unawares. It was Mahakal's voice that shook him to his senses and the unpardonable all pervading guilt had almost goaded him to stop writing for good. But one thinks that would also have been another manifestation of ego. Charan, of late, had been spending his days in intense introspection and self doubts. Thirty years have passed, the secret mode of the transfer of power tainted with the dark stains of compromise have ground to dust all national pride, policies and principles. For long it has been all demagoguery and misrule. Helpless people still lose lives of cold in winter. And neighbours and influential locals face endless hassles to cremate the dead, for in the last thirty years there has sprung up a plethora of rules and regulations not to help, but to harass the common folk. People have simply lost their sense of direction.

The vedas of the new age is 'Mahakaal Kathan' [words of Mahakaal], which Charan presents on the basis of his hearing, probably with errors creeping in for his inaccuracies in reproducing the same. Charan pleads innocence for his inadvertent and unintended errors.

Charan shall continue to present Mahakaal's words thus acknowledging his unintended errors and his regrets thereof to the best of his ability. Charan hopes that the reader with his faith and devotion shall imbibe the sense Charan wants to convey through his presentation.
Charan wants to state categorically and unhesitatingly that the great life which had made its beginning in '1897', that great being and Mahakaal and the one and the same. But there is a difference of heaven and earth between the national leader of that day and the Mahakal of today. But Charan shall not elaborate on this difference as he feels he is not competent to do so.

'Nobody in this world can soothe anyone into forgetting something altogether. Lord Shiva is called 'Bholanath'. Human beings pretend to forget things with a purpose. That is, one deceives oneself into forgetting something. A man is lulled into complacency through his own thoughts. A flower does not cast a spell on someone but it is his own thoughts on seeing the flower that allows the flower to cast a spell on him. One look at his mother makes him all smiles and he hugs his mother. Adopting the nature of a son he looks at himself through the ***Reflecting*** surface who is his mother, and he pleases himself with the most pleasant thoughts. Nobody lulls someone else into believing something. . The only difference being ---- the one who can lull oneself completely ***100%*** is Bholanath himself. The entire ***Circus*** of Mother [Ma Kali] is to wake Bholanath up and make him come to his senses. This is why Baba is the eternally constant Mahakaal. An endless ocean, endless passage of time is Mahakal and the dancing form on this eternal Mahakaal is Kali. Mahakaal, Mahakash [eternal space], Mahashiva {the great Shiva], Shiva. "Mahakaaler kole ese Gouri holen Mahakali' [Gouri metamorphosed into Mahakali after coming into the lap of Mahakaal] is a favourite song of mine. ' Ananta shunyer majhe baje amar hasikanna' [In the endless space rings my crying and laughter].

'What a life! No home, no hearth, no family, no known or unknown ones, no belongings, no baggage, period! How wonderful, Ma {Mother Kali] has rendered me completely free! She has kept nothing that shall make me sad when it's time to die!'

The job of this beggar is ***Consummation of his ordained mission. It does not matter*** what happens to him ***personally***. I believe that the ***Brute terror of armed strength, brute terror of war*** is major Surgery. This ***Surgery*** is necessary only for specific purposes and for a limited period. ***For general purposes and for all times*** it is destructive. ***Tragedy*** strikes if the *Surgeon* gets addicted to applying his therapy, if the ***Surgeon*** does not step aside from performing ***Surgery*** beyond the point it is absolutely necessary. In that case ***he becomes a terror***. The convention is for the ***Surgeon*** to hand over care of the patient after ***Surgery to the General Practitioner*** who manages the patient conservatively with his extensive knowledge and understanding.

…."If you can rouse this ***intelligentsia*** it shall serve purpose. I do not want to do any ***whitewashing;*** do you know there is so much revolution in the air in Bengal? Deep in my heart I do believe that ***Bengal and Mother Kali are synonymous. Mother Kali***--- the meaning is immense.

When the cumulative powers of good of the Gods and Goddesses was exhausted, they had to bow their heads before Asuric (Demoniac) evil and broke down helplessly in utter defeat and asked for succour from the higher powers, the spiritual powers from the beings of the highest stratum came out and formed a concentrated fireball of immeasurable energy which transformed itself into Ma [Mother] Durga. The power of evil is greater than the power of good; Ma frowned in great anger and the ***concentrated*** form of that divine rage radiated out from in between her eyebrows in the form of Ma Kali. The ***Status*** above them is that of Mahakali. The highest spiritual force trifurcated itself and presented itself in three forms, Mahakali, Mahalakshmi and Mahasaraswati. There is some characteristic difference in the individual *spheres* of the three spiritual beings. In Mahalakshmi and Mahasaraswati there is some softness and mercy. In Mahakali there is no place for all this, such a ***concentrated*** form of energy she is. She is divine rage unchained. Her method is to mobilize everything from top to bottom and to carry everything before her in unstoppable power. So therefore it is my own feeling and understanding that ***Bengal and Kali are synonymous***. That is why at times I use the expression ***Durga Kali.*** But none has such beauty either. ***What is Kali****? Her* picture makes me laugh. The great and endless space---is Mahakal ----on his bosom dances Mahakali--it is because her dancing Hiranya Garbha (the mythical golden womb, the birthplace of the universe) is manifest. There are so many things that are ***concentrated*** into the minutest forms. The pollen grain is such a minute form. you can only perceive its fragrance when the flower is in full bloom. The head is above, and the foot is at the lower end of this massive form. This massive form has 12 ***spokes*** like those of a wheel. What is there in it? It is the receptacle of the minutest forms of matter of the entire universe. These twelve are the Adityas (Aditya- celestial sons of Aditi). Dwadashaditya (the twelve adityas). This creation is timeless, it is not mortal. It has continued, continued and shall continue. In the texts you read ----this creation is transient.

Jayasree, Pous, 1384.
January, 1978.

'Sleep my eyes know not'

Charan had embarked on the Sadhana of silence. Charan had immersed himself in silence to get a feel of the spiritual undercurrents from the great Sadhaka who was deeply engrossed in the ultimate Sadhana (spiritual quest) . What happened that the attempt that was made of writing history 18th of August 1945 onwards, in which the services of many of the country's so called intellectuals was enlisted, was suddenly debunked by the country's rulers and the ruled alike? --- reported by a news magazine. Several events happen apparently in a certain way whose extensive behind-the scenes-activities are completely hidden from the public eye. The laity is at times satisfied and at times restive with whatever is apparent and meets the eye. Recently the event of debunking a concocted history and throwing it in the ***waste paper basket*** failed to impress Charan. For Charan there is no importance of anybody's personal opinion. Mahakal has categorically stated that --- It needs to be said that------ ***death in the air crash*** is a ***concoction***.

Whether he is alive or not -----is ***redundant***----- there was no ***air crash*** on that day, it is concocted". Does the concoction still hold good after the leader's declaration? Charan could not find any satisfactory reply to this question. Again Mahakal in the context of the ***concoction:*** Something more on another day:--

'***The plane crash*** **is a** ***concoction***. Leave it at that. It shall remain limited to the ***concoction***. To ***undo the concoction*** the ***Govt*** shall have to speak out, like it did when it dug out the ***Capsule*** declaring that the *Govt* has made amends for the attempts that were made to distort history."

In course of discussion about another news item that came out in the contemporary newspapers, not that Mahakal was actually upset with it, but replying to the questions directed towards him by Charan and his companions----

'I had taken the vow of lifelong celibacy and before I was about to take the leap into death it's as if a snail beside the pond bit me.

With the ***S.S.(Secret Service)*** maintaining a strict vigil round the clock, the grinding work schedule kept me on my toes all the time, such were those months that I felt I was close to a physical and mental breakdown. When I was on the verge of this situation someone gestured towards me conveying the message 'you might try speaking to so and so and hope to get your job done'. Talking, we reached one end of the large hall and a few words were exchanged---the proposed ***plan*** has been sanctioned.

I hate to even talk about it. Can someone who is about to leap into fire be such a cruel murderer as to marry a woman just before he does that? And if a woman at all wants to enter into a relationship with such a man is it but not natural for the man to say 'well let me get over this impending perilous situation, we can think about it after it is all over'?

He left a newly married wife and a newborn baby and vanished! And the woman readily agreed to the situation! Since when did I start writing to Dada in Bangla? And the date, place of posting the letter at the bottom of the letter--- all this had never happened before.'

When a man undertakes to carry out a ***crucial hazardous*** mission, he can never enter into a relationship with a woman. Relationship with a woman at this point can spell disaster for that mission; to keep some ***national or international news foolproof*** you can only afford to let a single person be privy to the secret---if you involve more than one individual in it the game will be over. The mission will fail. '

The circumstances were such that Mahakal was made to talk about this despicable and concocted story. And Charan and his stunned companions had to listen to it in silence with bated breath. Hitherto whenever someone tried to broach the topic he had ' Never again should you bring up this vulgar matter, and never bring these books before me in future.' But on that day he spoke at length, perhaps out of deep pathos. In this contest his final comment was---

'The letter is a ***forgery***. Since early childhood there used to be a mangalik [auspicious Hindu sign, the Swastika] symbol at the top of the letter. It is but natural for a person associated with a great cause not to be preoccupied with his personal matters, and this is the hallmark of the messenger of Mahakal. The messenger of Mahakaal,, the eternal revolutionary, it was he who had delivered the news of Mahakaal's itinerary at the command of the Deshnetri defying inclement weather at a remote village of Bengal at the dead of night. Perhaps many would explain this action as youthful overenthusiasm. But when he, the same boy of the forties was once again called on to do duty for Mahakal sacrificing personal interest at the behest of the Deshnetri, later in his middle age at the peak of his professional career, fame, prestige and popularity he did not bat an eyelid before sacrificing everything at a single command of the Deshnetri for the sake of serving the cause of the greatest revolutionary Sadhaka (Mystique). Nobody knew of this event enacted behind the scenes, but this is the unalloyed truth of history----without thinking of his present and future he devoted himself physically, mentally and in every other way day to his task in and day out, completely shorn of any publicity or credit, without the slightest regret or dissatisfaction arising thereof. But the question arises in Charan's mind that if there is somewhere some trace of dissatisfaction and Mahakaal's servant harbours some sense of vanity within himself, his standing as a revolutionary falls short of perfection. There are so many revolutionaries who are clinging on to the faintest ray of hope, in their ears the words 'we shall meet, we shall work together and together we shall embark on our final journey' which Mahakal had told them before he had left this country still resonate, to this day the revolutionary remains steadfast and immutable.

But Mahakal is not bound within such mundane concerns. He is above the life of mortals, that is why he shifts the topic of discussion to another world. It is a discussion about eternal bliss Mahakal is engrossed in the discussion which is his source of everlasting joy. Neither is there any semblance of fatigue in it nor is there any relevance of the passage of time.
"The one who is able to treasure his old memories is rich of mind"

The ***finer your discernment*** is, the greater your ***wisdom*** grows. As ***wisdom*** gets more and more ***nourished***, you begin to ascend ***upper planes,*** and with your ***razor sharp discernment*** you can enter into the realm of abstract thoughts.

When you think of your childhood you need to try to think of even before that and what happened before that, and so on…..and when you get ***finally holed*** doing so you will gradually have the ***point finesse and, you will enter the intelligence which you knew when you were remaining in the foetus.***

The reason I am telling you is this--- a small point; your life does not comprise this incarnation alone, you call your lifetime only the stretch of road you are traversing at the moment. Your life does not comprise this stretch alone. Suppose your journey began 10,000 years ago. You perceive only a small part of the entire journey at a time, and your mind wanders and you are beside yourself in joy. Just think of the joy you shall experience when you get to know the entire path you have traversed till date.

There are endless types of energies having ***plasticity*** traversing the space.

Lying down supine with eyes closed think of worshipping your adored deity. Within sometime you feel increased energy in your body. This increase is because of the accumulation of that power within your body.

One day Mahakal was talking about his recent tour. ***"I had to undertake this hazardous solo journey by myself." Hazardous*** because there would be no one from the horizon to ***guard*** me or help me out. I had to go first to 'K', then to another place after traversing 'K',and crossing that place to a ***sea shore*** , to people in other countries who are my friends, after I had to tell all your neighbours that this is the last time, I would not be able to come again and again. One need not frown, when I ***crossed*** the ***line*** the road was so good, 6 beautiful ***lanes,*** it appeared as if I had landed on ***velvet***. As soon I stepped on this side of the border I started having nausea, vertigo and biliary problems. How do I tell you of my predicament! Out of ***Blind faith*** of childhood I started chewing Basil leaves and sucking lemon. I had given ***word*** to four people outside the horizon to come to inspect the work of the programme whose foundation had already been laid earlier.

Only he who has been exiled from love, affection and happiness understands how much these things are worth. How shall you realise this, it is not possible for you to realise this 'burden'. (Saying this Mahakaal broke down and started weeping uncontrollably). I am a Bengali and on top of that I am great.

So what will happen to the existence of the mendicant during the churning and after it is over? The Sadhaka from Bengal, indifferent and lost has sung,

'Do not be afraid, o aberrant one
I shall not ask for a Shawl or a Doshala [Sheet garment made of two shawls stitched into one]
From the attic to the horse carriage
And bags of money
Everyone begged and took away.
Everyone on earth has taken away everything from the bag of the poor mendicant. They have taken away everything, priceless gems and valuables, and for you he has nothing left but the cannabis leaves and the pipe to smoke it. "

In Mahakaal's gathering there is no prefixed agenda of discussion, at times personal, at times impersonal, at times mundane and at times the metaphysical.

"He does not want to bring anyone else at my place. At present he is mumbling he does not want to include anyone else. He has four ***assistants.*** He is entrusted with the responsibility of organising thirteen occasions in the twelve months in a year regardless of whether I am present or not. He is a Bhattacharya Brahmin. There is a ***team of my cooks.*** Among them he is an ***authority,*** a doctor of sorts. He doesn't take a seat before me, but in front of other Generals he sits with his legs on the table. He has a ***fad*** regarding me. Any ***poultry, chicken, ducks,***hen, partridge, dove, spotted dove, ***all sorts of poultry birds*** he roasts for me, he ritually lords over the *kitchen* with the others standing in attention outside, he is an ***expert*** in the art of ***roasting,***

it has so happened on occasion that I have arrived after twelve ***roasts*** were prepared. He keeps the roasted meat in an ***airtight container*** after which another roast is prepared.
Mr Bhattacharya initially proposed buffalo sacrifice. Bengalis do not take buffalo meat while others consume it with devotion. He says, what puja is this if the Mahishasura (buffalo demon) isn't sacrificed; I brought him from a place called Rangamati in Assam".

One day the topic of Arab Israeli relations came up in course of discussions in his gathering. "Your ***perspective*** and my ***perspective*** are entirely different in this matter. The Arabs have already fired the ***first shot*** when they declared that they would not allow Israel to ***exist***. Do the Arab countries have any ***roots***? They are all……..Where were the Arab nations before the ***Battle of Smyrna?*** They were all parts of the ***Ottoman Empire*** then. After the war the Caliph of Turkey divided them into fourteen states. The day on which ***Christ was crucified in Palestine the sky suddenly became dark and there were some constant tremors.*** Then all the Jewish womenfolk having kept their children in front of him were weeping and were begging for pardon from the one who hung nailed on the ***cross. Then*** Jesus said ***'Weep mothers of Jerusalem weep. Weep for your own selves, weep for your men folk, weep for your children for henceforth 2000 years, you shall roam over the world as a homeless tribe, living the life of utter degradation and servitude, despised by the whole world hated by everyone. Weep, mothers of Jerusalem weep for 2000 years. After that by the Mercy of My Father you shall and find your hearth and home. '***

Such was the kind gravity his words came out with that for a moment it appeared we were listening to the narration sitting at the feet of Jesus himself. The heart rending account from the distant past filled our hearts with deep pathos and tears.

"A *Jew* without exception harbours *fanatically unswerving faith* in his *religion and scriptures.* They have kept alive their *ancient culture as it is.* The relentless *buffeting* of 2000 years has destroyed everything they had but their *faith in their religion, faith in their destiny and faith in the Old Testament is intact.*
For this reason *they have implicit confidence in their faith.* Without this *perspective how could you achieve anything? What sustains a man, it is faith.* Do you understand? This is the difference between you and me.

He had narrated a few things after a period of prolonged separation, which hold good for some of the political personalities around Charan. Charan being uninvolved in these stands to lose or gain nothing and so he is unfazed about all this. What pains him is why the successors of the Deshnetri did not stand united behind her self effacing ideals.

'If only you had ***tended to the grassroots*** by choosing some small place shorn of the glamour of fame immediately after you left your old home for the sake of ideals you would have been ***a force to reckon with*** by now. And the knowledge that the man who had still not left this earth, whose return is assured, would have given you strength. Instead you people were trapped in the lure of glamour and fame. You do not think about the people who sacrificed their lives and left us. For you these are but raindrops, to be wiped off your skin. But for me each of these are drops of blood. There is none to see, feel or understand what is happening within me."

Kitna badal gaya insaan
Suraj na badli Chaand na badla
Na badla Asmaan
Kitna Badal gaya insaan
Mahakal sang the song in its tune :
{How man has changed!
Neither has the sun changed nor the moon
Neither has changed the sky
How man has changed !]

How true the words are!

A whirlwind which might or may transform itself into a cyclone of appalling density and momentum. You are all pawns, willy nilly, in A GAME.....we all think ***we are the main actors. But the bitter thing is here*** none of you is the ***main*** *actor.* There are several people who keep ***out of bounds*** and are involved in ***Security*** work. The have no opportunity of meeting or socialising with others. At the most they can talk to people over the telephone. They who play with death.....they are as such ***condemned ....they are already dead.***
As in ***Dr Faustus's*** book they commit an error to the tune of one hundredth of a hairbreadth in their lives it would be catastrophic. In the eyes of those who come out of that atmosphere, notwithstanding the brightness of their clothes, there shall be found an all pervading sadness in their eyes.....which are constantly saying ***"I am Dead! I am Dead! I am Dead!"***
Mahakaal's words are akin to the Vedas. Charan has no doubts, no questions and no fresh curiosities. Hence there has never been any need for the search for newer evidence or theories. regarding Mahakaal. The supreme sacrifice of the ultimate revolutionary Deshnetri who herself was baptised in fire and underwent the acid test of revolution is the greatest and the most authentic proof in this respect for Charan.
The words are forever ringing in the ears--these words shall usher in a new dawn for the nation, shall herald a new sunrise----

"Mahakaal neither has depended nor shall ever depend on someone else's benevolence. When he returns, he shall not require anyone's permission or consent. He shall appear like a storm.'

Jayasree, Ashwin, 1385
September 1978.

'I tread the path knowing not the way'

We recall a day on which Mahakal was furious for some reason when Charan started singing "Dhana Dhanya Pushpe Bhara amader-i basundhara" (Rich with crops, greenery and flowers, this paradise of ours) ----Mahakal sadly reflected : ***You must translate these ideas in your life not as a show piece for parading but following your own inner garden in its splendour and heavenly beauty.***

So busy you are in your own personal lives, your responsibilities weighing heavy on you, your mundane and family commitments are duties are so onerous ---***unalterable*** **that** ***you cannot spare a period for whom you profess unalterable allegiance, everlasting devotion and unquestionable faith***------when you are incapable of doing this I too can say ***in the same token "I cannot spare a single moment or waste my life's time outside my horizon's works. That's the only, I repeat the only one, for which I am."***
"As you do not need me vitally I do not need you casually."

The words ring incessantly in our ears. In the backdrop of events taking place all around, Mahakal's affectionate words dripping with sarcasm directed towards the self centred beings constantly steeped in worldly interests acquire a new meaning and provide a direction for our future duties and responsibilities.

'To me the importance of my Matrisadhana is many times more important than your unavoidable obligations to which you attach so much importance and I wish I breathe my last in service of my mission. ***I have no time*** for you outside my horizon. "

Today it is only Mahakal's words and 'Mahakal's voice that we want to highlight and make heard . He has repeatedly drawn the attention of Charan and his like minded colleagues of the poisonous effects of ***Ego*** and the feelings of jealousy that are innate to human nature. To those who make a comparative analysis of gains and losses in their lives, these thoughts and principles find their place in their bookshelves and safety vaults without leaving any impression anywhere in them.

But there is no mundane ***attachment*** in Mahakal's words . In all his words there is the freedom from bondage of any kind.

'Observing a particular so-called day is immaterial, you have your own life to lead, but I have no life, I have only life to perform a command performance, that performance has not been written by me. I have only been given the role as a stage actor on the complete direction by the director.

If you have time I might persuade some bit of mine. Let the play may entirely overgo.

'You have no idea of the seeds and the mystery of Karma. Every human being is influenced by the seeds mystery and of the Karma he has sown. The abstract of hundreds of thousands of earlier incarnations are there within you. This abstract won't spare you, you cannot shake off your karma by any means. Your karma will chart out and steer you on your path. *By* ***nature*** bad

karma will ***goad*** a person. The bad karma or its abstract constantly drags a person downwards, which is known as ***karma bipaka.***

The seeds or the origins of Karma itself is its mystery. Neither can you shake it off nor will it let you go. They embrace you, the seeds of good and evil deeds that you have within yourself you must enjoy or suffer. The seeds of karma that you have not been able to enjoy or suffer will remain within you.If you cannot squeeze out the ***balance*** of the karma that is left within you, it will remain inside you for thousands of years. As a calf seeks out its mother among a thousand cows so shall your the deeds of your past will be directed towards you by inevitable law, wherever he may be present. The desires and wishes are like a river. flowing like a river flows. It's two ways ahead are good and evil. And the Sanskara (accumulated results of one's deeds) are such that it always goads one towards the evil because it is the way down from above. Therefore your sole duty is to propel yourself forward through your courage and manhood against the current of evil.

One day Mahakal sent a message----it was the day of the auspicious and joyful arrival of the Mother---

'Love in its purest quality means total negation of ego,
Thus elevating him to the sublime state of sacrifice."

I have told you so many times, not just once or twice. If you ask the same thing again, I feel uneasy…..the biggest virtue is…..we shall never be great on the strength of others…..whatever ***sacrifice*** we have to make we will…..but great we shall be on our own strength, one can never be great through the strength of others….

Part of a discussion Charan had once recollected, today he recalls the rest of it------" Someone replied most gently….yes I shall tell you something in your praise, I saw with amazement for 15 lakh dwellers of this ***city*** a full fledged city ***deep underground with all modern amenities,*** markets shops, residential areas so beautifully built that even 10 ***atom bombs*** would not be able to destroy, i feel amazed and truly speaking I feel grateful, I find that the price of all essential commodities remain whaT they used to be twenty years ago., but the income of the common people have increased twenty five fold. The other day I saw at a ***public hotel*** that people were enjoying a full ***three course*** meal for 30 paise. tears came to my eyes when I came to think of my own country. For me you…….He hastily interrupted ' No no It's nothing like that what we could not achieve after 10-12 attempts, for making possible the impossible we are forever grateful and are bound by deep gratitude. We believe you with all our heart, we love you and depend on you, we consult you and get help; but still then there's always a fear and foreboding when I look at your ***spartan*** life, like that of a skeleton. One of the two is Mahakal, the other has departed for the other world.

'He volunteered the information that the land belongs to you, the British. The British have brains--- If someone refuses delicacies served to him on a platter he is a fool. The next stage is just a corollary. The ruler should have a razor sharp intelligence and knowledge of foreign policy to ***fix*** **his** ***strategic horizon.*** Is there any bigger fool of a ruler who has no knowledge of the

geographical boundaries of his own country? A ruler who forgets to keep his ***frontier manned*** is a disaster for the country he rules. The ***unmanned frontier*** beckons the neighbouring country 'here I am, lonely, come hither, I am lonely, give me company and I am there for the taking.' Perhaps I need not remind you when we took thirty-three thousand square miles of land and built a six lane highway across it your top echelons did not have the faintest idea. They came to know after 6 years after they learnt it from ***traders***. Today he stands up in your ***Parliament*** completely devoid of any sense of shame to cover up his own shameful deed and makes a statement 'nobody visits or can go to those places, because not even a blade of grass grows there'. In other words, it does not matter if we lose that territory. And the members of your ***Parliament*** also cheered and clapped in unison.'

Charan is quoting these episodes just to highlight and give an idea of the personalities in whose proximity Mahakaal had been in their good times and bad. Charan has listened to many episodes wherein Mahakaal has been present in many key world events either in his own person or as a shadow. He cannot say he has understood it all, because the understanding of international undercurrents, ***Strategy*** etc demands deep analysis and understanding of history, which is outside the scope of Charan's knowledge.

Charan is too busy, he doesn't have time for putting down things in writing. Mahakaal's call repeatedly makes him restless but then there are those few words of Mahakaal that have to be recorded in writing. During the several discussions, gatherings and similar, he is present not as a participant, but as a spectator and listen; there are some who claim 'no one knows Him as well as (the claimant) himself'. There are also those who claim how do you know such and such thing? it can't be because I am the only *trusted* one. The game is going on everywhere. The sleeping nation wakes up at times roused by the feel of hot iron, only to fall asleep the next moment. But all metaphysical life and spiritual strength has petered out of the nation's life, it is now addicted to a life of indulgence and mindless enjoyment and lead the life of a parasite, but with the entry of Mahakaal into the centre of action the status quo will be splintered into pieces. All the anecdotes that are being written have been written so far, have been tucked away somewhere, because Mahakaal has instructed Charan and his colleagues, Do not bring these writings to me, and do not present these news to me anymore. I hate it. Better ***preserve*** them; ***hand over*** these to my messengers; along with it my deputies will have to account for the work that they have done.

History changes, history is written according to Mahakal's directions----because life is not not something incomplete, created abruptly---it is a sum-total of the whole gamut of his work, his actions and thoughts.

Once when I made a journey secretly to another country, where I had come to know of the presence of the person whom you know as the greatest historian in the world and I reached his home. Their only daughter 'opened their door' to me. Who are you all? One of the members of my entourage went ahead and explained to her and asked her to inform her father. There was n't even a half minute delay, I straightaway asked him the moot point, will you too sing the glory of your own race? Will you too continue to cover up history? I have come to you with the prayer to state the truth. By then his wife had arrived too. Before her husband could speak, she

asked, are you so-and-so? I have become old. ***I knelt down there and wept***. Her husband quickly came forward and helped me get up. After I came back to my own self I realised that his daughter was running around ***locking*** doors and windows with electrifying speed. They promised (to state the truth in their book). My heart melted with happiness. The daughter asked me, her voice heavy with sadness, ' You made this journey just to forbid my father something at the risk of your life; what have you done!' Her father replied 'He is willing to lay down his life for the country a thousand times'. He has narrated the stark truth in his published book in a manner that was beyond expectations. What do you understand of this heart!
Now I am moving into the events that Ma (the Mother) is making happen one after the other. In spite of a multitude of events taking place there is only one picture that fills the mind's eye---- that of Janani Janmabhoomi (the Motherland).

Jayasree, Pous, 1385
January, 1979.

'Thou art in fire and gust, in the wild blue yonder, terra firma aqua and flora, as we marvel and wonder'.

The country is teeming with selfish, power-hungry and greedy people. All around you see the boastfulness of the undeserving, corrupt and the worthless. Politics and influence trading is there not only in political parties and communities, it is present between individuals and families. Charan finds it amusing when he sees someone boasting that he has appeared on this earth with the gift of opportunism. These opportunists do not hesitate one bit to attribute any incident to anyone with all the cunning and treachery at their disposal. We'd rather not go into the deeper ethical aspects of truth and falsehood. Also, let us not discuss his legal heirs. The supreme sacrifice of one, in stark contrast to the unabashed attempt at cashing on his name and spinning an imaginary tale to suit their own interests - the top to bottom of which is concocted……..they try to unmask others……Charan advises them to hold on to their own facade securely……lest it falls off and exposes their true colours.

It is insolence on their part who out lust for pecuniary gains capitalize on the "great escape" and impress the laity. Charan need not trouble himself with finding out what their actual role was, for history has its own way of unfolding itself. As the "great escape" did not take place with anyone else's planning similarly if the reappearance takes place that too shall happen without anybody else's idea or help. The planning is of one person alone----- because he has clearly told-----

If I am spoiling myself, I am spoiling myself only, I am sacrificing myself. I am doing it myself. I am not asking you to come along with me and sacrifice yourself.

Looking at the events of the contemporary world Charan's mind focusses itself into the deepest labyrinths of his memory---of people whose life centred around a seminal event---in that event someone allowed proximity to somebody, hence Charan got the place as a spectator in the scene being enacted---the scene enacted was brief--- not those----in whose lives the touch of the great hand did not produce any effect---the one whose life itself is a beaded necklace of great deeds---whose life shines in its own glory----she disappeared into the oblivion silently--she was the revolutionary Deshnetri---in order to facilitate reappearance, to relieve the hardships of the spartan life a forlorn and destitute man was enduring somewhat--to provide a little pleasure for him in his otherwise dolorous life, she forsook all that she had built up herself in life, because her life was sacrificed at the altar of 'Ideals'.

Mahakal and Deshnetri did not come across each other for the first time, it was a reunion. Mahakal himself said one day----'What You ***(Lee)*** call ***INDIRECT*** relation (at present), I have not been able to regard this as *Indirect* from the very beginning. There can be no relation which is so *'Direct'* so true and so close. The eyes may betray but ***Intuition*** does not. This is the experience of many times in my own life. I have regarded and regard you too (you, not "you too") as a Saadhika Karmayogi (On the spiritual quest through Karmayoga; the performance of one's duties). A karmayogi's ***Intuition*** (one can say, a feeling from the heart) is accurate, unmistaken. ***Intuition*** comes after bidding 'swaha' to (casting to the flame; getting rid of) the ***Little ego***: Complete riddance of Self----and selflessness: This begets ***Chittwashooddhi*** (purification of the mind). Liberation from the 'sanskaras' (seeds or extracts of past karma) and 'Sadhana' (spiritual practice) enlightens the soul of the karmayogi permanently with the most sublime spiritual knowledge. (This is called the stage of ***spiritualism)***. It is this condition which releases one from the conflict between the ***means and ends.*** You (in my judgement) are that Karmayogi. The Karmayogi never loses his restraint in victory or in defeat. "In his/her lifetime of spiritual quest" at times (perhaps, sometimes) the Karmayogi might commit minor transgressions, but he can never commit a *blunder* (it cannot come to him) as his ***Intuition*** guides him. ***Where reason fails, intuition or instinct succeeds!*** You know that my intuition (even in this darkest hour) it is my intuition which has shown me the way. I know the same is the case with you. There are several proofs of this fact in your own life.

"You have said 'At this stage in life, (jogajog) contact has been established in this incredibly surprising way. ***I vehemently protest! It is not "jogajog" (re-establishment of contact) it is "Punarmilan"(reunion).*** This cannot happen without providential will----this is my firm belief.....it was with his invisible injunction...."

"Your Faquir did not step in (over to this side) with the faintest hope of getting this kind of comfort or happiness in some hidden corner of his heart. This life has become 'the adornment of his body'. It's ***severely spartan*** on the 'other side' too. "

Is it not something to be proud of to bring about a ***Thaw*** in a ***Pinnacle*** covered with ***Eternal*** *Ice?* Is it not a matter of pride to create a spring in the middle of a barren granite mountain? During the merciless and heartless pitch dark hour, is it not a matter of pride to have the gentle soothing glow of the earthen lamp by the mount of the Basil plant ("Tulasi mancha")? Has anyone ever been able to grace the sight of 'The Dead" with such gentleness?

'Therefore ?
All the pride and glory, is yours alone.'

Countrywide there is a brazen display of unscrupulousness going on. Even the standard bearers of ethics have gone astray. Why else would there be the phenomenon of politics of defection (horse trading) nationwide? In the myopic vision of contemporary issues, nobody is able to visualize the foresee the future. Greed, indulgence and corruption has percolated down to all levels of life. Everyone is blinded by ego and vanity. Everyone is determined to establish himself as the supreme analyst and judge of all that is to be analysed and judged. In this endeavour they neither have any sense of history, love for the country nor the intention to serve.

Amid this chaotic and rudderless situation Charan had once written to Mahakal---the words still come to him afresh amid everything that is being recalled today---' We haven't been able to kindle the fire in our lives with that from whose life we had unexpectedly come in touch; perhaps this heart was not the ideal receptacle of that fire, whose heat keeps us hot to this day. Again, the shore of the mighty ocean we are able to access , breathe its breeze and play on it with the blessings of the same great one, why is it that we are incapable of doing something tangible? What is the quality that we sorely lack which comes in the way of our ability to do anything? to this we have got no answer till date.'

'*x* wants to keep everyone happy. Wants to be good to everybody, which is why he has no ***character***. We are completely different. We cannot share a laugh with the person we do not get along with. I could never bring myself to this. If there is someone who is an enemy, I would rather say so flat on his face. This is why I do not have friends or anyone to call my own.
In this world there is so much killing, so much enmity, so much conflict solely because of ***misunderstanding***. There are a very few people who have the level of mental maturity that engenders ***understanding***. Of course, had everyone reached that level of mental maturity, there would have been no reason left for Ma to play her game of cosmic illusion or Maya.'
The first question that Deshnetri posed on their first reunion to Mahakaal was how long would he have to wait for the consummation of his Sadhana or spiritual quest. Mahakaal never replies to any such question literally. The reply always comes through analogies. It appeared through the analogy presented that the time was twenty years. Even without the mention of year and the date Deshnetri's messengers were surprised. But today it appears as surprising how rapidly the time has passed as we stand close to the time of reappearance. But how much by way of preparation have those who have come in contact with him within this prolonged period have accomplished is not known. Charan at least has had no evidence of preparation of any kind. On the other hand Charan is frequently subjected to the wise query--what will he be able to achieve at this age, given the changed circumstances? Those who are spokesmen of democracy, individual freedom, socialism, they contend on the yardstick of their bookish knowledge ---Indian people are leader-centric. They are suffering from the delusion that some leader, some holy person or some great man shall redeem India . Until and unless a self - made and self- sufficient populace is awakened democracy in the real sense shall never dawn on India. But is there any country, democratic or socialist, which is functioning without a leader? As every family needs a head, every community needs a local leader, likewise a state or a country

needs an able head or leader. The country is in dire straits today simply because there is no leader who has the character to give leadership to the country in the true sense. In such circumstances in the political alliances that are arising perforce there is neither any principles nor any sense of moral responsibility. The political players are justifying their actions in the prevailing circumstances in a way that suits their convenience. According to Mahakal, "***Leaders*** are all busy listening to their own voices. ***Democracy*** ---is just an arrangement to keep their own pomp intact." ***Democracy can only function in a disciplined population. Indisciplined democracy is nothing but mobocracy or factionalism.***

'While carrying out Sadhana everything is essential. If you show the slightest ***leniency*** about Sadhana how will the Sadhaka do it successfully? He shall not be able to achieve consummation. The folks of my ***Horizon*** know what ***unbearable strain*** this man is working under. That is why they try to relieve his ***strain*** a little bit.
….You shall laugh if I tell you the lengths I go to in order to prevent them from being able to ***pin-point*** the strain on the person who is waiting for death ***daily*****…..**

One should never ***overstretch*** someone. Obtain 12" from someone who can stretch 15"; never more than that, otherwise he shall lose his ***Capability.*** You should get work done from a person according to his ***Capability***.

When I think of women, especially those of my country, I get immersed in it. They are like the all-observing. The way they put the ***gear silently*** in the ***whole working schedule,*** everything seems to work in clockwork precision. Divinity and motherhood coexist together. Wonderful is this creation of Ma Durga Kali. It is they themselves who are incarnated in this manner. It is for them that this earth isn't in shambles yet. The earth would have drowned in the great deluge long ago had it not been for them. It is an ***universal truth*** that intuition is ***inherently active*** among women while it is ***rare*** among men.

Prime Minister even in a democracy when the occasion demands should be ruthless.
Enterprise is the hallmark of the lions among men.
Our sole duty is to work in the right path with the right ideals on right premises and with the right thoughts. With this flicker of hope Charan waits for the enterprising lions among men.

Jayasri, Bhadra, 1383.
September 1979.

'Move on carrying the message of fearlessness'

The same subject comes back time and again in many different ways. Somewhere some centenarian Yogi narrates meeting Him in the Himalayas. His appearance is that of a spiritually highly adept being deep in meditation, a youth in his eighties, but it is doubtful whether he

shall come down to this dusty mundane earth from the rarefied stratospheric heights of his present spiritual location. But Deshnetri's beleaguered soldiers are still waiting for his arrival, their eyes fixed on the horizon, where they perceive the faint reddish glow of impending dawn. Charan was travelling absentmindedly, while deep in his mind played his thoughts on Mahakal, when suddenly the fragrance of a perfume seemed to fill the inside of the vehicle, the favourite perfume of Mahakal. The thought of Mahakal and suddenly His physical presence felt by the fragrance of his favourite perfume...it was an incredible experience. But as long as the hint of disbelief remained the whiff of the perfume seemed to linger around Charan. Charan recalled His solemn voice,full of conviction saying "turn around the pointer of your mind at any moment and we shall be in contact; it is self manifest."

Some follower sits on a spiritual practice, experiences the 'presence of the supernatural plane', hints are passed on of a possible event taking place, and lo and behold, the 'event' takes place in due time! The psyche of the nationalist countrymen is rearing a fond hope, that the turbulent events taking place worldwide coalesce into a cataclysm, simultaneously the masks fall off the faces of the deceitful.

Charan has no anxiety or foreboding. Charan has no respect for the political hypocrisy that is being enacted repeatedly across the length and breadth of the country, masquerading as Democracy-- Democracy that is much vaunted; for he cannot forget its shameful cowardly face that he has witnessed with his own eyes. This Democracy has been purchased with Dollars and Roubles. The foundation of the edifice of this Democracy has been laid by depriving food, education and clothing to the people of this country in the thirty-three years of the post Independence period. Every political party has put up the facade of Democracy. And who is aware of the distribution of heaps of leftist propaganda leaflets in exchange for illegally transferred Roubles by the progressive political party that flaunts the leftist flag in the shadow of a 'front' and raises the slogan of 'equidistance' in global politics? Charan is a mute spectator, he observes--this nationwide business of deception---he watches, and remains silent. He has with him the legendary 'life' in his possession, which he will guard zealously in his custody, till the moment of culmination. Two decades earlier from now, a message had reached Charan that the extensive landmass to the northwest of India centered around a 'knot' lay Mahakal's area of operations at high altitude. Global politics is centered around the fringes of this area today.

The diverse directions in which public political life in India has proceeded on the one hand and the unending dolorous saga of intense loneliness on the other over the last two decades disturbs Charan's mind time and again. For the last one decade Charan has published many thoughts and expressions of this man, but he has no idea of how much of that has reached or moved the countrymen. Charan has also not kept track of how many have gone through the 'amritakathan' (immortal sayings) of this great life and have drawn strength in their own lives through repeated readings. Even if only one individual has been transformed reading these accounts of Mahakaal then the dishing out of 'amritakathan' of Mahakaal by Charan has been worthwhile.

Charan has been a direct witness to the prolonged seclusion amid loneliness and total secrecy followed by his sudden meeting with Deshnetri and his disconsolate weeping on that day. His expressions on that day laden heavily with his emotions will keep moving Charan forever.

Today, as Charan writes, he remembers something from the distant past. During the first meeting after a prolonged gap there was a flood of memories that came by. So many events; so many anecdotes. ***"Dead man took nothing from 'you' (Bengal--India--and home) he gave and left his everything and worldly wealth and matter to you, he took away nothing, he kept nothing for himself, he wanted nothing for himself or his personal aggrandisement and for power. He gave himself to India. He gave something to India and he effaced himself away. He again shall be giving something to Bengal--India--South East Asia. And he shall again efface himself away. He is a Dead Man, he is a Mystic. It was only Dilip who always tried to turn him away from Desh-Seva and turn him a mystic.***

I shall tell you two things more : he has no rancour for Bapu though Bapu (because Bapu got twice defeated) in his fight against him and was so rattled that he gave up his Congress membership and also started a whispering campaign (against your Dead Man) and Cong, thought otherwise. Your Dead Man has no rancour because Bapu at last turned a volte face and preached fighting for freedom and honour (which was your right creed) : and because hearing and becoming stimulated and emboldened (he was a mere figurehead and marionette in the hands of_____) by the radio exhortations of your Dead Man, he stoutly opposed partition and during the last fateful meeting he wept like a child before them and sobbed out praying against partition (this faquir has documentary evidence) but he was overridden roughshod. Also, it has been kept a secret that your Dead Man went with Bapu's full blessings and concurrence of the inner committee. No your Dead Man bore no rancour. Brave and intrepid son of Mother Bengal, you begin keeping dossier of men and groups and parties who are anti-national, who are working only for self or party or other interest. Choose your subject with care. Fill in your cards irrefutably. So that they cannot refuse when confronted.

Also, I would like to have the names of those persons whom you approached, who gave lip sympathy but no help. Even now your dead Man can devastate a region of India, if he was foolish.

Brave soldier! I wish that from now on you build up a fanatically-fire-eating----band of everlasting patience-faith and stamina who shall keep on practising-practising-practising ---- The hour of Bengal is coming. Bengal's frontier is not the Himalayas. Yes brave sons of Mother Bengal!

Mother! Thou SHALL wear THE CROWN.
I swear! I swear !! I swear !!!

Mahakal's vision extends everywhere. Deep love and affection are centred around a temporary phenomenon, created by the Deshnetri. Many times numerous directions, advices, orders are

issued, but is Charanik capable of addressing all of them appropriately, can he deliver all of them at the proper destination? today at a quiet moment when he was searching for footprints on a map, suddenly a slip of paper arrived with Mahakal's comments regarding the publication. "The principal point is you and your publication need to have its ideals in place. Life or work without ideals is kin to ***wayward*** life. Some ***cater*** to the ***Box office.*** What is the ***Box Office***? It is meant for low grade entertainment. Maintain ideals--***chaste, honest,*** and ***noble ideas*** for your readers. There should not even be a whiff of baser instincts. Instincts= ***Nature***. Instincts by nature pull one downwards. The baser instincts induce the baser tendencies in human beings. That is the reason one has to sublime the baser tendencies like love and affection and elevate them through prayer. Through my own life experiences I know this is only a facade of women. If you hit this facade at the right spot it will fall off. It is better to stay together in faithfully than to stay without faith in each other.

….Back and forth journey and a stay for one and a half days,not ***100% Ma Kali's Horizon's*** work, though, though it was for carrying out a personal on the spot ***scrutiny.*** Hence it was neither possible nor advisable to involve my ***Horizon*** in this. The itinerant, poor, semi-literate country bumpkin…..has become old traveling. ….I was there perhaps for one and a half days. I had to set out again despite being out of sorts. This time right across the border. …..To bring forth some event towards Mari Indus [Town in Mianwali district, Punjab, Pakistan]. I knew the person 'once upon a time' whom the event was to be brought about. In those days he used to be a good person. A quirk of fate associated him with "someone very special". I heard the 'organisation" that was supposed to carry out the mission. I knew about the organisation. Even then I had doubts regarding the degree of efficiency the organisation had attained to carry out the mission. Hence perforce I had to go. They have done their 'job'. On the first occasion---- an extensive historical area on this side of the border, covered with deep forests, hills, --' a long stretch-(out of bounds for the so called gentry) adjoining the border ---more than a hundred and fifty bases (bases or 'shakhas'-- whatever you say) have been established; for ***activities.*** In those places---there are instructors (they visit those places in turns)----there are ***trained cadres*** too (they also visit those places ***in rotation;*** and people on this side of the border are being trained). The impart training in various kinds of work-----for different situations; in the villages and ***hamlets*** spread out over the entire area folks are being taught "how to do things and how to derive benefit for themselves by doing them. Your government machinery exists there only for namesake. Hence all the more easier…."

I had decided to set out on the 15th and return on the 20th night. 'They' had vacated the place where I had gone the second time and they had "done something" elsewhere in the vicinity. There "they" will continue their "movements" for sometime. Thereafter they will go to other ***channels*** in a roundabout way. It is i-m-p-o-s-s-i-b-l-e for this ***uncouth*** man to visit the other ***channels*** and help them out. Because several outfits in the other ***channels*** belong to the ***Horizon.*** Therefore "even a minor gesture in your gaze can convey a special message" --- One has to keep in mind this eternal word of caution at all times. Therefore that is a no go zone. "They" will stay there for sometime; it is not a good place to be, the place I would be visiting this time, is not towards Mari Indus, which I had visited on my second visit. ….Obliquely past it a little below, leaving Bannu to the West, there is a hilly river along which there is a path that

leads to the concealed base cum shelter for this ***uncouth*** man. He has…..crossed the river. The "Man" is needed once again.

The two visits have resulted in significant swelling of both feet----as a consequence of exposure to ***below freezing point*** temperatures.

Even earlier he had to cover endless miles on foot, for the sake of his comrades and on the call of duty, notwithstanding the blisters on his feet. When the ladies of the women's regiment forced him to sit down and made him take off his shoes, there were festering sores on his feet with maggots in them. But the Warrior Monk has remained forever unperturbed, no hardship is too much for him, his only agony, realisation of his goal, his ideal, his Matri Sadhana, for the sake of which he has never hesitated to put his head on the chopping block. That man has not changed, even to this day, for the sake of the realisation of his ultimate goal, for the sake of his comrades, disregarding inclement weather, dangers on the way and perilous routes, he has to continue on his journey. Even today the emotional Sadhaka's tune rings in the ears----

"To everything there is a season
And a time to every purpose under the heaven".

Jayasri, Pous 1383.
22 January, 1983.

'Beloved! Forget thee not love! Unto you I beseech!'

On the auspicious day of '82 Charan had the good fortune of paying his obeisances to the great Sadhaka enjoying the spiritual shelter of the holy Mother. But under what circumstances? It wrenches Charan's heart with agony frustration and ignominy to even think of the circumstances. On the same day, his motherland was agog with festivities, in every nook and cranny, lanes and bylanes, the educated and the not so educated, people of all professions and all hues were joining in and adding their own little contributions to the fanfare according to the prayers in their hearts. Some have sarcastically coined the epithet "Netaji Puja" (Netaji worship) to the festivities. The house from which he had disappeared was full of throngs of milling crowds. The crowds started pouring in from before dawn. There were people who were great achievers, among them someone against whom court martial orders had been issued, but implemented because of some unforeseen incident, and he went scot free. Complete betrayers and turncoats such as this man assumed the roles of champions of humanity and made pious speeches. An international conference, filled with people from different countries. There were people who had no idea about the 'Deshnayak'. A young foreign researcher was also seated on the dias. What a web of conspiracy centered around around one person! It was a field day for

the conspirators, no one to counter them, no voices of opposition to interrupt what they say. They seemed to enjoy the ease with which falsehood was being established as the gospel truth. And their partner in was none than his own near relative. Unless they could prove a death there was no way they could enjoy all the good things of life. On the one hand one had renounced a princely life and on the other hand his own kith and kin were mired in greed and fighting for the spoils. All favours and goodies were to be obtained that could be obtained from the powers that be in Delhi by grovelling before them. And some newspapers have joined in this exercise of sycophancy. And they are the ones who are established and have honour in society. They are the ones licensed to rule the roost and say what they like. An edifice built on heritage got sold out for money. In spite of everything they are the bearers of the heritage of this lonely leader by virtue of being his relatives.

Charan invites the attention of the self-centred and irresponsible countrymen who are completely oblivious to this side of the story. According to Charan this self-centred character is the undoing of this country and this nation.

Under what pitiable circumstances did Charan get the darshan of Mahakal this year! An indescribable situation devoid of any medical help. Off and on one could hear his voice cry out in excruciating pain, rendering him unable to turn sides in bed. Added to that was the sweeping cold wave. It is indescribable how difficult it could be at high altitudes. Notwithstanding this the auspicious day came, Mahakal could not get up from his bed. Charan and his companions were decorating the doorway with mango leaves and holy insignias. Then they went to the bedside of Mahakal and paid him their obeisances, and garlanded him with a garland of marigold and red roses from his motherland, when he happily accepted. Then he told Charan 'Charan, sing the song Mon Chalo Nijo Niketane (Mind, come to thy own abode)' Charan said it was for Him to sing the song, so he would rather hear the song from His own voice on this auspicious day. The Sadhaka Mahakal forgot his pain and sang in his inimitable melodious voice 'Mon Cholo Nijo Niketone'---the entire hut was transformed into a divine abode. The song 'Keu bhole na keu bhole' (Some forget, some do not) was sung. Mahakal said someone was trying to forget memories of the past. The 'Vishwaroop Darshan' and 'Purushottam Yog' were read out from the Gita. The whole day was spent with great pleasure with past reminiscences and other discussions. Charan and his companions returned to their base after walking a long distance at eleven o'clock at night.

At midnight Charan kept thinking, is this the same lion of a man whose roar reverberated from one corner of the earth to another who is now worried over the course of events that lay in the future? When shall this homeless man return to his own home, and have a little rest?
Many events, many words, acquire new meanings in the course of events. On the day the golden jubilee of the Deshnetri's publication was being celebrated and the President along with the leadership of a plethora of ideologies stood up to the rendition of the national hymn and the primordial chant of national awakening 'Bande Mataram', Deshnetri with her dreamy eyes was witnessing a gathering of innumerable followers and admirers; and simultaneously in Charan's voice rang the words of Deshnetri's oath of dedication, that he had heard from Mahakaal's own voice—

"Declaring lifelong unflinching
faith allegiance
Obedience dedication
And everlasting love."

Surrender…." He used to declare the truth proudly and happily'----. Deshnetri's promise and oath was dedicated to Mahakaal, and the visionary and renunciate Sadhaka made no mistake of recognising the amazing sacrifice of Deshnetri. That is why he has repeatedly showered her with epithets, his declarations of truth, and described her state of bliss in Mahakaal's mission. Mahakaal sent a slip of paper to bewildered and helpless Charan, 'forget not your founder editor, your ever-adorable --Deshnetri. Never ever for a moment forget her; never get derailed from her ideal. Her ideal (life) was full of sacrifice-service-love, committed to nothing but the truth, and the light of her truthfulness has enlightened the lives of many followers. Uphold her image high and bright.

This is your bounden duty
Self seeker she was --- not.

Neither shall you be so'.

This is Charan's incorrigible fault. His bag is full of countless messages. Countless sayings, including myriad events over the last eighty six years. At times the messages display annoyance, at times observations that are absolutely dispassionate. And the several statements made by Mahakaal's companions on that much publicised so called fateful mishap. All of a sudden a statement by one such companion fell out of the Charan's archival bag on Mahakal--

It was signed in English by Debnath Das. The date was 27.3.1953. He declares-- *Mothers, sisters and Brothers of India, Jai Hind! I am placing before you my first report on Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose, as the Ex-General Secretary, the Indian League Headquarters, East Asia as the Special Officer entrusted with a great mission as per order of Netaji on 17.5.45 and 16.8.45---* That exhaustive narrative shall be penned down if possible and if the space permits. However, the author invites the attention of the countrymen to an excerpt in the fourth page of the statement. Debnath Das writes -----" *On the 26th August just a week after the reported death of Netaji, the Chief of the Japanese Military Intelligence Department met me at Hanoi together with a Military Officer from Towloon--the seat of Marshal Terauchi's Headquarters and told " Don't believe the plane crash as a real crash; you adjust your movements and plans in accordance with the alternate plan of Netaji"*---- The question is--was this man unflinching till the last day of his life? Only history can provide the answer. There are countless similar statements and anecdotes.

"Up from Earth's centre, through the seventh gate I rose, and on the Throne of Satan state….
And many knots unravel'd by the road;
But, not the knot of Human Death and Fate
There was a door to which I found no key!
There was a veil past which I could not see

Some little talk awhile—of me-and-thee "There seemed——
And then no more of thee and me."

The guest is waiting at the palace gate. The God the Man of India's destiny Mahakal has arrived, but where is the gateman's key to the lock on the gate?
On the auspicious day, when Mahakal lay in excruciating pain, helpless and bewildered Charan Charan sitting by his side thought about the words uttered by Mahakal in a different context, which holds good even to this day:

"This is one of the sad conditions of life,
That experience is not transmissible
No man will learn from the sufferings of another
He must suffer himself……

To the countrymen this is Charans fervent plea, in view of the tumultuous days that must come to pass in future.

Jayasree, Pous, 1388
January, 1982.

Uttarparba [Second volume]-2.

'Listening I am for thy footsteps'.

Charan having left Mahakal in such an indisposed state was spending his days in intense mental agony, but there was no way out, the only means of getting news was through the courier. Its speed is way too fast for what was necessary. And in the list of priorities Charan lay at the bottom. Hence the messenger arrived came with the good news on the Rakhi Purnima. An auspicious day on account of the reunion of Charan and Mahakal. It would however a mistake to say so, it was reunion because of Deshnetri. The drama on which the curtains fell at the end of the second world war theatre resumed after a prolonged gap with the curtain raising at another theatre along with the appearance of Mahakal on the scene. When Deshnetri applied the term 'establishing contact' while referring to the event, Mahakal was quick to correct her and insisted on applying the term 'reunion'; because the significance of the term 'reunion' was profound. On the first day of 'reunion' itself the nature of the world order in future, India's situation therein, Mahakaal's role in it and the way he would play his assigned role was narrated to the Deshnetri in threadbare detail. Deshnetri understood and grasped the gigantic role assigned to her with the same meticulousness, methodical approach and penchant for planning as she did in every sphere of work in her earlier life. And gradually she started carrying out the responsibilities that were assigned to her one at a time. Owing to her overriding commitment

to this responsibility she did not return to her active political life. She engaged herself in quiet but intense activity. It was a period of introspection and self discovery for her. Thereafter she quietly passed into a deep trance and gradually faded away into history. Charan is witness to all this, but the operator behind the scenes is Mahakal, the one to shape the future world Mahakal is busy doing his work ceaselessly. Neither Charan nor his companions have any role worth mentioning to play in Mahakal's scheme of things but simply by virtue of his being an affectionate one of Deshnetri he has been fortunate enough to close to and blessed by Mahakal. At this moment Mahakal is on the wait for the ultimate day; this is Charans innate feeling. But the ultimate day shall witness a tumultuous situation globally.The complicated situation shall be felt within the country in similar magnitude.

In a corner of Charan's mind, an amazing memory comes back, Mahakal was present at a pilgrimage, and camping not far away was Anandamoyee Ma too. She was desirous of meeting Mahakal but Mahakal with his characteristic stony firmness rejected the proposal. For someone it was the disappointment of a lifetime because her request was not entertained while the other one remained steadfast in his mission. One's ultimate sanctuary, ultimate sustenance, the mother,incarnation of joy was in eternal rest while her daughter was helpless and bewildered. Mahakal cannot afford to be disconcerted. Each and every step of his present mission is measured, and tried and tested to the ultimate benchmark of cutting edge technology. And above all, it has been tested in the ultimate realm of spiritual realisation. There is no place for emotions, negotiations etc here. Here there is only one director, one planner and those engaged by him have all been tested and tried by him. They do not have any questions to ask. They do as they are told. The entities engaged by Mahakal ready to play their part are spread throughout the country and worldwide.

Outside this realm, Charan is among those to whom this world was uncovered out of sheer affection. A long period has elapsed, Charan has not come forward for the realisation of his dreams. . Today he is suffering from pangs of conscience, As a distant spectator of the dream he wants to turn his surroundings and motivate people around him accordingly.
In this set up a self ruled social structure shall emerge. In that set up the society shall take ideal shape, according to the needs of the parents, children...family. As every person becomes self sufficient gradually it shall enlarge to coalesce into a larger society. The growing form of this *Unit* shall gradually develope into and a flagship model of a happy and prosperous ideal nation free from conflict and be regarded as such.

Today's conflict is because of inability to understand the inner feelings of each other. The exchange of thoughts and grievances does not happen on equal terms. It is necessary to ***Transmit***, according to the place and time, the thoughts of someone, in this case that of the society described by Mahakaal to the people at large.

Deshnetri and the revolutionary Philosopher have set a shining example of sacrifice in each and every step in their lives of a standard that the ones around them have not been able to live up to. Their roles in respect of time and places have not been understood or evaluated properly as they have never been narrated. Today, with the advent of time the role that they have played is

gradually becoming distinct and the response is being felt everywhere. Charan is engaged in the establishing the same with the blessings of Mahakal.

Deshnetri's closest companion and comrade in the realm of this thought has departed for the other world. The ever smiling and ever upright Hari Vishnu Kamath is in the same abode as his elder sister. At the end of every meeting before parting his Mantra was 'Kadam Kadam Badaye Ja' ***' March Onwards, March Forward'.*** Hari Vishnu marched ahead…..leaving his country behind. Now will the countrymen march forward to reach Mahakal, the revered deity of both?

12th October, 1982
Jayasree, Aswin, 1389 (1982)

'The more I lay my eyes on the more awestruck I get '

On the 9th January the revolutionaries had thronged to accompany the reticent and puny of built but resolutely determined revolutionary Satyaranjan Bakshi's final journey and to pay their last respects. Charan was also present in the crowd. Charan quietly entered the little room where his mortal remains lay and pad his obeisance for the last time. He was wondering, where was the proud figure, to whom he would declare that he was the only link to the missing Colossus. He was reminded of the heart rending account of the last meeting with him as he lay on bed, hardly able to move, the solemn oath , 'Together we shall meet, together we shall work and together we shall embark on our final journey.' How unfairly had he left us all behind without keeping his promise! At that moment another hand touched Charan's. Charan was rendered speechless with the amazing coincidence. He was called aside, and Mahakaal's message via courier was handed over to him bearing Mahakaal's New Year greetings. Perhaps it was in keeping with the determination of the Colossus that he decided to join the funeral procession through the courier. Truly Mahakaal was omnipresent. Charan observed the presence of faces in this procession who were perpetually on the lookout for the great leader, who pass on news from one centre to another and had made up exaggerated stories about a supposed incident which had befallen the great leader in the past far across our national boundaries and projected themselves into great connoisseurs of history thereby.

The auspicious day returned. Mahakaal has just about regained his health after a year long period of ill health and physical hardship. This time however the day was spent in a much better mood amid song and laughter. Mahakaal was in high spirits as he narrated his account of his post war journey into the unknown. How he spent the initial part of the journey as a guest of a great military leader. The description was unique. The investigators continue their search even to this day, spies looking for an opportunity carry on their own work, while a handful of determined and oath bound revolutionary souls carry out their orders faithfully. Just for the sake of a minimum basic physical comfort and some entertainment of someone. There was nothing to be had in return, there was no obligation to give something. Mahakaal would, after

all accept only that much as he felt he needed, the ones serving him could only be grateful for being allowed to be of service. And far from all activity remained the fiery, affectionate Deshnetri. On the auspicious occasion of the reunion they pay her their heartfelt obeisances and salutes.
Their movement to and from Mahakaal's base remains as always. A message comes from the Sadhika [feminine gender for Sadhaka] Anandamoyee Ma. Mahakaal remained unflinching like a rock. One is reminded of the time when he again set foot in the country twenty years earlier after he left the country in 1941. During those days Anandamoyee Sadhika used to be a next door neighbour. Sadhika tried every means to get Mahakaal to open his doors for her. She tries to put the memories of those days laden with intense emotion behind her.

Suddenly the name of preacher of 'Namabramha' Sitaramdas Onkarnath. The news of his demise also reaches Mahakaal's address.

Many more accounts of activity. As the complexities of international politics deepen, the opportunists and Mirjafars [traitors] become increasingly active, trying to seek out the supremely courageous man. But just like Nal Raja regaining his original form after the poison takes effect and he vomits out Kali. Mahakal was regain his actual form when the time is ripe. No longer the worldwide theatre of activity for him. Multiple equally powerful beings are at work in Europe, Central Asia, America and Russia at the centres of action. They are working with united and unstoppable force. The battle field is ready. And 'Me the Mahakal' is engaged in engendering an uprising throughout his motherland and its adjoining regions, whose epicentre is his own country, and in his voice day and night rings the song 'India shall regain the pride of place in the comity of nations'.

Jayasree, Pous 1389
January 1983.

'Which game to play and when.....'

Charan sitting alone at Mahakaal's residence at the dead of a chilly winter night and is reflecting on the changed circumstances of the present vis-a-vis that of the long gone past. It was an event of the early forties. In that event which has been termed the 'great escape' the role of a handful of incumbents have been depicted in a certain manner whereas contemporary 'Intelligence Reports' tell a different tale. Is it the inefficiency of the British Intelligence or the brilliant maneuver by a razor sharp intellect? The exhaustive report of the Special Intelligence Branch sheds light on Mahakaal's farsighted planning and far-flung blueprint of action and the involvement of Deshnetri and the revolutionary philosopher in it; it has been reflected in the accounts of the investigating sleuths and these shall gradually be presented to the public at large through the compilations of the fact finding division of Jayasree publications. No statement made by Charan is imaginary. They have all been put through the acid test of history.

The series of events that have been suppressed by vested interests of individuals and groups of individuals and have even withstood attempts of complete obliteration forever shall now be unveiled. The plan for unveiling the truth was adopted by Deshnetri herself at a historic moment, but the call of the Almighty did not allow her to complete her mission. 'Jayasree Foundation' is engaged in fulfilling her unfinished task.

It was an event in the early forties, the call had come from the leonine warrior for a meeting with Deshnetri, but such is the murky state of affairs in our society in which the nation is not accorded priority, lives completely dedicated to the nation have no value and scandal mongering and gossip are the sole sustenance. Petty politics and the murky social situation did not allow the meeting to materialize. A confidential message from the greatest warrior based on his plans of action remained undelivered to Deshnetri. The warrior in disguise far away on the other side of the border once again endeavoured to send the message across. The messenger came along with the message but the political situation steeped in envy and kinsmen stood in the way of the message being delivered to the proper destination. As a result, a historic event and a revolutionary mission remained unfulfilled.

But in the background of whatever little discussion that had taken place along with the revolutionary philosopher regarding the future and in view of the prevailing situation the revolutionary scholar was sending from behind the bars to his free comrades. Preparations were on throughout Bengal, and throughout India leaflets and bulletins were being spread through trusted hands. A blueprint had been prepared on preparing the populace to get involved in mass movement and the hardcore members were preparing to take oath for engaging fearlessly in supreme sacrifice. But the dark role played by a handful of envious, dastardly, greedy and self-centred individuals put paid to the entire plan. The leonine warrior along with his army returned after having reached the doorstep, the reason for the failure being so called friends but the power hungry caucus, a handful of families of the largest political party and the champions of people's' war cum the anti-fascist movement, the ultimate opportunist party. This chapter of history shall be unveiled soon.

Such events in history have been happening repeatedly and will also recur in future. In the period following the transfer of power Deshnetri and the revolutionary philosopher have come forward with in the greater interest of the country, have come together with their liberal approach, have helped people to be united but the political party or individuals in it who are outwardly suave, sophisticated and apparently gentle but full of malice and treachery within have accorded no importance or appreciated the value of their immense contribution. rather they have done their best to belittle it.

Four decades have passed. The world seems poised for yet another war. Within the country intense debates are raging on the sides each will take in the war. The privileged classes are ganging up. But those who are truly motivated by national interest and dedicated to the cause of the nation are still inactive. The progressive left party is busy in its agenda of 'polarisation' this time also. A plethora of individuals and political parties of various hues have come together on a common platform based on a variety of pretexts. They have converged together by dint of the greed for power and the desire to hold on to it and they have abandoned themselves in its

current. This is but a repetition of the activity that the progressive and the non violent parties indulged in and the time of transfer of power notwithstanding repeated hints and messages to the contrary in the backdrop of the blueprint of the global political situation from Mahakal. The individuals and political parties who are not progressive have become oblivious to the country's past heritage.

The progressive political party has on one hand formed an detente with the ruling party. Because the entire plan of action is being formulated abroad; from a country where the slightest hint of independent thought is a sure ticket to lifelong exile in Siberia or death. The political party that is subservient to the progressive country is carrying out the tasks allotted to it faithfully one by one and the ruling party is no exception to this. These political parties have all been sold out for commodities. Roubles have become very easily available thus. In addition to having a secret detente with the ruling party, the biggest agent in this agency is also busy forging alliances with the smaller political parties through various devious means. As a result, a mass of unorganised individuals and with diverse aspirations are driving this group. The main stumbling block of the largest agent is that these individuals or separate parties is that they would never succeed in earning the confidence of the people if they were to run the country on their own. Every step would give rise to questions, therefore, the group which has a countrywide pool is trying to gather these disparate groups together on a single platform giving the impression of an unified opposition to the people in this country. It is strange that the individuals or the parties which congregate on the same platform do not realise the ulterior motive of the largest agent. Their sole aim is to somehow capture power at the centre. They have forgotten their own glorious past and identity and are spellbound by the lure of power at the centre. On the other hand the largest political party facilitates the herding of the smaller political parties onto a common platform and reduces them to the state of pawns in the larger game. The agenda will be dictated by only one political party and gradually the progressive political party will engulf the smaller political parties. But the genuine nationalist groups inspired by nationalistic ideals have not been a part of this process, final attempts to achieve this is underway. The events to come shall bear testimony to this and it shall be clearly recorded who wins and who loses in this tug-of-war.

Whatever alliances be forged, whatever comes to take place, whichever group in power orchestrates these changes, Charan is capable of declaring without the slightest hesitation that all devilish designs shall come to nought and the facade and masks of the self centred shall be ripped open for good. The progressives themselves will be able to say which bottomless pit they shall be cast into, the ultimate doom and the great day appears to be approaching near. This time the great creation shall not fail, and the national revolution shall not be fail, it simply cannot. Charan shall plunge into his work for the future after delivering the last and ultimate message of Mahakal-- if the people in this country fail to realise how to guide themselves and take steps in the right direction, they will have only themselves to blame.

"Charan, I know, have known through my first hand experience : Nothing is ever lost, has been lost or shall ever be lost in this great universe. I have realised this truth several times. I have said so earlier---- I am saying this again."

Memory is never lost. In this world, everything is recorded in its own true form.

" As human beings, we are, at all times radiating energy, which is soaked and stored by items around us. Even our thoughts radiate and electrical field which leaves an imprint on objects in the form of energy. According Russia's eminent scientist Genady Sergeyev : Every human being leaves an electrical imprint, an energetic imprint----as well as an informational imprint, on objects that he touches or is close to. Every object around us has magnetic characteristics of its molecules. It is then that it becomes a natural magnetic recorder. Even over a brief period, man can record the information of his entire life. By "brief," I mean, in a split of a second."

"Charan, how long back had I spoken and explained this to you? (Perhaps you had laughed at what I had said then). Now will you accept this in the light of the present scientific explanation?
Charan! I am nothing. I am but a Will-o-the-Wisp. This is the only truth.
Even a Will-o-the-Wisp has its birth, work and life but there is no end or death. Will-O-the-Wisp takes birth, is seen, does its work, runs around, stands still, disappears, only to reappear elsewhere, manifests itself but can never be caught.
Just this much (I have said---and---again) I say this,
Whatever I have always said------and am saying (and am telling) mark them and verify,
Everything has happened---is happening---happen it must.
I do not exist. I have no existence.....
My existence--is in my work and sadhana---work----Matrisadhana---by her order alone.

"All them---- and those years, Last years,---
And, all these years ; folded in
And folds upon themselves;
And the distance between us
Filled with unsaid things.

Jayasree, Pous 1390
15 January, 1984.

'In how many forms does thou exist in the midst of this universe'

A series of events occurred in succession taking the nation by storm, during which it had not been possible for Charan to remain unperturbed and pen down his thoughts. Events are taking place every day and with each passing day Charan and the countrymen are coming closer one day at a time to the final great event.

One year had dawned with its timeline scripted in blood. It was as if every moment of this year was predestined to be marked by gory events. The countrymen have borne witness to this in state after state. In a larger form it was Punjab, culminating in the gruesome happenings in the national capital. Such a bloodbath and circumstances seldom comes to happen. It was but an expression of anguish accumulated over a prolonged period.

A massive sea of humanity throngs the national capital accompanying the carriage bearing the mortal remains of the Empress. Silently a shadow in saffron followed it too. The groundswell of emotion found its expression in the democratic process of the country as well.

But thereafter, Charan remembers the words of Mahakal's caution, the country is infested with foreign spies. He is reminded of the ominous words uttered several years ago. If at this moment the borders are not sealed and the spies meted out the death penalty it will be disastrous for the future. There is no time to decide who is red, light red or of any other hue. A spy is invariably an agent of the imperialist powers. Be he from a capitalist country or from a so called socialist country. Their characters are the identical.

' The 'Me' in search of whom the country is full of spies, people from different powers and people of different hues are keeping a sleepless watch, 'that Me' is now present in the form of ***Multiple*** 'Me's. These multiple 'Me's have arisen as a result of prolonged penance and they are working ceaselessly without any ***Gap*** towards the goal of fulfilment of our mission.
This mission has its roots in an age old vow, and has been continuously borne through meditation,since birth, in childhood, boyhood, youth, adulthood, as a middle aged warrior and finally as a well founded and true mystic. And the different phases and course of events have manifested in his life centred around his mission. But today Mahakal is present in physical form in this world having attained the highest level of the practice of Tantra for the upliftment of the entire humanity. Because it is his Matrisadhana. His country and Mother are indivisible.
Tally everything with whatever I have said, you shall find they are happening the way it has been told, they are happening----and shall happen.

"Yea, the first morning of creation wrote
What the last dawn of reckoning shall read------"

'Jayasree' Pous 1391
25 January, 1985.

'There is no end to it dear.'

Perhaps the eventful days of the present shall be lost in course of the events of the coming days. Especially the events which are familial and domestic in nature. The witness to those events are people who were close to him, for no other people were witness to those events.

When Mahakaal comes to his own self and takes centrestage in his own role, there shall be no opportunity to dwell upon the little events that have happened in the past involving Deshnetri's messengers. Therefore utilising the opportunity for as long as it persists is perhaps the most sensible thing to do at the moment. Let me record some minor anecdotes involving the rare personality endowed with every possible quality Mahakaal before the sudden, momentous and widespread course series of events overtake us. In the meantime a number of Deshnetris followers who used to be a part of this group have departed for the other world. Among them being Kamalakanta Kabiraj, Mahakaal's every happy Shailendra Kumar's quiet service is unforgettable. There were many others who served him whose contributions could not be mentioned here for the lack of time.

Coming to the anecdotes. Mahakaal's regular service was twice daily only on those days when the guests arrived. Those were tea and breakfast and the other was dinner. There used to be a round of tea at about eight or nine in the morning. At times he used to join in having tea. When we used to arrive there as guests, the bread used to be whole, not *sliced.* He himself would *slice* them, apply good quality butter after toasting the bread to redness and dusting it off along with pepper and sugar, *flavoured* tea, very good quality *plain cake, cakes* from some of Kolkata's well known old confectionaries, purchased by some specified people, *cream cracker biscuits in sealed tin* or *Golden Puff* biscuit. Sandesh, Rasgullas, Jalbhara, Pithe, Pathisapta, prawn heads with coconuts, etc.

Mahakaal used to be in the mood for a lively chat at the dead of night after Mother's worship and having *Prasad* [A devotional offering of food to God that is later shared as food among the devotees]. As I said, one night with the arrival of a number of guests arrangements had been made for a feast. Although Mahakaal used to partake very little of the prasad, but the arrangements were elaborate and sumptuous. There was fish, a bit of mutton, fries, pulses and other vegetable curry, ghee, curds, sandesh (a variety of Bengali sweets) on a large bronze dish, everything had to be arranged properly and covered with another large dish and kept before Mahakal. Water had to be placed in a large bronze tumbler with a cover on it. On the arrival of guests from Bengal he used to have Ilish (Hilsa) fish as a rule from his own country, along with his favourite sweet curds, pithe, and moulded sandesh. 'Pithe' prepared by the mothers of Bengal was his hot favourite. Mother worshipper Mahakal used to dedicate everything to 'Jaganmata' Mahakali [mother of creation] and the partake in having prasad of which he took precious little sharing the rest with his devotee guests. From what we used to send to him and from what used to return earmarked for everybody was testimony to how little he actually took himself. He used to have it very slowly over an hour or even more in a jovial mood for a chat. During this time he used to discuss and talk on an assortment of topics; reminiscences of the past, future events or a lot of things about a variety of foods.
We remember vividly on one occasion along with Deshnetri's messengers Kabiraj [Kamalakanta] was also present. He asked Kabiraj, 'I am in a dilemma about which item to have first, meat or fish'. Before having prasad Mahakaal used to say 'I am having Sri Sri Ma's prasad, you have it too.' We used to start having prasad immediately on having his permission thus. On that day when replying to the question on which item to have first, fish or meat, Kabiraj said, ' although we conventionally take fish before we take meat, actually it is fish which takes longer to digest than meat, which is the easier to digest. On that occasion, worried on how to keep the Ilish

from getting stale, as it would involve a journey of two to three days, the earthen pot containing the fist had been sealed with flour after applying salt on the fish. His favourite Bhattacharya Brahmin had prepared the fish after washing it thoroughly, but he had forgotten that fish preserved in salt need not be salted again. As a result the tongue went numb from the taste of salt as soon as cooked or fried fish was taken. Mahakaal almost shouted out from his seat and asked, 'Doesn't the fish taste too salty? Nevertheless, I am having the prasad." Such was his liking for Ilish [hilsa]. Thereafter fish had been carried for him several times, but after arranging an *ice box*. On those occasions we had to travel along with other passengers, we used to carry the fish with a lot of difficulty by shaking the pot intermittently. By the time Mahakal would complete having his dinner, it used to be either twelve o'clock or late night.

In an anecdote he related, he was invited to a royal family in Russia. The ***Host*** was a respectable person and his wife and daughter were beautiful ladies, but Mahakal's position in their eyes was of immeasurably high status. 'They served us delicacies prepared by their ***Special Cook,*** that me and my ***Contingent*** enjoyed thoroughly, the ***Host*** knew what I ate, I took a ***preparation*** which was so delicious that the taste lingers in my mouth even to this day.' Then Mahakal uttered something in Russian absentmindedly. We were listening silently, then suddenly he said 'hey there what happened? Why are you not responding? ' We replied hesitatingly 'yes we are there' 'Oh no you don't have any sense of humour'. Indeed, because the frugal eater Mahakal gave us the impression that he had eaten sumptuously, and immediately afterwards he would engage in some work till late night, where neither Charan nor his associates were allowed access. After dinner he needed some mouth-freshener, or a couple of good quality cigarettes.

Once Mahakal and his entourage reached an Ashram [A secluded retreat for Hindu Monks] at some high altitude locale in the Himalayas. The Ashram Guru [spiritual head of the Ashram]has arranged for 'Prasad' for Mahakal with his own hands. It was here that Mahakal had the opportunity to hear the voice of the saint-warrior, and the tired Mahakal had to rush elsewhere after only one day from the Ashram where he had arrived to have some rest at the behest of the saint-warrior. The presence was metaphysical----of another realm, to which Mahakal had ready access and where his movements were a regular feature.

Sharing so many anecdotes, with such abundant leisure was only reserved for the guests arriving from Bengal. for the favourite ones of Deshnetri. Otherwise, in their absence, food, rest, and everything else were a luxury. He neither had interests or leisure otherwise. He would then be engrossed in work and more work. That----was----a different manifestation altogether.

'Jayasree', Aswin, 1393.

September 26, 1986.

"Into a destitute he turned me
to demolish my vanity"

Charan is reminded of a few things as he writes, and he records them accordingly. Mahakal had said many things on several topics. The narration is not sequential; Charan writes as he remembers them haphazardly.

"The great ***Legion*** that we are. I am but the tiniest particle of ***The Noblest Legion-de-Honour.*** The ***Legionary*** of the ***Noble Legion*** you have personified yourselves into---the great standard that you have never lowered, even through supreme sacrifice you have not allowed anyone to get it lowered.

Your body is built of that life, -----The body of the ***Legionnaire*** of the united ***Legion*** is there and shall be there.

Because the ***Legion*** cannot die, does not know how to die, does not die.
"Legionnaires-de-honour" ----is a synonym of FAITH."
Yes ***FAITH.***
During those days of my life many a thing have been said-----used to be said by many a person. .....there was no end to ...***Reasonings;*** there used to be a continuous flow of ***reasoning out*** over ruling ***'FAITH'*** . I used to feel like laughing out often. I used to get astonished at the popular misconception. Everybody (they themselves and those of their ilk) used to forget the teachings (Aryavakya, Rishivakya, -sayings of the sages) (was it deliberate ***OR*** for some special reason?) .

Does lord want us to have proof of "THE" presence so that it will substantiate our FAITH!---- AND.....
And if FAITH needs evidence; is it still FAITH? (To this question of mine "No answer can be given"; was, (and is) the reply).
To those who believe, no explanation is necessary
To those who don't believe no explanation is possible."

Faith is unadulterated, omnipresent; for the full manifestation of the revolutionary spirit ***Faith*** is a great precondition. There was only one witness to the unknown moments of the reunion of Deshnetri with Mahakal. The eagerness to render a little service day in and day out, her limitless sacrifice to provide a wee bit comfort for him, the anxious concern for him, the days that were dedicated and full of painful anxiety; of those sleepless days there was only one witness. Mahavir[Hanuman] would not hesitate to lay down his life for Ramchandra, one could scarcely find such an example of dedication, Deshnetri's life was also a shining example example of dedication in the same league. During Ramachandra's construction of the bridge to Srilanka even the proverbial squirrel of Ramayana had a role to play. Deshnetri and her followers also played their own diverse roles for the sake of Mahakal's return. In top secrecy mothers and wives from families prepared dishes for Mahakal ---his very favourite Malpoa etc. ---- the witness is Brajabasi---his companion 'Baralerka' (Elder son) or somebody else. But through the passage of time there's only one name that has left its mark--the one who devoted herself completely and sacrificed almost everything--- that of Deshnetri--- all others in Charan's

words are the others are 'incidental'. The sleepless nights that Deshnetri spent leaves the services rendered by others behind. Charan has no idea whether there is another example of absolutely total devotion and sacrifice anywhere else in the world or not.
Charan loses track of his own self at the thought of Mahakal. , when Mahakal has joined himself in Charan's self, Charan realises his pen does not move at his own will. It is the the expression of the self which is in command. It was Mahakal who had once said,' At times such ***gestures*** come from within you I feel like leaving my own heart behind with you. The day Mahakal suddenly expressed his intense emotional bond he was in another state after the conversation ended. --'I am losing my own self, please keep talking please hold me' This was Charan's amazing experience with Mahakal.

Charan has repeatedly dwelt upon Mahakal's sayings in the post reunion period [with Deshnetri] lest memory fails to serve him right in the long run. Dolorous recollection though it is, Charan prays may the experience of total sacrifice and stoical devotion be shared with many, at least with those who were close to Deshnetri.

'An amazing truth has been disclosed. Unimaginable is its potential; unthinkable is everything related to it. I shall refrain using putting words and adjectives while sharing my experience. I shall put it thus " Oh Deity, capable of making the impossible materialise" , and I looked for events happening suddenly---

"The ever possible comes in the guise of the impossible."

'Then an unique sincerity, inspiration and meditation day in and day out for 8 to 10 days made possible what was hitherto considered impossible". This chapter of re-establishment of contact in Mahakal's coinage is "reunion." At the outset of this phase Deshnetri's inner feelings have been expressed herein:

"A strange spell has come upon me. A mixture of deep and unknown foreboding and dislike in daily trivialities and exactings. My whole being is yearning for an unusual horizon and mission that would raise me up from this morass and free me for the eternal journey----whereto? Who knows---who cares? But before I finish up, I certainly want to relive my life intensely and purposefully so that the years I have travelled shall be relit by a glowing, be an uncommon rare sunset. "

Thereafter Deshnetri made a great pilgrimage. And, in Deshnetri's words, her account of her pilgrimage and profound realisation:

"Meanwhile the entire place went filling and filling with with people of my motherland poor, simple, devoid of any worldly comfort nor did they appear to show that they were missing anything. Without food, without clothes, without the elementary necessities of human existence, they flocked during the day and whole night they kept coming. My inner being was stirred till I could hold myself no longer."

"After immersing myself throughout the day in this ocean I say this from the bottom of my heart "O my the sacred earth of my motherland, at they feet I bow my head." O my motherland this earth and its people is my Deity, everything has touched me so deeply it has humbled the young lass who one day had impatiently exclaimed ---"Who is there to accept me, here I come to offer myself"----what a coincidence without any parallel! I have been on my way rowing my vessel since the call that came for offering myself thirty eight years ago----I have no idea when the vessel shall set her anchor. O uniquely beautiful Deity, I have handed over to you my life's offerings in all its totality. And on this unknown adventure I have set out--- Go take me along with you wherever you want," It is as if so many days and nights, so many months and years have all culminated into this ultimate moment. Each and every moment filled with anguish and anxiety; whether the culmination will witness success or failure, O God Almighty with my limited means what shall I be capable of doing in this complicated situation! "

"What kind of realm of realisation is this that I have been ushered in! Where the mind is only eager to believe, not to judge. O Deity, you are not somebody to be judged by us --- lifelong I have held your hand and been led by you, is it "all untrue?" What is truth? What is falsehood? Who judges? Not Intellect, judgement ------ mind, heart, something over and above these faculties, a realisation which cannot be expressed in words, is this what is called *'Intuition'* ? O Deity, may I never lose this faith and wander in thirst in the wilderness. I pray to you on this day with folded hands " Hands folded in prayer, I wait for thee!" Total surrender before thee. Enable me to be able to take poison delivered by you in faith that I am consuming nectar."

The absolute dedication of Deshnetri shall forever shine gloriously in India's history. *Faith* does not depend on intellect, analysis, document or evidence. It is ocean deep. Deshnetri's constant concern and for him beginning since the reunion on January 7, 1963 till February 1968 marked by sleepless nights was in the quest for something, the story behind which is big and widespread in scope. It shall be disclosed someday when the situation permits.
In the last issue I wrote ---this is an interval. I remind this from an earlier narration ----
...."I shall have to vanish----only to appear on the scene" after it has been enacted".....
In this interval period, which is as volatile as camphor, mundane concerns are being addressed. In terms of statistics, the count exceeds tens of thousands. This inventory, the search for the person is still ongoing. The undercurrent is spread from the seashore to the Himalayas. How many are aware of this fact. Charan is awaiting for the time when the veil will be lifted off secrecy.

"The underlying theme of my life is ---- 'my heartache has not been assuaged'----- ***That is the source of my strength."***

'Jayasree' Pous 1393
January 17, 1987.

'Do you or do you not hear his footsteps'

Today as I write memories of the last twentyfive -thirty years come flooding in. Of the thrilling episode of the latest reunion; Charan is unable to figure out how much he should or should not write, busy moving to and fro, he tends to lose the plot. Mahakal's activity spanning the entire horizon is overwhelming. In connection with it there is a pile of small and large slips of paper all mixed up in a heap. For the last twentyfive years the great lady akin to a spark of fire is absent. To her Mahakal had one day sent a slip of paper with the following words written on it "***we are and am one with you in your feelings and thoughts. Your life "A POEM ON A FLAME"*** It is possible only for Mahakal to describe the Deshnetri in a single expression.
Alongside Deshnetri's message on that day was

LIFE'S "BUOY'S-ETERNAL" ARE LOVE-FAITH,
PATIENCE, AND UTTER DEDICATION.
At least them are for ME
And, if they are for ME----
They are for you too.

A great many things have been lost in the passage of time, and so many things resurface while reminiscing. One day after a discussion he had said, " After a hustle bustle for sometime you shall move for the better.'----'About the three developments in the land of the Dragon he had described as tremendous, less tremendous and the routine. He also said the 'You shall be pleased at the developments in ***Eastern Europe.'***

We also remember, ***Godless, greedy creed (of Communism)*** shall end. ***Already I have splitted in two, And the worse devilish one has been splitted in three.***
He added ***Communism shall die in the land of its birth, Even the Gods have not the power to nullify these solemn words.*** When were the Communists born after all? Only during the eighteen hundreds ; it's only a few years in the span of thousands of years. ***This creed is carrying its death in its own cell.***

Mahakal's words are akin to nectar. Charan has conveyed his priceless messages time and again to people close to him. The need of the hour is preparation, to prepare the groundwork for the gigantic programme that lay ahead, but where is any semblance of preparation to be seen? In this assembly there were only imagination and ideas. A storm was raging in Eastern Europe, and there was a fire burning in the land of the Dragon, and everything was topsy turvy in the birthplace of Lenin and Stalin's socialism. Where is Mahakal, after a flutter in one corner of the country and creation of an inventory everything was calm and tranquil.

Charan reminds people of Mahakal's words: ***I shall have to vanish---- only to appear "On the scene" after it has been enacted."***

The day is near
Charan therefore remembers
A script-----
"Some nook, some corner

each can fill
which no one else can
and none else will".
'In an instant the impossible comes
Manifesting itself in its own light. '

Wake up, our sleeping countrymen. Wake up my brothers and sisters. Get ready, prepare yourselves, for there is no time to waste.

'Jayasree', Pous 1396
January 1990

'Did thee hearken to my message'

First Chapter

After a prolonged silence Charan has taken up his pen again. How long can he remain a passive onlooker after all. What a multitude of problems involving one person! Somewhere there's an attempt to 'crack the mystery', elsewhere there are attempts to establish his death and discussions regarding his ashes --- and at other places malafide designs of misappropriating the vast collection of wartime assets of the Azad Hind Government or its secret funds. Involved in all this are a 'freedom fighter' from the party founded by the Deshnayak himself, a handful of opportunists from the Azad Hind Fauz and some close relatives who claim to be his natural heirs. But why are there doubts in the minds of those who are the affectionate followers of the central figure of the latest ? Why do we hear the scream 'why should this mystery remain a mystery'?

Charan cannot gather timely information about developments due to his homeless life of a vagabond. Or perhaps there is no pressure for time in his bag. Suddenly a news published in the public opinion column of a daily has not only surprised him, it has angered him even more. The mood to write something about Mahakal gets totally disturbed, the newspaper trying to narrate something in a hurry ---since they cannot afford not to mention this extraordinary person, they have mentioned about Kamalakanta, Mahakal's favourite. The envoy dispatched by Deshnetri--one who found a place of deep trust at the feet of Mahakal ---what a sorry state he was in! Is there nobody to look after Deshnetri's people? Charan cannot think of it. The followers of the Ghost are themselves Ghosts after all. The news headlines went thus ---'Sad story of the demise of a freedom fighter'. The freedom fighter Anil Chandra evaded the police dragnet and an arrest warrant in his youth (In 1932) and took refuge in Bangkok from where he was trying to organise the Indian freedom movement. At a later stage he came in contact with Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose and he was entrusted with some secret work. After Independence he returned to India and he was awarded a copper plate and the freedom fighter's pension from the Government. But of late he was down and bedridden with a cardiac ailment and he

had to be hospitalised twice at the PG hospital. On the 24th October last (1990) he had to be admitted again in the PG hospital due to exaggeration of his cardiac ailment. On the next day he was suffering from severe respiratory distress. He was administered Oxygen inhalation through a nasal canula but there was no intravenous saline. In this situation he could not be transferred to the intensive care unit. The patient's eyes appeared cloudy and he was speechless. The hospital mattress was dirty and even dirties was the pillow. Perhaps he had vomited during the night so that vomitus had dried up at the angle of his mouth. There was no nurse to take care of him. As a freedom fighter the entitlement of a free bed was deemed sufficient for him. Anil Das was relieved of his mortal sufferings amid dire neglect. But his mortal remains were not liberated so easily. The Dom [professional handlers of dead bodies during cremation or in mortuaries] demanded Rs 159. On learning about the identity of the deceased he let go off his body on the receipt of Rs 101 only and handed it over to the deceased's relatives.

The one to whom the Deshnayak handed over a transmitter for the purpose of keeping contact on wireless before he left the South East Asian theatre ---- whose order was---'keep on working as directed---I shall contact you when the time is right ----after a prolonged period--- the single minded worker hailing from the same village as the Deshnetri, his favourite 'Renu' ---Anil Das----who was dispatched before Mahakal ----that dedication----the sacrifice shall be remembered in history.

Such neglect in the land of the standard bearers of democracy and equality ---not only that of the common man----but this fate of a man who was so devoted to his country and had sacrificed so much! So what will be the fate of the Dead Ghost? Mahakal can foresee the future---and he is not oblivious to the sentiments of the people in this country. The words that Charan had intended to mention at the outset, that is after the prolonged period out of contact . An event that occurred before the eyes of the world, followed a plethora of opinions of different people, and the cessation of fire in the South East Asian theatre of the second world war. His comrade who was sentenced to death by hanging literally came back from the gallows followed by a series of events, transfer of power, partition, bloodbath in Bengal as well as the rest of India, the victory of Democracy and Socialism, the wartime famine, followed by the engineered partition riots and the ethnic cleansing of the Hindus in East Bengal. After all this the yellow races invaded this country deal a brutal jolt to the effete and comatose nation, and shortly afterwards the voice of the lost man whose ashes had been kept in an urn was heard ----meeting of the revolutionary Deshnetri with Mahakaal, Charan shall narrate something that transpired in that meeting in Mahakaal's own words today.

In course of conversation Deshnetri's envoy Mukul had remarked, " The countrymen shall be enraged if the Government led by your friend does something wrong. ---Earlier I used to think that there would be a *political earthquake* although now I tend to think that might not be the case.' Mahakal said 'Where are those people who shall get enraged? They are all dead and gone. There's no question of an earthquake. If the two things happened then Shaulmari would not have dragged on for so long. If there were such volatile people around along with the substrate for the ***earthquake*** then at the first hint of Shaulmari the country would have been up in flames. You have overlooked this aspect. That aspect is, if it was understood beforehand that an ***earthquake*** would have occurred---this (Shaulmari) would have not happened in the first

place----something else would have been done. It is no kid stuff to play with such a fire and a ***Bomb*** for an earthquake. Can you imagine players playing around with a ***Live Bomb*** --tossing it around and rolling it about---and yet remaining alive? Is it possible? Have you not ever configured what your ***Dead Man*** is?***Your Dead Man is a live Bomb with a burning fuse*** isn't it? ***He has been such from his childhood, he is 'not an empty bomb with an unlighted fuse'. The 'Combine' is no fool. They can well handle the situation from A to Z*** wow what a wonderful stage; ***Or the Combine knows these fundamental rules; (a) The public memory is proverbially short (B) the public will come to believe anything which will be constantly and repeatedly propagated to them over a long period. © Ordinarily the public is incapable of remaining --- in a high pitch for a long time. (d) The overwhelming mass of the public are stupid and fools. They are mere rabbles, they could be used in any way and for any purpose by any unscrupulous man or Party. The public loses interest in anything which is long and protracted. These are fundamental facts JN (the combine) is using these rules to his entire advantage.***

Charan let me tell you something that I have not told you before, because such a thing is their in your Magna Carta itself. Your ***Deadman*** not only believes, he knows it for a fact that Sri Sri Ma Jagadamba Durga Kali herself is driving him from within. WHatever he has done since childhood and is doing at present is being done by Sri Sri Ma Jagadamba Kali herself. He is nothing but an instrument. It is through this full and first hand knowledge that she repeatedly tells him '" I have a language--a message--that is the message and language of Mother herself. My Ma (Mother) has a language---a spirit, something to give. One day the world must listen to it and pay heed to it. It is with the gift of my Mother that the world shall be free and shall be inspired for eternity." [The significance of each word is deep; do figure out its meaning carefully] Ma Jagadamba Durga Kali knows, and knows it fully that her work needs to be done somehow. and it is for this reason that ---if "Devil himself" hatches a "conspiracy" and no matter how big it be in magnitude, Ma [Mother] shall extricate her son somehow or the other out if it. There are hundreds of proofs of this. The biggest proof is ***Mac Arthur's final report***---and even after the ***report and resultant efforts*** surviving this way and for so long. It was for this reason, for the son of Ma Jagadamba Durga Kali---the game of Shaulmari had to be conjured up. From the very beginning when the ***JN Combine*** was making one move after the other we would break out into peals of side splitting laughter.

Do you know what I say to myself now? I say (to myself) bravo brother bravo. You are really a maestro of a player. Otherwise you would not have been able to sustain this game for so long. Now that you people have sustained this game for so long carry on with it for sometime more----let the fun of the game be complete, let the spectators watching the game derive full pleasure from the game----let the crowd get their money's worth for the tickets they bought. Fine now that family and friends, close and distant have all become yours----you have quenched their hunger in a multitude of ways, so why the delay? the ingredients are all there and ready, Of what use this delay? Call all the ***Party members*** and other ***Party-Committee Society and Public Members,*** as many as you can muster strong ---in a gigantic public gathering call all family members, do not forget all the friends, and also do not forget the "fairy queen and her daughter from Europe" ----and in that gigantic gathering let the Swamiji of Shaulmari (a Brahmin's son by his own admission) proclaim himself as Netaji and emerge in public. Let there be a joyous uproar all around. Let the drums beat and trumpets sound to the accompaniment

of ---joy---pleasure----tears at the union. It will really be something great if it indeed happens this way. Netaji will remain yours till his death. He shall roam around like you people do and shall preach revolution and war. Perhaps he shall take a big post or assume a high public office. As in Bangladesh---Bengal--Netaji is needed ----you shall get exactly that---only this much is left of the play to be enacted. Just this is remaining to give you the money's worth for your tickets. Take aim and kick the football accurately and score the 'goal', let there be thunderous applause ----Jai Hind! Jai Hind!

It would be so nice if it happens this way,. One can be worry free on all counts. But it is really worrisome why the swamiji of Shaulmari has not emerged in some big public meeting proclaiming himself to be Netaji. We had ***expected*** that by this time Netaji would have emerged at some mammoth public gathering proclaiming his presence----in such meetings there is no chance for logic or argument. Then it would be all a ***'clear sailing'*** for 'Netaji' isn't it? But, ***it is a very big 'But'*** even if 'Netaji' comes like this ***The Horizon shall be clear.*** Far from it. It would just be the opposite. In other words if this happens --the Netaji the Bengali idol would return to Bengal. He starts moving around all over the country. He starts doing the things he likes to do. ***It amounts to this: 'The Combine'*** becomes worry free on one front. Thereafter, ***The Combine shall be free to concentrate all their*** microscopes, durbins [telescopes], magnifying glass plus radar screens--***far and wide--for that one purpose"*** This is called ***"parallel bluff"***. In other words, ***The Combine*** shall hope that since Netaji has arrived the "other side" shall no doubt become a little ***carefree*** (but only after being certain) ---and the "other side" being" a little careless" will result in the ***Combine*** getting the "key to the jigsaw puzzle". Perhaps "it shall be possible for the exorcist" to "exorcise the terrible Ghost" which is sitting right on their shoulders.

This is why your ***"Dead man" carries something within him, is fully sufficient to bring eternal sleep within 6 seconds.....that something cannot be activated accidentally....no one of the Combine can ever expect to get him alive.*** Jai Ma ! (Hail Mother!)" .

Charan concludes today's *despatch* herein. He is a wanderer-----moving around far and wide. On the way he meets the courier. The message is sure to reach its destination if he drops it in his bag. The remaining part of the anecdote shall be narrated on another occasion. The wheel is constantly moving, the veil is being lifted off gradually, the untold news of the new age are far too many.

'Jayasree' Pous 1379
January 1991.

Second chapter.

Charan had gone out in the winter morning of Pous with his courier bag. It was a life of wandering without a fixed address. In the earlier days there used to be no facility for courier service. And since nobody was travelling in that direction therefore there was no contact. There was only a constellation of events in a fathomless path. A cluster of events like waves in an ocean.

Charan remembered that the diamond jubilee of the 'Messenger' that had been founded by the Deshnetri in which Mahakal's words had been serially published was now close at hand.m Charan had been around during the golden jubilee celebrations. Today he is far away--- he could guess the dire financial condition the publication was in. Deshnetri's messenger--- the sole preacher of Mahakal's voice has kept its existence intact through an uncompromising struggle.

In a gathering in his own country Mahakal had once remarked "The moot point is that your publication must have an ideal. Work sans ideals, life sans ideals is akin to a ***wayward life.*** Some ***cater*** to the ***box office***---it is essentially meant to cater to vulgar tastes. The example that you set before your readership should be ***Chaste, noble and honest.*** There should be no whiff of catering to baser instincts in it. Instincts = ***Nature***. Instincts are by nature driven in the downward direction. It is due to the baser instincts that the baser tendencies prevail in the human being. For this reason one needs to sublime baser instincts and divert them towards a higher direction through love, affection and prayer. It is my first hand experience that the epithets such as prostitutes, promiscuous, perfidious etc, that are often attributed to womankind are only their facade. Their facade will fall off if you strike them at the right place and before you shall manifest the beautiful and serene face of a mother. It is better to trust someone than to distrust someone for ever. ***It is my conviction*** and ***it is my theory.*** You give shape to your 'Jayasree' along these lines. Try to figure out what your reader wants. It is not that page numbers are not used for pictures, advertisements, etc. Either at the right or the left, above or below, always provide page numbers. Another point to remember-- do not be trivial about those who are highly respectable, stalwarts and iconic.

Literature is of two kinds. One is propaganda, and the other is based on action. Build it along the lines of the kind based on action. In propaganda literature, only one word among ten is true.
Shall I say something more if you like it? The facial expression of Sjt Leela Ray in the meeting that we held amid the thunderstorm and the congress meeting got disrupted, please get a rupee coin size picture of her face bearing that facial expression with a subtle and almost imperceptible smile---if you can print it--- the ***oval shape*** face of hers, with her broad forehead and with the broad saree border line. This is a fancy desire of mine. It is not a ***necessity*** for you, if possible please do it; otherwise don't. But no other image of hers. ***That's only***.

This is the way in which Mahakal loved Deshnetri's publication. Chanar is unable to stand by it in its period of crisis. He presents Mahakal's -presentations, what Mahakal thinks about the publication. It is the duty of those devotees and admirers of Mahakal, who are ever eager to read the writings of Charanik, to provide for the requirement of the publication., and to stand by the revolutionary editor at the times of need. This is to fulfil the desire of the warrior saint who once demanded the offering of their lives from his compatriots living in South East Asia in exchange of freedom, and his expatriate community of compatriots had spontaneously poured out all they had and offered him their lives too. In the same way today the publication and sole 'messenger' 'Jayasree' has to be revived by selfless and open hearted monetary donations and other help. Unhesitating donations are needed in every work of this publication. Charan will feel the consequences from afar. During his stay in the country larger efforts shall be effective.

The indifferent wayfarer faqir has many a time sent short messages---one of them was meant for Deshnetri----

HUMBLE BEGGAR WISHES YOU: FAR REACHING HORIZON GLORIOUS VICTORY UNALLOYED AFFECTIONATE LOVE BLESSINGS FOND FEELINGS MEMOIRS. ON THIS YOUR DAY. TAKE GOOD CARE OF THYSELF. LORD BLESS YOU DEAR.

PILGRIM.

"You shall remember ideals as long as you do not abide by it. When the ideals engulf you and your entire being ***then and then only you shall forget the value of*** ideals. Me and you, you and your ideals are two different entities. When the ideals engulf your being after entering within you, you remain yourself. As long as you have the need to quote ideals, you have not imbibed them. ***Thou and Me*** denotes two different persons. ***Thou***- ideals, ***Me***--myself. The devotee and his thoughts are two different entities. It is something like the devotee immersing his thoughts within himself. You are a tumbler full of water and the ocean is the ideal. So when you stand amid the ocean with a tumbler of water in your hands, the tumbler shall still say to the ocean 'I am limited you and limitless, unbound, i am bound on all sides'. Listening to this, as you turn the tumbler upside down, the water from the tumbler will say aloud that I have become one with the ocean, and I have lost my separate identity. Try hard as you might, you shall not be able to find out my erstwhile identity. (As he said this, Mahakal uttered 'Ma' in a deep baritone voice like a rumbling thundercloud).

Three decades ago, when Deshnetri's messenger Charan had first presented himself before Mahakal , he had spent a long duration of time in his service, at that time, it was in the months of Shravan-Bhadra (monsoon months of the Bangla calendar) Charan has already mentioned--it was the same idea which had been discussed in a meeting session---matters that are taking the world by surprise today----event after event in succession--one end of the world to the other is in a state of turmoil today--and Charan is keeping mum like the know-all. Mahakal had said "whatever we are doing today shall indeed come to fruition. (we are fixed on our target). Our vivisected motherland shall be one again.". The ***Godless greedy creed of Communism*** shall die. ***Already I have splitted in two. And the worse devilish one I have split in three.*** (perhaps outsiders do not know it yet). There is no other well wisher guardian angel uncle; ***Beloved*** and protector-cum-***strategic adviser*** for them as I am.

Five or six ***revolt, fightings and uprisings*** have already taken place. Nobody could even in their dreams guess that it is their ----***Strategic advisor*** uncle himself who is (a) repeatedly orchestrating revolt after revolt (b) ***General Death © General Shiva.***

Several maps shall change.

The sadhana [quest] of ***The Ghost of the Dead*** shall be consummated thus.

Mahakal's quest is continuing. The words that sounded like products of imagination having run riot and outlandish, on hearing which the know-it-alls used to smile derisively--many among

whom are now dead and gone, what those among them who are still around are thinking is not known, but Charan is spellbound. Maps have indeed changed---and are changing.

The mention of today's Estonia, Latvia, Baltic, Lithuania, Ukraine---etc have all found mention in Mahakal's discussions. Mahakal has dwelt upon at length about the uniqueness and importance of each of these geographical areas, whatever little of that the listeners or Charan have been able to jot down----have the hints dropped therein been of use---they have not. Because doubting minds have lost their plots trying to figure out things with their own limited faculties.

Mahakal is beyond the realm of arguments; the subjects of his discourse belong to the distant future---these are unshakable truths. The limitations are ours, those who listen or read. We neither have the patience nor the perseverance. We marvel at his predictions after his they have been fulfilled!

The account of the first meeting in Charan's *despatch* was incomplete--let us recollect something more here--Charan is perpetually pressed for time--to recollect everything and to narrate them sequentially is extremely difficult---one after the other event is taking place in quick succession, each leaving the other behind it---the future is approaching fast---to keep pace is a demanding task.

….."A nagging thought keeps bothering me. I feel a heaviness in my heart whenever the thought occurs to me. Because, whoever I am after all, I am a man of flesh and blood, and I have the heart and soul of a human being. Charan remember-- the blow will come in the same way as is ordained in the schedule (Only pray to Ma so that you don't have to be dealt the "most ***terrible*** blow". I do not desire this). At that time ---or at that---that time,what shall ***J.N. Combine*** ---and Netaji ***J.N.*** and the countrymen do? what shall they say? what shall they think? they'll think and say so many things. But what about who shall not be present then? It pains me whenever these thoughts come to haunt my mind. A lot of stray thoughts come to me then. I do not have family, property, interests, comforts, entertainment, no one to mourn me if I die, no one to smile at me if I live. None to have pity on me. Why have I been doing and continuing to do all this? The sad and withered but holy face of Ma [the divine Mother] strengthens my resolve and I hold my chest tight--and keep strong.

Right you are! You have uttered a terrible truth: It is on our own-----very own strength, that we have to act. We shall depend on nobody's magnanimity this time around. We have learnt our lesson in the last occasion. None ***"outside"*** Indians shall be able to brag this time that 'we have done this and we have done that". We have undertaken our task after having been certain of this aspect.

I thank you---all of you a hundred crore times--- both Ma [divine Mother] and myself bless you that you shall never be able to think even in your dreams that your "He" ***J.N., U.K., U.S.A. Combines.*** Thanks. Take my Ma's blessings. Your Faquir.

'Jayasree', Shravan-Bhadra, 1398.
August September, 1991.

"Daivacchavidhinirmitat"

Charan had been running around to and fro like a gust of wind, and he did not get even a wee bit of time to write anything. After three decades of relentless activity Mahakal is now in the state of Shiva----meditating in deep samadhi. He was beyond all perceptible dimensions; seen-unseen, known-unknown. His ambit of movement includes not only the mundane planets and their satellites but all the realms of the metaphysical world as well. An assortment of events in the world theatre---included among them were the land of the polar bears, the land of the Dragon, the Far East and the lands traversed by the wayfarer from India in the forties. A powerful tidal wave came along rocking the country in its wake, raising several questions, stirring debates, moving individuals, political parties and groups into ceaseless activity. The after effects of the national events creates ripples in the international sphere as well. The poor country filled with misfortune becomes the cynosure of the eyes of people all over the world. But rivalry and enmity is not the only reason for this upheaval. There are deep rooted causes behind it too. from Kanyakumari to the Himalayas, from the Rann of Kutch to Imphal and Kohima, throughout the geographical boundaries of ancient India there are signs of the shape of things to come. The hangover of two hundred years of colonialism is yet to fade out, even to this day the eyes of the bird of prey have not changed into the eyes that shower love and affection, this is the reason that the often greed of nations wearing the facade of democracy becomes apparent. Charan's only wish is---after the messenger boys of Mahakal toast the victory at the end of the final battle----this pen of his shall come to rest. Far away in the distance he shall sing the ballad of his joy. It is an eager wait for that day.

Despite its awesome speed science has stopped dead in its tracks------scientists have started thinking about the limits of science; modern science is beginning to realise that every scientific principle is derived from certain predetermined conceptions of reality---even these principles are limited within their own boundaries----outside these limits, modern science is denied access. Hence the necessity of thinking out newer hypotheses or an evolution of the pre-existing concepts. But the world of consciousness is different----and its movements are limitless---when the web of ignorance is removed, when the darkness of unenlightenment is gone, one's conscious self can attain such mobility. A Sadhaka is stationed in such a state of mobility.

The seeds of the great nationwide plan of action that Mahakal sowed for the last three decades had its origins in the thirties,which, however, could not mature into an adequate striking force during the early forties. A sect practising celibacy and intense renunciation ----dedicated to its goal from childhood till the last day of life. The adored one is behind the veil, hidden from the public eye. With advice and directives constantly pouring in it has grown into branches and sub branches far and wide. Its presence is there in every political party and group, and that is the

cause of intense anxiety. This all pervading Indian national consciousness is the mantra of freedom for the future.

Charan remembers and is simultaneously amazed when he thinks why Mahakal spent such a long period of time during the reunion at a particular area in the country--adjoining the Sarayu river. He has repeatedly referred to urging others to resolve the mystery belonging to the area. At that time Charan had been unable to fathom which mystery he was hinting at. Today's countrywide upheaval unsettles Charan. During his long stay numerous organisations and people paid their visit to Mahakal---widespread directives-deep rooted planning and discussions. Charan was a mere witness to these events, because during such meetings Charan used to be locked in an adjacent room under orders from Mahakal. Because after the reunion none of the directives as a part of the great plan of action which were issued to the Deshnetri's messengers had been implemented. Everything had remained unfulfilled except personal services to Mahakal, his personal needs and comforts. The history is long, the sequence of events that took place therein shall certainly be unfolded.

After Charan's last dispatch a lot of events had taken place elsewhere. Principal among these events being the passing away of the foremost charioteer of Deshnetri, the youth of the thirties, powerful as a tidal wave of the blue ocean---the last in the line of the surviving lights of the revolutionaries of India's freedom struggle--Sunil Das's journey to the eternal abode in the company of Mahakal. Charan shall present some conversations that took place at the time of the reunion. This servant, pure of heart, was known in Mahakal's circle as the 'Mango Panicle.' In a letter after the reunion one comes across an expression revealing the true self of Mahakal. This expression can only be addressed to one's most ardent disciple. Because Mahakal considered this disciple a gem.

' I had duly received the letter which you sent me through a messenger. Thank you. I read it and I thought. Shall I say something? If we are to stay within a society, what is this 'social etiquette'? Isn't ***Social etiquette and courtesy*** synonymous with ***Hypocrisy?.***
And it is only among civil beings that these ***ceremonies of civility*** need to be exchanged.
Am I also the same? I know that I am not 'such'. Yes, I am not 'such'. Perhaps you shall say, what are you 'then'? what? Shall I say then you are an ***'Illusion'***? ***A phenomenon***? Or else……?
And if in response I say "Yes, perhaps I am something of that kind."---- will there be anything wrong? will it be a mistake? ***Illusion.***

If you analyse it in a different way then--you shall realise the significance of this word : Is a ***phenomenon,*** an ***illusion,*** in any way less than God? And what do we know of God that is not ***illusion?*** How could we know God?....What can we know there are certain attribute*s*….isn't it? We can recognise the unavoidable, we can recognise the ultimate, the final---and complete and unfailing negation---beyond which there are no questions and no further answers……
And because of this: I am Dead….And (My) death is the only recognisable form of God(Kali). All other talk of the supreme being is superficial and false.

(The **100%** true meaning, the final target is = **Death** = **Non-being.** Hope you know this much?).

This is why I was saying " Please keep the florid assortment of social niceties and etiquette for others (the gentry) with due care. It's better you do not keep them for me.
The words that originate from deep within your heart are the words of 'Ma Kali'. Learn to derive "child-like divine pleasure" and 'divine bliss" from whatever you get to listen to arising **spontaneously** from those depths.

Have you ever affectionately praised a five year old child for something good the child has done? The divine child in response to your praise looks up at you in the eye: an incomparable expression of joy lights up his face "with a beautiful countenance filled with joy and pride and his love for you illuminating his eyes" imparting a **deeply s-o-f-t** glow to his face.
The child appreciates and can feel your heartfelt praise. And perhaps as if in a dream he shall touch you with his two outstretched hands-- or will place his face on your lap. Or with his eyes he shall bequeath everything to you that is his and rul to his mother or elder sister-- to share his treasure of joy with gay abandon.

There is no facade of 'etiquette' here. There is truth, divine and beautiful **God**- 'Ma Kali'. There….."I am not fit for this extreme innermost noble gesture; I have only tried to carry out my duty".

In today's world the outpouring of inner feelings have all but disappeared. That is why if the Mandakini flows out on her own towards you, do learn to immerse yourself in it.'
Along with Mukul (Mango Panicle) there were other messengers sent by Deshnetri who had come to meet the Mahakal at his assembly for other purposes. During his prolonged stay, regular concise messages were being dispatched to Didi [elder sister, respectable and endearing term for referring to Deshnetri Leela Roy] from unknown addresses. Such letters bearing piecemeal contained several accounts of the fates met by his comrades in different circumstances---the descriptions of which have remained with Charan but one knows not how far they shall be preserved considering his to and fro movements like a gust of the wind. The outer facade is not the true identity of a person, of how many individuals do we get to know the true self. It is but human nature to be bound by self and ego. But it is regrettable that their ego had not been cleansed from their minds even after coming in contact with the renunciate revolutionary Deshnetri.

'Not only the temporarily the non-stationary, but even the stationary too has to depend on the motion of the altered situation. It happened thus recently. Listening to the account of the physically weak and fickle minded companion from the capital city, it did not appear at all unreal to me, it appeared very mundane and real. As if generated on the basis of **sense-perception.** Like a tall tale though it sounds, one has to admit its veracity. My impression is it is not beyond the realms of possibility……

We hope that the day is not far off when the cries and their resounding echoes are heard from the horizon in reply to the question of whether the distinct portrayal of truth is being dispensed with while discussing matters in the domain of the supernatural. We conclude herein with this hope. the hope that the long wait shall come to an end. '

Charan's pen refuses to move in the biting cold, the mendicant's courier is waiting ---he has to be disposed off without further delay---but I shall make these additions to my presentation notwithstanding the trouble. I shall try to deliver the message via courier in his next hideout. . We have to keep our eyes and ears open, we have to keep our hearts open for listening to and trying to feel his footsteps------ the horizon is veiled behind a web of so many forces, that will be apparent to none else but the receptacle which has completely been cleansed of the darkness of ego and self. When the omnipotent is going to manifest himself in his pristine form, there will indeed be upheavals and casualties.

January, 1993

"Jayasree", Pous, 1399.

We need the awakening of Bengal and Bengalis.

Towards the beginning of the later half of the last century, when the conspiracy to finish off Bengal and the Bengalis in totality was being hatched in right earnest at that time Charan presents a blueprint for the redemption and reawakening of Bengal and the Bengalis which has the blessings of Mahakal. The blueprint was drafted by Charan, to which Mahakal added the final touches. The present blueprint shall be the mainstay of survival and a pathfinder in the future. The words and vocabulary added by Mahakal has been preserved as such in the blueprint to preserve its pristineness. And the words that Mahakal has added have been printed in bold.

Time has come to rethink the efforts that have been undertaken towards the upliftment of Bengal and Bengalis. Along with it Bengalis themselves have to be alert about the conspiracy that has been hatched overtly and covertly to destroy its society, culture, industry and economy. It was not only during the latter half of the last century but even earlier there have been several man made famines and partition of Mother Bengal as a part of a deep-rooted and well thought out long term conspiracy to destroy Bengal and the Bengalis. Leaders of several hues took active part in the conspiracy and even to this day many of them continue to actively participate in it for their personal gains. Otherwise Bengal and Bengalis will not survive. And if Bengal and Bengalis do not survive India will not survive. In the words of Swamiji "The responsibility that rests on the shoulders of the youth of Bengal is onerous...I say with certainty. From these enthusiastic Bengali youth, pure of heart shall arise hundreds of heroes……."

A blueprint meant for the brave youth of Bengal

"Bengal has a specific message, for every teaching on Indian spiritualism and civilization that has to be delivered to ***India and the world,*** Bengal has a specific contribution. The time has

come for the freedom loving youth in Bengal to organize itself into an army of sadhakas to transform the dreams of Vivekananda-Subhaschandra into reality. We want the awakening of Bengal and Bengalis-- not extraneous but bonafide awakening. The Bengali should arise once again only as Bengalis. We do not belong to that group who delude themselves into the diehard cult of modernism. We have to rediscover ourselves based on our roots. In this respect the unforgettable words of Subhas Chandra are ' If you want to build up your life on a solid foundation ---then steer clear from the influence of false Gurus and erroneous paths., be rooted in your identity and figure out the life's paradigm.' ***No nation can become great following the ideology of a foreign country.*** After we become free of the British yoke we do not want to be governed by a foreign power again. ***We cannot become great by denying our past. We must remember the history of our country and our nation at all times*** and must preach its way of life and ideology. Bengalis must firmly resist all foreign thinking and ideologies and be rooted in their past. Vested interests have, with the help of money and borrowed ideologies polluted our ***national character*** and rendered us ***spineless.*** If Bengalis do not root themselves on their own nationalism, culture and history, in the coming days there will be no end to their humiliation.

A society developes its culture based on all its characteristics and attributes. Its ancient traditions and heritage, ideals and value systems, economic setup, means of production and distribution, the political set up, education, social relationships and customs, ***religious beliefs,*** social behaviour and character, all contribute to the formation of a culture. A truly nationalist organisation can include all this in its goals. Only an organisation which, at the time of crisis, , at a watershed period of history, with this "all encompassing culture-consciousness " and the determination to bring about social change can earn the laurels of "victory". Since the foundation of Bengal is the Bengali, Bengal cannot change unless the Bengali changes himself. As we wait to usher in the new age, we shall engage in organising ourselves into an outfit known as the "Shakti Bahini" which will pledge itself into bringing about transformation and change in Bengali society. We shall be resolved towards the all round developement and establishment of Bengal and Bengali society.

'Shaktibahini' shall not be guided by any ideology borrowed from abroad, its watchword will be religion nationalism. And to that end it shall be committed to an **uncompromising struggle** against any kind of foreign ideals. 'Shaktibahini' shall not be any political party, but it shall believe in Netaji's concept of a 'State within a State' for the realisation of its goal. Bereft of any sense of purpose and ideals or **devoid of a sense of urgency** no organisation can bring forth a revolution. Since 'Shaktibahini' hopes to bring about a 'revolution' it hopes to **take the responsibility of ruling the nation and society** in the distant future. 'Shaktibahini' beckons the awakened power of youth and children in that direction.

A period of national and international crisis lies ahead of us. **Bengal and the Bengali nation** are no different entities from Ma Kali. We do not believe in separatism. Carry out our **duty at the time of crisis** we must. The responsibilities of protecting the distressed, fortifying the national frontiers---etc we must accept. Since we believe that the present crisis and the future perils **shall not be permanent,** we must have to be prepared to take responsibility for accepting a multitude of responsibilities in the future. Bengalis must rejuvenate themselves through their own culture and ideals and must act and sacrifice with full confidence and faith in themselves

and purging all thoughts of negativity, despair and inferiority from their minds. For the work of the motherland, there is **no other way out** than self sacrifice. There is **a definite role waiting for us** in the future. 'Shaktibahini' takes the oath of playing its role thus ordained in preparing the future for Bengal.

Duty: If there is some truth in the aforementioned words, then one has to admit that 'Shaktibahini's uniqueness shall be its long term action plan. We shall have to pledge ourselves to the following tasks and we shall have to draw up our immediate and long-term plan of action accordingly. The tasks may be listed as follows:

1. Character and Nation building.
2. Fullest expression of Bengali culture.
3. Spread and publicise national culture within and outside the province.

Modus Operandi: Our modus operandi can largely be divided into two parts: Long term and short term. We need to have a comprehensive and balanced plan of action so that the realisation of our goals becomes more suited to and relatively easy in the background of our present ground situation.

Long term and comprehensive action plan:

A. A **moral cum military force** of the Bengalis. The task of this force shall be

1. To maintain discipline at all times-- to build up the body mind and character.
2. To maintain the border security.
3. To maintain the morale of the population.
4. To be aware of national defence matters and to make the population aware.
5. To help in the implementation of the **various programmes of 'Shaktibahini'.**

B. **Economic role:**

1. Agricultural and land problems;
2. Distribution of river water for agriculture and dredging and banking rivers. rivers and rivulets flow according to the ways of nature obeying only the laws of gravitation. The origin and flow of rivers, their diverging, uniting, etc is for the benefit of this earth, and for the good of this world they flow according to the wishes of 'Ma Kali'. If the great vainglorious fools who think no end of themselves by virtue of their miniscule education go against my 'Ma Kali', she gives them a rope "long enough only for" a little face saving; then she pulls it all of a sudden culminating in the tripping. Rivers and rivulets while flowing determine their own course and make arrangements to spread out themselves. **They know their own and their sisters' size and strength** and that they will swell up whenever there are rains in their higher reaches near their origins. This is why they arrange to spread themselves out with meticulous thought so that they do not cause an

impending doom for all living around it. It distributes its treasure of [RATHER] love raining down from its maiden home. and its children also swell up in joy and dance along happily with it. Thereafter following the cessation of the rains it regresses back to its old self and continues flowing on in its course. As a result of these loving rains ---every river and rivulet spreads itself out-- with tremendous power --- and cleans away every dirt, accumulated waste and refuse as a result of the foolishness of the inhabitants along its banks, toxins from diseases, insects, decomposing corpses of human beings and animals, everything that is harmful to the movable and the immobile, brushing and bathing the land clean ---taking all waste in its own bosom ,making and keeping the earth clean-washed up and healthy. This is an invaluable remedy from nature. Human beings, **blinded with selfish motives plunder** the God gifted rights of rivers. They try to take possession of the natural spaces of spreading and flowing of the rivers in ------**many ways,** by **many means, many excuses.** Out of **sheer greed,** being bereft of all sense of propriety, they create myriad hurdles in the spaces where rivers swell up , and for many selfish ends build homes and erect buildings in its place. Therefore with their habitat and spaces needed for swelling up burglarized by crooks, cheats, thieves and greedy thugs -----one can easily figure out what will their retribution be when they are in spate. Devastating floods during monsoons, excessive rains and droughts, ----these three are all nature's challenges in response to human greed. Vacate all areas which had been misappropriated denying the river its rightful natural space to expand. Give back their "rights of a million million years to expand and carry and bear more water as and when needed' and return them the areas that are rightfully theirs. Compel the greedy ones occupying those places to relocate themselves in far flung areas. Flatten those hurdles which have been erected with the purpose of obstructing the natural flow of rivers. In the areas where the rivers spread out during floods, they leave behind a blessing for humanity. The e-x-t-e-n-s-i-v-e area where it deposits silt, I myself have seen yielding six to seven times the normal amount of crops even without tilling the land. Plant trees with strong roots extensively in the catchment areas besides its areas of flooding. Do full fledged extensive dredging. Remove all dams from the course of the river in its bends and its basin. ***Compulsorily*** : Stop all drainage and wastewater flowing out into the river from big cities and towns. Create banking and planting by the side of all rivers. (There are dredgers capable of continuously dredging an area 200 years wide and 35 feet deep and simultaneously deposit the dredged silt on the banks 200 feet away as it goes). Plant trees with deep roots along the river banks. If a tree has to be felled another tree has to be planted in its place immediately. 100% discontinuation of the use of chemical fertilizers ***If we are to escape the catastrophes that have ended earlier civilizations we must learn that Man cannot live by science and intellect alone. .....The Wild world is the human world. Having evolved in it for millions and millions of centuries, we are not far removed by a clothing of civilization. It is packed in our genes.....In fact, the more power driven complex and delicate our civilization becomes the more the likelihood arises that a collapse will put us back to wilderness. There is in wilderness a natural wisdom that shapes all earth's experiments with life.***

3. Socioeconomic development of villages.

4. Problems of industrialisation and unemployment- No problem. Make a concerted effort to employ 70% _____ in the private concerns, industries, offices, domestic work. (Skilled sailing, adventurism of Bijay Singha, trade and commerce at home and abroad, like Chand Saudagar, go out to Andaman and Nicobar, 100% _____ expeditions -------spread out dwellings and colonies, this is extremely essential. Leaving aside those who are truly engaged in their jobs and those who are studying all non essential people and family members should be made to leave and stay in their respective villages and they should not be allowed to set up dwellings under any excuse in the cities. (In this way 95% of the problems will be solved). In the Bay of Bengal, in _____'s own seabed there are unbelievable __ reserves (I have come to know from those who have found out). In some of the hills in _____ there are _____in the dense forests where some rivers originate there are reserves of ____ and unlimited layers of different metals. (The Government of India does not know, and they have kept secret whatever they know, for the plan is to finish off _____and the _____ by force, treachery or any other perfidious means). All these have to be recovered 100% by Bengalis otherwise it will be a disaster. At present even in the edges of temporary Bengal in all hills big and small, ***At once*** unbeatable hardened warriors, followers of Ma Kali should be--must be settled (If there be _____ there, then they have to be cleansed from those areas, with a cry of "Jai Ma Kali" ----completely 100%) , no peripheral areas should be left out. . The "____s all kinds, known and unknown "_____" should be completely cleansed, "_____"s should be **completely** _____ at an opportune moment. Apart from those who are working or permanently employed **none else shall be allowed to stay in the metropolitan cities.** All unemployed _____ youth from the ages of 17 to 40 must be admitted in Janani Janmabhumi's Army Corps. Discipline first, discipline next, discipline last. (The **secret plan** to finish off _____ and _____ and throttle _____had always been there and shall continue if you do not wake up--if you do not fight back).

5. Electricity and cottage industries.
6. Beautification and socioeconomic prosperity of cities.
7. Three types of industrial ownership (national, private and cooperative).

'Shaktibahini' through its 1. Ownership 2. Supervision and 3. assistance needs to spawn the growth of small industries and business establishments. The membership, youth and students of 'shaktibahini' shall be able to be responsible, innovative, creative, and rising above all selfish attitudes shall be able to develope moral strength. This will strengthen the financial foundations of the 'Shaktibahini' too. They shall obtain first hand experience and much needed knowhow for restructuring the finance of the state.

C. **Political dispensation.**

There should be realistic planning based on research on the following matters such as -----1. _____as a medium of official government correspondence---and its implementation at the earliest. _____ should be the principal language followed by other languages wherever necessary.

[With rock solid determination: **Only** _____ should be made the national and the official language at all levels. **English** should be the international language and the language for all official purposes. No compromise….The only purpose is the sole rulers of India will be the UP-ites. ***I know this.*** Light up light up get fired up. Do not stop at any hurdle. Do not waste time…..build up your own army and be victorious.]
2. The administration of the villages and panchayats. 3. The creation of districts and the administrative process. 4. To preserve the language based uniqueness of Bengali culture and increase the closeness of the two Bengals. You don't have to worry for that. It is going to happen anyway. In a bigger way than ever before.

D . **Education**

1. The medium of instruction should be Bengali. 2. Mass movement. : Resolving all problems at the institutional level through their own efforts. 3. All kinds of indiscipline detrimental to education should be **put down with a firm hand**. Formulation of a code of conduct for students. 5. financial assistance to the poor, free medical treatment and free education up to the fifth standard. 6. Cheap urban accommodation. 7. The study of true and full history of Bengal to be made compulsory at all levels.

[Mahakal's opinion regarding 1, 2, and 3----If the system that was in place during our time is re-established it itself will ensure physical-mental-moral-cultural-religious training; besides, it will ensure a high standard of all round education. The things that used to be taught at the school level (Ramayana, Mahabharata, Geeta, right from the mother's lap to doctorate, should be made compulsorily, compulsorily listened to----imbibed----known--read---presented. Otherwise behead clean]. Now all this is only being partially taught in colleges. Today's university Professors will twist their tongues and suffocate if they try to speak the English that the entrance pass outs of our time used to speak. Slash and reduce the number of all wannabe premier institutes to 1/3rd. Thereafter take merit based examinations in upper primary till the secondary levels and every juncture----100% on-merit exams (Close the way for those who do not have 100% aptitude of middle level and similarly close the way for those at the middle level for those who do not have 100% aptitude for progressing to the secondary stage. At **every step** test the ***inclination and aptitude*** and shortlist students accordingly compelling them to progress according to their aptitude and inclination. **Only those**---who have the glimmer of aptitude, talent and moral aptitude among them to progress to the higher levels should be allowed entry to those hallowed temples of higher education as those who are committed-dedicated-worshippers-monks. Even the teachers shall have to mould themselves in the same way as those of our times. All others 9students-teachers-everybody) shall have to be satisfied with the wooden spoon. ***No Compromise! No Surrender!! No Defeat!!!*** Stop slaughtering quality at the guillotine of quantity. Either listen to my Ma Janani Janmabhumi---listen to her crying; or die--- simply die (the, at least, you shall be relieved of the drudgery of living)

E. **Social development.**

1. Stop every kind of literature, fine arts of low taste and firmly suppress all similar endeavours.

2. Sponsor honest publications.
3. Strive towards healthy and tasteful urban living. Promote regional and communal harmony.

Considering the above-mentioned plan of action 'Shakti Bahini' calls upon all sons of Bengal ---O children of Bengal, wake up and arouse the effete and paralyzed mass with the lash of your whip and invoke Rudra, the lord of doom. . Rip apart the horizon to shreds with your unbound courage ---fearless expedition. You need unstoppable strength, irrepressible courage and insurmountable resolve. You have to convert this fractured and dysfunctional freedom to true independence. You have to build up a new Bengal---the Bengal that is shining with strength and courage. Bengal and thereby India knows not what defeat is. Bengal's message is India's message. Swamiji's path is India's path---Netaji's path is India's path.

Bhadra-Ashwin 1404
October 1997.

Blessings Love-Affection : A letter.

Yatkataksha Samupasana Bidhih
Sevaksaya Sakalartha Sampadah.
Santanoti Bachanatangah manasai----
Twang Murari Hridayeshrahi Bhava.
Beloved and affectionate Charan accept my love and blessings on the occasion of Bijoya. It would be of use if you could read intently and in between the lines the incomplete letter that I managed to write. (It appears: You have only gone through it with a cursory glance). I have given an outline of our 'Schedule'. Tally it carefully. The specific events that nobody had an inkling about; have precisely come to pass-is coming to pass-shall come to pass. Rest assured. There is a difference in my writing to you and in writing to others (for me). You should have realised this long ago.
Deep in my heart I nurture this hope.
Geerdevateti Gade dhwaj-Sundareeti
Shakambhariti Shashishekharaballaveti
Sristi-Stheet-Pralay-Kelishu Sangsthitayai
Tasai Namastri Bhuvanaika---Gurostarupai
---Pathik Faquir.
But before that came---

"....Shri Shri Mahalaya Blessings Love----everlasting---Jayasree---Charan great----splendid----Stupendous " (old but) Constant heart filled--overflowing grand Ahh-----Khoka-----Charan----Bijoyee Lee's Jayasree ----Amer Mukul----Glorious victory. Victory shall be yours

(I) Bow to you
"Amen"
Pathik Faquir.

The two messages were quoted---- as were peeping out of the bag.

On an earlier occasion when Charan was immobilised amid explosive circumstances Mahakal was present quietly by his side during those in the most amazing manner amid the impatient ambience.

On another occasion when Charan was suddenly disabled in the flood affected countryside, Mahakal quietly appeared at his bedside and showered his blessings on him for a continued period.

Charan can constantly hear the footsteps of Mahakal and that of future events. Mahakal is present with the unassailable force of nature----the path to victory shall be bedecked not by separation but unity and sacrifice. Charan awaits the supreme sacrifice.

You are not alone…..

A nuclear explosion ---- causes a subterranean turmoil. As he delves into the oceanic depths of his memory, a message is found out. It is not within Charan's ability to stop the gushing fountain. Charan counts his blessings on being the flute of the 'Pathik Faquir' [eternal wanderer] of awesome might. The flute plays as the 'Pathik Faquir' plays it----- today's Raga [melody] says---May the merciful Ma Kali keep you safe and secure, this is my prayer.

May the Divine Mother Bless you
Be, And Keep, Serene-and-pure
In-And-With Your
Guiding Thoughts
Other affectionate--persons---thoughts--and Care
Surround you
You are not alone
Bless you
FAITH is strength
Love is power
Power is " Ma Kali"

"Mother loves the daughter more" Mother's hand of benediction is there above your head; please shower your blessings on those who are worthy of your affection, nourished by the Divine Mother's blessings that you are.

"....Bishwashraya je trayi bhaktinamrah."
The world awareness with you.

It is not what you have, or even what you do which expresses your worth, but what you are.

".....Twamashrita hyashrayatang prayanti"

Poorest of the poor exiled indifferent Faquir ----what melody is this----what is this manifestation that you display? This vocabulary is without parallel in the history of the world---who is it that you adore----who is it that you sing your paeans for! Charan is at a loss to express anything, he remains speechless as he can only realise, and not express.

Mahakal is not at a loss of words---- his messages keep on pouring in--- the prerogative of ***releasing the pent up forces*** after all rests ----on an eternal yogi -----and an eternal renunciate sannyasini.

"Mal Kali will heal you gradually" I pray that Ma Kali looks after you and keeps you safe. I hope I am not bothering you by sending you these letters with irksome frequency. One never knows when and how annoyance creeps in. It happens when everything is fine. It becomes alright when one is not well. I do not want to disturb your peace by the "benchmarks of possibilities"; perhaps I engage in a lot of light banter like a road winding its way through the countryside. I have never thought of these things when I am writing. Thoughts do not come to me in an orderly way for me to write down. The mind finds its own way. I go on talking for my own sake. You are there only as a symbol. No doctrine, no realisation, no knowledge, no thought, no truth, no taste can be expressed through words.

This is why one has to take recourse to a ***Symbol.*** This is the reason Sanatan Dharma has taken recourse to the use of ***Symbol*** since time immemorial -----in myriad ways and manifestations.
This is why you are a ***Symbol*** to the exiled Pathik Faqir [mendicant].
"On the eve of the occasion of the birth centenary of the eternally spiritual, worshipper Deshnetri blessed by Mahakal, Charan feels the need to introduce her true identity. Time is elapsing fast---- innumerable known faces have passed away into the oblivion with the passage of time----innumerable new faces are getting clearer as they appear closer from within the haze---

"***Lee***--means '***A retreat***': ***'A Refuge' :'Protection' 'A Haven' : 'An Asylum' : 'Shelter' :*** " ***A Drift-Preventient' 'A Safe Side' : 'A Defensory' 'A Concealment'*** a sanctum sanctorum of peace

"---- Lee is a safe house, protection against all storms, trials and tribulations, sanatorium for recuperation from pain and suffering, an oasis of peace and tranquility-----Lee.

How, in which language, in what array of words shall I describe the world of my emotional perceptions? It's impossible. Hence your manifestation as a ***Symbol*** ----- Lee.
Hope----Arrival--Light.

There are so many things I talk like a purposeless breeze. Perhaps there is a reason for this too. Perhaps later there shall be no opportunity either to engage in or to listen to such listless chit chat; this is very much possible.

That is why I was saying : It is not to please you : rather it is to please my own self that I engage in such purposeless banter. Even when there is no time I take time out for such purposeless talk. If this found expression in time, the pestered lady [Deshnetri] would have been extremely upset.

Lee! Get well soon; May you be safe and sound. May you always be surrounded by your near and dear ones and may their combined love and affection be showered on you and grace show in your eyes. ; may you be fine.

Joyous Ma Kali : may she cast her eyes filled with love, blessings and divine reassurance on you, May you keep well; May you be filled with joy. Your Pathik Faqir.
But it does not end here---news keeps pouring in. Slips of paper, large and small. ----today Charan sits down for taking a little rest--- puffed rice and sugar-cake ---mixed with chilly as *fuel* for his onward journey---hence he is busy dispatching the little slips of paper he is able to lay his hands upon---storm clouds a looming ominously in the sky----it's difficult to say when Charan will have time to rest.

'Affectionate ---- Charan Mukul may Sri Sri Ma Kali help you. After the gentlemen set out from here and after I received the good news of their reaching home safely; following a brief sojourn here I (we) set out for …….. After arranging for things to be done at the destinations for that mission, for the time being I had to accept the hospitality of Aulia Saheb in Pu.(?) De. (?). (***By the way remember 1928)!!!*** During my stay at his place I was handed a 'letter' from ***Lu Jim Mui.*** After a lot of thought and deliberations (there were only two options) a final decision was agreed upon. ***Muslim rule over the Barbarous Hindus….(and) Being ready for a thousand years war (struggle) …….(Ahh-h Glory to the Mughal Empire?! the Hans . Are coming to roost----At their own home!"*** "Pa" will twinkle dimly at a small corner. "Your country" at the machinations of "Ch" via "P"; through "N" via Upper Assam shall shine . You shall be rather happy at the games that will be played in ***E.P.*** You won't even have to throw a stone. You shall get a great many things ***In the rebound.*** (Please remember, as a favour) There's only one thing the homeless Faquir without a country tells you; however much the fireworks burn, the fire shall not consume your villages and homes. Certainly. You also need not worry about whatever I saw in and around '____'. The terrible doom that will befall "Ch" (will be difficult to believe even if I tell you). Even then. In "Pa" however, there is some v-e-r-y ludicrous stuff going on : a horde of 'Afghani s' have set up shop. They are staying in luxury--fun--- ***wining--dining--womanising-- lording ,*** enjoying life in a way enough to make you feel jealous. (It's like "By Jove, you're having a blast") unlimited money, endless luxury items, unlimited state-of -the-art weaponry, unlimited supply of narcotics, (Cannabis, marijuana, opium, three types of refined cocaine, (and something else that I could not understand, perhaps bhang, a mild preparation of cannabi----a tincture ion extract of cannabis ---the correct price of which is --------2000 dollars per ounce!!! (American), etc, ***By hundreds(rather thousands) of tons*** !! is

being trafficked. And the most significant thing of all, about three million 'Afghani's (most of them with their families have firmly settled themselves in the land of "Pa" itself------(and in thousands of large buildings, in university complexes). They are all living off the backs of others [local Pakistanis] "
And foreign instructors and advisors in thousands, trainers in conventional-***Cum***-guerilla warfare supervisors, ordnance office, supply channels, …..ohh it's a grand affair!!! Entirely inside "Pa", but entirely outside the writ ***Cum*** jurisdiction. "Pa" can't simply say anything. …(A curious and peculiar situation; if it takes a specific turn, ***Resultant; piece, halves, splinters [Khanda, Khandah: Khandah:*** [Singular, dual, plural as in Sanskrit grammar].

In another occasion; in the topsy-turvy sequel of contexts of discourse---the entire day and the better part of the night passed by. The guests saying ("you had to take a lot of trouble for our sake, please have some rest") left. …..I came outside and splashed water on my face and sat alone feeling better, but could not sleep. A tidal wave of thought carried me upstream through the passage of time being drawn in by the inhalation of a sighing timeless man of destiny several thousands of years old. ……..

The situation was akin to that of Sage Markandeya, highly revered in the history of creation (venerable, worthy of remembering on waking up). Endless, full of wondrous diversities is creation. Human beings used to stay here as living representatives of the Gods; That is why five kinds of gross creatures were created …..Drowning and floating in turn in with the eternal passage of time, in cyclical calamites, disasters and floods…..Those who are above this cycle of creation and destruction, are recording every moment of Mahakal's arrival and passage in the "Library Reels". Every twinkling and every split second. recording every instant meticulously. ; out of eternal need :(…Surya Chandramasai yathapurbakalpayat……Divyangcha Prithivicchaantariksha matho swah…)

It appeared as if I am also floating about like the venerable sage Markandeya. A part of the horizon's land-----came Into my mind's eye. There sprung up by God's ordainment an "ethno-religious" community. ***Flavius Josephus Tacitus*** has very succinctly recorded the history of the rise and fall of this community. ***Tacitus*** has recorded full 4000 years of their history. Besides ***Josephus Flavius*** there are other irrefutable ***proofs.*** All the ***great episodes*** of this race, including their travails in exile-----***Through the ages----down to this time.*** (Till the present day).

A small country, only of some ten or twelve thousand square miles. Sparsely populated: A small community, subjects of the great ***Solomon's*** Egypt. There was peace for a few odd centuries. At that time the name was ***Palestine.*** Among the subjects, seven-eighths were Jews, one eighths were ***Arabs.*** In ***1100 BC*** this little province came under the rule of the historically famous ***Philistines.*** (It was after the name of these rulers that the province and its people got their name --***Palestine.***). During the reign of King ***David Babylon and Palestine*** rose to its pinnacle of glory and acquired significant territory. Between the ***9th BC*** to ***6th BC Assyria*** and ***Babylonia*** fought and defeated Palestine and brought it under their respective sway.

From the ***6th century*** to the ***4th century*** the Persians took the small province under their control, and annexed ***Palestine province*** along with ***Babylon-including-Palestine*** within its fold.

And they granted complete ***freedom to the exiled Palestinians*** and allowed them to go back to ***Palestine*** and gave them the full independence to rebuild ***Jerusalem.*** ……Emperor Alexander died……***Palestine*** came under the rule of ***Egypt*** under the ***Ptolemies.*** Later, the Egyptians and the ***Ptolemies*** gradually became weaker with repeated attacks from ***Rome.*** Utilising this opportunity the ***Jews*** revolted and in '-------***BC*** they achieved some stability.
Through 6 Centuries from AD 60 the Roman Empire, albeit weakened could maintain a hold on Palestine.

In AD 635 Palestine came under Muslim rule. In the ***11th Century*** it was ***the Turks .*** In the ***16th Century*** it was ***The Ottoman Turks*** who became more powerful, and they remained the rulers of ***Palestine*** right up to 1918 ***when they were defeated and dispossessed.***

The Israelites (The twelve tribes of Israel) went out in four divisions from ***Egypt. : Jacob*** has mentioned the names of all the four divisions. ***(Flavius, Josephus and Tacitus).*** Returning ***seven generations*** later, from the time of ***King David*** till the time the ***Romans*** sacked ***Jerusalem,*** the ***Israelities*** rebuilt ***Jerusalem.*** This was when they took the name ***Jews.*** From then on they came to be know as the ***Jews.*** Afterwards? During the reign of ***Titus*** the infamous-for -the bestiality ***Seige-Fall-Destruction of Jerusalem! AD &).*** History says ***15 lakh Jews*** met ***horrible deathand destruction-massacred by the triumphant Romans!!.....***

Seven years later, the ***Jews*** scattered all over ***Palestine revolted*** once again unitedly against ***Roman rule.;*** Result; ***Final suppression by Hadrian-AD 130 (Ptolemy?*** If I am not mistaken. The noted historian ***Tacitus*** has stated : ***"Judea's"*** (from which the name ***Jew*** is derived)eastern border ----***Arabia :*** to the South; ***Egypt;*** to the West ***Phoenicia and the great sea and just a prospect of Syria----on their north quarter."***

Their short-lived ***age*** of ***Golden glory*** was limited to the era of ***David*** and ***Solomon.*** It was during this time that they were ***Great and powerful. (Which will come again at the appointed time; when the Jews will become great and powerful----***my own comment).
The ***national life*** of the ***Jews*** was ***destroyed*** in the year ***130 AD.***

They became scattered; in every corner of the then-- gigantic ***Roman Empire*** and in many instances elsewhere they were homeless, mercilessly treated,
hated-humiliated-kicked-beaten-booted in their faces and heads, spat on, filthily abused, but in spite of all this, ***Everyone and all held together by*** rock like ***Firm Faith and belief*** that their ***Day of Glory was coming.***

Harassed and persecuted beyond measure defying death and all other tribulations---they remained bound to each other as if by an invisible chord of a garland, they kept their ***Identity*** intact and ***they held together all these days.***

Both the two warring groups were irrepressible and fanatic; on one side ***militant Jewish nationalism*** and on the other ----***Implacable Arabs (Nationalism?!)*** Both ***trends*** were ***stimulated*** during the First World War.

During this extremely prolonged and unbearable exile(the exile of Sri Rama Chandra and the Pandavas was child's play----- compared to this) the ***Jews*** spread, ---prospered---acquired land--once Rothschild literally 'rescued' England and France providing everything, trade-commerce-matrimonial alliance--religion-philanthropy-charity when they were not being given accorded due status (it appeared so). Also do not forget this: At present ---there is ***Jewish blood*** in more than half of all aristocratic families in England-Europe-America. At present more than half of all big business and industries----financial institutions (ten annas to the rupee; five eighths) is owned by ***Jews...***

....Israel took birth. Israel ***is in a dominant position in West Asia. (Rather---The MOST)*** but storm clouds are gathering, perhaps a nor'wester. No Muslim ***STATE*** has a ***mature political process.*** All are worn and torn with ***Coups*** and ***counter coups.*** At present both cannot remain strong. Therefore all this will give a lot of ***strength*** to Israel. It will give significant ***Flexible economic and political mechanism.*** There will be a storm.....then there shall be understanding with the ***Arabs.*** An understanding as a result of which the ***Arab powers*** will be compelled to accept the reality of ***Israel.*** '***R***' might acquire a workable stability. Whatever ***ODDS*** there might be for Israel to face, however powerful enemies the ***Arabs*** might be, this ancient race shall survive with its head high. Not only they shall ***survive the Combined attack*** of all----in addition they shall ***Consolidate*** their own ***position,*** they shall become a ***Very strong Bulwark*** against ***Islamic Fundamentalism and Soviet Communist*** patronage. Oh Sea God! I pray before you, a very insignificant instrument in your hands, that may the ***Jews*** ---and Arabs live together in peace and friendship. Like the great ancient race this miniscule servant of yours --he is---truly an ***Exile.*** There's no home and hearth to stay, no pretense, no shelter, not even any family-kith-and-kin. that is why I pray that if there is nothing in your hands worth giving to me so be it then----but please fulfil the prayers of those who are fighting for their survival amid fire and help them realise their dreams.

May they be be successful. I shall smile out of satisfaction at the vindication of others,My Lord!
In my mind's eye came the words of ***Coleridge***

....This is one of the sad conditions of life
That experience is
Not transmissible
No man will learn from the sufferings
of another; He must suffer himself.....

Attempts to 'orchestrate events' at some places within the country, at some places outside the country, by some special people of one particular 'part' of the country----***On their Cards.***
But you need not worry one bit for all this----
....Remember the year!

"Up from the Earth's centre, through the Seventh Gate---- I rose; AND
On the Throne of Satan Sate....
And Many knots Unravel'd by the road;
But, not the knot of human wealth and fate,

There was a door to which I found no key:
There was a veil past which I could not see:
Some little talk a while of me and thee—-there seemed
And then no more of Thee and ME."

The hour is nigh. Charan is waiting in silence, stupefied and benumbed in mute prayer and expectation of the ever-impossible.

'Jayasree' Pous 1408
January 1999.

Illusion? A Phenomenon……

Knowledge, ignorance, riddle, Charan cannot answer these questions. How many devotees come to Charan full of emotion to know or hear something- what eagerness! But even in spite of all eagerness remains self consciousness- ego. 'Myself' we are still not free from this feeling. This is the ultimate time, if not now, when? Where is he-----Why is he not coming back---what now that he has turned hundred----what will he do---what will he be able to do---a thousand questions. Everyone among us tries to judge and measure a person with the faculties of our own understanding. What we fail to realise is how limited our understanding is. We are mired in the darkness of our own ignorance. As long as we are unable to free ourselves from the clutches of ignorance and ego, the Magnanimous One will remain what he is for us---an *Illusion*---leave alone understanding the *Phenomenon* that he is. Charan does not want to express anything in his own language, for he does not have a language that he can express himself in. As we weave together the events of a lifetime in a string it becomes a dull and boring affair---which nobody wants to listen. The A,B,C,D, is there in everyone's life, but that 'Mahakal' is not---how do I ask about or express the extraordinary life of Mahakal! Do I have that ability?

He wrote "In today's world, the Dahar [deep part of the river which makes currents swirl and deepens the river bed - metaphor] has almost dried up. So if Mandakini [river] on her own comes flowing towards you, simply take a dip and bathe."
Charan takes a dip in the Mandakini and forgets about the present world and the after-world, loses track of time and at a point of time marvels 'what a wonder!' He cannot forget a letter of Mahakal even to this day ' Accept love and affection from the ***Mritabhoot***. Hopefully your headache is better , try to be like a child, make a habit of being a little boy, you shall get joy and peace in life. In this turbulent world this a good way of getting peace. If Ma Jagadamba is not there enjoy a picnic like children do. Is Kamala better now? Will he be able to take rasgullas? Bring large and mature living Rui fish (from the river).

Guha Ray : Mritabhoot's ***comment (was) unnecessary,*** but ***sagacious that you are,***: You should have immediately smiled and said the things that you ***categorically*** said earlier, (1) (You are) not far, (2) located somewhere very near, (3) At this time he is very much indisposed, all of you

please pray for his health, (Kamala also knows that at this time Faquir was unwell, really, and Saradanandaji ***hale and hearty*** was moving around with followers and raising funds) (4) (In reply to a question) 'No! I never said that Saradanandaji of Shoulmari is Netaji! He is not Him. (It came out in the Monthly Basumati, which your Didi sent to the Ghost, it is there, Kamala brought it), don't these words and those of today tally?!'

(I knew that he was capable of talking such nonsense)

This is why I wrote to your Didi " going by the words of the Mahatmas-Sadhakas-Siddhas please do not mistake me as 'Him'. I am a Faquir, a poor renunciate Sanyasi. I am not Netaji. These are great people speak a lot of nonsense in a trance. The common folk do not understand…..Shri Aurobindo too once said (about Saradanandaji) "Oh why are all of you bothering him? He is a good individual, He is not 'S'."

If you could express the same way, he would have certainly treated you to tea. (You were treated to tea, right?)
"Netaji" the moment I hear the word, I have an overpowering desire to dump my clothes in a heap and run.

I can't figure out why Bengal ***Cum*** his family nas ***installed and instilled*** **him** as S.
If i am still alive by the grace of Ma Kali on that happy day (when Saradanandaji will be installed and instilled as S) I shall be the first one to reach there and sing hosannahs in praise and breathe a sigh of relief and dance wildly in glee with hariloot [sweets spread out for public consumption after a religious ceremony]....

There can be no better fortune for me. (You will be disillusioned ***Willy Nilly***)
"Sacrifice"----and once upon a time what boys and girls of Bengal did as you have written gladdened me. It befits you to say so. I love you more for this.
No no Charan the hopes for the consummation of Dead' s quest has not died yet.
….Consummate the Dead's quest will a million time---of this there is no doubt.
It is the quest of the Mother after all
Fulfil it she will.
The Dead has lost his hope for affection.
'"Everyone's looking towards the yet to unfold future- i shall be blessed if I can carry forward clues thereof"---you've said.
"Carry it forward Charan, this is a certain truth, vivisected Ma Janani Janmabhoomi shall be united and one, happen it will.
This will be the first floral offering in holy fire of the yagna of the exiled-wanderer-mendicant-***mritabhoot's*** quest of the Mother (***Matrisadhana***).
Thereafter, gradually four more floral offerings will be bequeathed at the feet of the Dead Man's Mother. The the Dead Man will offer his last word, the spiritual quest of his pain shall be over.
Accept my love and blessings.
The trusted near and dear ones of the Deshnetri visit Mahakal's den with news and items of need- several slips of paper come through them---all this is history now----many of those near

and dear ones are no more today---their soldierly obedience----shall remain unknown forever---nevertheless whatever is there in Charan's repertoire-Charan wants to preserve in writing-----

' It is now quarter to five (afternoon), the sunlight makes it appear like midday. Therefore the travails of the one who has to spend hours, days and months in such conditions in the rarefied stratospheric realms of spiritual quest and meditation is beyond our reckoning.
So much about the external climate. We shall be intimated about the inner conditions of Mahakal's mind probably during the cool evening. Till then we shall have to wait like the thirsty Jacobin cuckoo waiting for the rain biding our time. This too is a test which has probably passed on to eternity despite its failures, notwithstanding which we kept up our efforts visiting with renewed vigour each time. Of course, we get reassurance from the thought that we are only instruments. You have held the rudder with your strong hands, and we have simply rallied behind you. If only we could find the key to getting rid of our ego in the process of being instruments. That would have been the ultimate achievement. But then it is a tall order. "Nimittamatrang Bhava Sabyasachin" (Be only an instrument, Sabyasachin- the ambidextrous bowman Arjuna in Mahabharata). Pray may we be able to conduct in keeping with this Mantra.'
'One cannot squeeze out anything from a stone, not even a drop of water. ***We are where we were.***

You can never come down from the ***General*** **to the** ***Particular.*** Leave aside ***General*** , the ***3 R***'s are supposed to be clear as broad daylight----

Even after this there are such stinging words before which there was no other way but to keep quiet. " ***I had been exhorting you for the past several years and you have done nothing. What have you done to merit consideration.'*** Therefore the request was dismissed. There was no escape even after keeping quiet. A question is thrown towards me----'***A penny for your thought'***-- words come out as if without my knowledge *' I feel too small I have nothing to add.'* The old words were repeated once more---you people have done nothing for the past few years. ' When you left home for the sake of ideals, instead of coming to the present home if you had chosen some separate place and ***tended to the grassroots*** you could have become ***a force to reckon with*** by now. And the very assurance, the man who has not left this world and whose return is a foregone conclusion, could have given you strength. Instead of that you got infatuated by glamour and you never even bothered to think about those who sacrificed their lives and went away. For you their supreme sacrifice holds no value, they are simply raindrops to be wiped off your bodies. To me each one is a drop of blood. There is no one to understand or feel or realise what is happening inside me."

Putting behind riddles, sacrificing lives for ideals, etc, we remain in the same darkness that we were-----only a change of dress in a monotonous life---- deriving satisfaction from changing the outer coat of paint of our homes-- we have been unable to imbibe Mahakal's words, hence we are unable to pledge our lives-----unless we pledge our lives, 'ideals' will not be realised, and the riddle will never be solved.

'Jayasree', Shravan, 1406

August, 1999.

The eyes see you not.

Mahakal and the lady national leader's interactions spanned a rather short duration of time after their reunion but were immense in their in their import; little of which has seen the light of the day. Charan will lay out whatever he can find out lying stuffed in his baggage and has not been lost, even if it is not chronological, on the eve of the centenary. He has no right to move around with this priceless gift-- nor the temerity to do so--- for who knows what will be necessary for someone in course of Mother's great game?

'Dearest Charan, Accept love and blessings from the perturbed and tormented mendicant. Give the same to her. To bear agony is a quest (Sadhana) for the one who is pure of heart. There is joy in it. This is a fact. The very knowledge that all the sorrows I have accumulated in this lifetime have been 'in the service of Janani Janmabhoomi and at the altar of sacrifice bequeathed to her' used to give me pleasure. In the ***Horizon*** there is none to give me pain. : Even then, 'for the sake of circumstances' and quest (Sadhana) if something happens that is 'painful' in human parlance; that too is part of the quest (Sadhana). These do not upset the mind of the Faquir.

But now I am tormented, tormented, tormented. My head is always bowed before the mighty power play of the Holy-divine.

"Zeus, who guided men to think
Has laid it down that wisdom
Comes alone through suffering...."
Charan! ***The kindness of the enthroned Gods contains an element of FORCE.*** **Ma Kali** ***is concerned that man should learn wisdom, and has marked out the path; And it is a path of suffering. We mortals are in one sense free to learn or not learn; but the painful condition of learning is inexorable.*** **There are two** ***elements (principles)*** **in Ma Kali's scheme of things.** ***One harsh, the other gentle.***
(But of course, to draw spiritual nourishment from suffering, one must be endowed with the right kind of digestive system....otherwise suffering turns sour on one).

About one's ***Person*** and circumstance, when these things come to the ***Horizon***, I guess I can bear them. (Because in these circumstances I am not present).
But in this "current circumstance of reunion" in am tormented Charan! I feel no qualms in admitting this.

Everything has two aspects to it, 'mundane' and 'metaphysical'. Your exiled wanderer's life experiences and life (***itself***) has been struck off from the register of the living humanity. No one will be able to get hold of this wanderer in human relationships or circumstances.
The metaphysical is always ten thousand times more powerful than the mundane……that is why I am tormented by the eternally natural course.

At times I am immersed in deep thought, the ***Pivotal Stratagem*** of remaining unknown outside the *Horizon* will remain ***till final consummation, then the Dead Ghost can stride (Ride) upon "The Land"*** after having bequeathed the final sacrifice at the altar of Ma Janani Janmabhoomi. Am I tormented for making an exception to this ***Strategem***? ….But when I try to dwell upon the ***links***, I realise that I had not the slightest role to play in this reunion. This reunion was enacted entirely without my knowing-volition-intention. Ma Kali herself, in the form of Ma Jagadamba, after three months preparation and efforts was able to effect this unique metaphysical basis [of the reunion]. (Ma Jagadamba not even in her dreams ever had imagined whom she would be usher in, and thereby *force* the mendicant baby of Ma Kali- Bhagwanji, ***to give them a chance***). (That Ma Kali was protecting her destitute child in the form of Shri Shri Lalita Maiya in Naimisharanya and Ma Jagadamba, you know of this visible truth only too well).

For this reason and for this most unique metaphysical reunion, my ***conscience*** is absolutely ***clear vis-a-vis-Horizon*** and consistent with the Mother's quest (Matrisadhana).
Who am I to worry why Ma Kali has made all this happen with her own hands? "You worry your own thoughts Mother; people say I do it".

No Lee, I do not worry for this reunion. This was part of Mother's great game. I do not as much as have the right to think about it. But Lee! Even though I neither think about it nor do I have the right to do so; Ma Kali has not taken away the ability or the right to 'feel' about it. Rather she has given it to me in ample measure by endowing me with a heart.

Charan! Please do not misunderstand this indifferent wanderer. Aren't you being a little cruel on me?
Since the day I heard of her for the first time, you at least have the heart to write a few lines about her twice a week…..
I am making a ***Standing*** request----Charan ! And with all my heart I expect that you will keep this poor mendicant's ***Standing*** **request** ***Always---and---in all ways honestly.***

In case you have to move out on a special mission: consult the Gupta Press Almanac and choose a ***suitable*** time from the 'Amrita Yog' and/or 'Mahendra Yog' mentioned therein.
Follow this instruction with lifelong with zeal and faith and pass it on to your Didi [elder sister-Leela Roy]

You shall never, never repent I assure you.

It is sheer foolishness not to obey the instructions passed on by your ancestors for your benefit (protection). It is unfortunate that we boast of our western education, of being advanced and

'enlightened' and berate the knowledge passed on to us by our forebears---but westerners who have verified these truths believe them completely. What to speak of the other bigwigs !..... Several Amrita Yogs and Mahendra Yogs come in 24 hours. If you choose the ***suitable*** one among them you will encounter no difficulty or hardships in your journey.

Charan has not stuck to the instruction of Mahakal on Amrita Yog and Mahendra Yog in the Gupta Press Almanac. Charan's guardian angel is Mahakal himself, Charan is protected by Mahakal---he is his only pursuit----Guru Kripahi Kevalam. He is the guardian angel----He is the protector----He is the nurturer----He will do whatever the needful be---He is the saviour.
Too much pressure... having been born as a human being, with limited strength Charan simply wants to express----wants to share his entire treasure---he is hard pressed for time----he doesn't have much time with him. Deshnetri has written: "I had read a line by *Shaw: When it has touched the bottom it will rise to the surface.* We have *touched the bottom.* When shall we *rise* to the *surface*? "

Shaw said this correctly. And it is true that after touching the bottom you shall indeed rise to the surface. How, in what way you (Ma Janani Janmabhoomi) shall ***rise, Never, Never to go down again,*** that has been already implemented by the ***Dead Ghost***. There can be no dithering on that. But Lee! ***Are you sure that*** you have ***touched*** the ***rock bottom***? ***The truth is otherwise, Lee, And I know it.*** It is of utmost necessity to make you ***touch*** **the** ***rock bottom.*** An opportunity had been provided to ***rise*** without touching the ***rock bottom.*** The country has lost that opportunity repeatedly. It ***disowned*** [the motherland] repeatedly. ***Thinking smugly in their propped up state that they could run away with it. Fools.....They are forcing "someone's" hands.***

I have been saying this for the last five years, I have said so ***recently*** as well; Charan knows and understands; none in the country has come to his senses yet, is yet to see reality as it is, as if everybody loves to remain cosily immersed in limitless ***self delusion***. " If you wake up---- and open your eyes" you'll have to see and admit the reality perforce, put the hangover of the previous day's opium behind and get on with the day's work, the nation wants to avoid the "day" of diligence and hard work. The house is on fire, so what, "if your back is on fire, turn over your side and sleep off again". None is yet to open his eyes. Everyone is shouting with eyes shut tight, ***disowning*** Janani Janmabhoomi. I have said so, and am saying so again : ***The Nation (the whole lot of them) shall be taken by the scruff (has already been) and given such a violent shaking that the very bones and entrails clatter and they are force-jolted out of their cane-surprise-inertia.*** ['Surprise Cane' is a Christmas delicacy. a hollow candy cane of mint in which surprise gifts are hidden]

Shaw is right "Rise" you shall after 'you' touch the rock bottom. And that is the beginning 'Force-Done'.

Don't feel like writing further today!

The question is relentlessly doing its rounds throughout the country, we are literally at the last step--at the last stage-- but does Mahakal really say so? let everybody ask himself this

question...and when the answer emerges from relentless introspection----it will be the beginning of the end.

Jayasree, Bhadra 1406
September 1999.

On the way to the unknown: a slip of paper.

At the time of British American-reoccupation : Governor of Azad hind Bank at Taunggyi, Shan State, Yellappa, as asked, secretly packed all assets in boxes and brought them to Loika. One spy informed and they were captured. Yellappa died of bombing. Capt. Laxmi , Lt Gojendra SIngh were arrested. Col Bhagat was interned there before by Azad hind Government at Taunggyi --also arrested. Other soldiers, bank Officers were captured. Maj Yussuf Ali of the British Army was in charge.

Gopal Singh, collector of Netaji fund was in possession of Rs. 4 Crores. Escaped to Siam. He is now rolling in money, still in Siam. This is known to both Siam and India Govt but no action is being taken and you know the reason.

Indian Independence League became meddled with British spies and traitors. Chandramall & his friends Golam Ahmed, Taru Khan all of Br Intelligence service--all joined IIL, Tokyo. Rammurthi, Gen Araki, Col. Figges all traitors and they were working under Col. Wilson of Br. Army. Golam Ahmed & Taru Khan were employed in the Finance Dept. Gen Chatterjee (Finance Minister) was fooled by Ananda Mohan Sahay, Secy of the Azad Hind Govt, Golam Ahmed and Taru Khan were friends of A.M.Sahay, Rammurthi. A.M. Sahay and Minister Ayer were close friends. All traitors and they were friendly with Imperial Jap Hd Qtrs and with British Intelligence at Tokyo.

Disappearance was planned by HIM. Long ago, before Jap surrender. Even before that he went to 'R' and nobody knew it. He returned home after one and half months. He knew all men under him and their capacity.
He planned his disappearance. Jewellery and treasure were packed for dropping at a place of his disappearance.

First bomber was a dummy flight with publicity of Him, Kimura and others.
Real bomber left after, for an unknown destination. Minister Ayer was to follow the bomber with treasure. But he went to Tokyo and handed over the treasure to Ramamurthi. Disposed off some, encashed part of the jewels, with the help of British Military of Tokyo and Jap foreign officials. J.N. knows it. Murthi gave "J" only small fraction of fabulous wealth. No treasure was burnt. It is a fabrication. Imperial Jap Army, British men, India Govt, and party men all involved. That is why no action was taken.

Unfortunately, surprisingly and accidentally He met, was met by several Anglo American personnel and Jap petty (unknown) officers at a small hotel near Saigon, quite some days after the crash and death news. These things suggest only one thing-----so He in his own brain formulated at once another plan of strategical move.

Suddenly a slip of paper fell out of Charan's bag--the words have been reproduced as it is written there--the message was sent either by Kabiraj (physician) Kamalakanta or some lerka [boy; follower] from Mahakal's den to the Deshnetri. researchers and historians will judge its importance----Charan does not go by arguments and hair splitting--- he abides by--is bound by reality. Worldwide there is a conspiracy involving many governments, part of our countrymen, some of His relatives, imperialist powers and many opposing powers. But Mahakal is out of bounds for all.. Today's research and future presentations will bear out the clues to it.

Jayasree, Jaistha, 1406,

June, 1999.

I keep on looking for him.

Charan remembers immediately after the return and reunion the Lady National leader had asked Him 'Shall I say disclose anything to your former colleagues? like-----HG, SB,.....please don't worry, I shall not disclose anything specific, only----can I just drop the hint that he is *alive*? The reply that came from Mahakal was " If you can manage only by saying he is *alive,* you may indicate so. They should not be able to go one step further. Several years ago I had intended to send you word straightaway. But the prevailing circumstances did not permit it. But ***How are you 1000% certain that they shall unreservedly believe you? For heaven's sake, for our mission's sake, for Dead Lee's sake, please remember. This time : No chance no mistake no failure---"***

Abiding by what Mahakal told her the Lady National Leader had told/informed a selected few [of His being alive] ----Charan remembers of the former political/freedom fighter colleagues who never refrained from exerting their authority over the National Leader, none believed in this story---because each thought in case of the National Leader's return, he would be the first one to be contacted. But there were also those outside the sphere of political and revolutionary activity, the historian Ramesh Chandra Majumdar who was like a teacher to the Lady Revolutionary Leader, noted industrialist Ashutosh Ganguly, friend of the National Leader Dilip Kumar Roy, whom she informed. She also informed Swami Aseemananda Saraswati, elder brother ('Sejda') Suresh Chandra Bose, close and brotherly Ashrafuddin Ahmed Chowdhury ----he is ***Alive***. They nurtured hopes of reunion with him lifelong. Mahakal's meeting ground is vast, larger than one could ever imagine- the mundane and the astral- two different worlds, and at times simultaneously present in both.

After reunion with the Deshnetri his requests for a variety of things of his fancy used to reach the Lady National Leader--sometimes ; "a special dress on which a patch of fungus grew" to protect it; I had asked for an ***Air-water-crash- proof Steel Box with safety (unpickable) locks-triple*** **varnished** ***hard glossy*** with precise inner measurements. Is it not ready yet? There were naphthalene balls for this box too". Mahakal started asking for things like these after a lot of requests were made to him 'won't you please ask for things you need personally?'

'Please ask something for yourself' etc. He had asked with a lot of trepidations- bring 'some' shirts and vests manufactured in Bengal, which i shall wear ***next to skin*** when I am on the 'other side'. If i wear Bengal's garments I shall always feel 'my Janani Mother Bengal' tender loving touch --she is caressing me as if she's blessing me. If I die then I shall have Bengal's shirt on me and in any case the soil of the Ganges is always there inside my pocket or in a knot inside my clothing so that I shall die with the knowledge of having died on the lap of my Mother Bengal- the shirt I am yet to open-I shall open it on the 'other side'. I shall give it to somebody else if it does not fit. You are not supposed to know the measurements of the '***Dead***'. (It is better that way).

A lot of topics and contexts were mentioned in the conversations of Mahakal- like words flowing out from a mind whose doors which were hitherto closed for long were suddenly opened and the floodgates released. His deep respect and gratitude towards the Lady National Leader were repeatedly expressed---.

The Lady National Leader had told Mahakal-'Please let me do something for you. I also love the country. Please, do not be so cruel as to deprive my pleasure of being able to do something for you. I demand my right to do something for the one who did more than his share for the country'.

The reply came from Mahakal: ' I ***reiterate*** once again even God could not take away your right if he wanted. Do you find pleasure in hitting where it hurts? It is you who is cruel! Not me. I do not have the right to even stand before the sacrifices made and hardships endured by you-other great people like you. I am a poor man, like an earthen lamp in front of the Sun! I never had nor do I have
home-hearth-treasures-family-respect-status-pride-education-extended family-youth-beauty etc. So I have sacrificed nothing of my own. Whatever sacrifice that has been made for our Motherland has been made by you (and people like you). To utter 'my name' before yours is to show disrespect. So please do not embarrass me by saying such things. Well, what is an 'ideal' ? An 'ideal' means the hangman's noose. To adopt an ideal and to live one's life for that and to put on the hangman's noose on one's head with his own hand is synonymous. At least that is what I have known as 'ideal'. There can be no ***compromise*** over this. What does the hangman's noose take? Life. (Human beings sacrifice everything; even their lives for mundane love too!) My life is still there inside my human body. When my life itself is still there, to think 'I have given' ---the Dead does not have the right to say so.
What is the meaning of quest (Tapasya)? Flagellation of the body and the senses is another name for Tapasya.

Your men are in every key places (here and overseas). This time their garbs are 'legal'--They simply cannot be touched and/or detected. Under their licit garbs, they are working, they are in positions in all the key capitals and on the nerve centres which count. Manipulating, pulling, suppressing, exploding, creating and forcing issues and policies, mystifying--clarifying and shaping.....all only with a single purpose.
This time, No chances, no mistakes, no failure. This is Divine Mother Durga;'s work. God's work. They are (for me) synonymous with motherland Bengal.
Durga-Kali-Chandi-God-Brahma-Janani Janmabhoomi----Bengal. They mean to me and for me only one thing 'Bengal'. My only religion.

Mahakal is working with this thought in mind. One watches the roadside magician as he entertains passersby with his tricks. But where is Mahakal's leisure to watch such things? Overwhelmed in pain over a destitute and penniless wanderer's life another lady renunciate (Sanyasini) went for her ultimate pilgrimage with all her resources ----sights and expressions are everything in Charan;s life. In his realisations...Mahakal, Lady National Leader and countless revolutionaries dedicated to the nation.

Jayasree, Ashadh, 1408

July 2001.

One wave dies out..another arises.

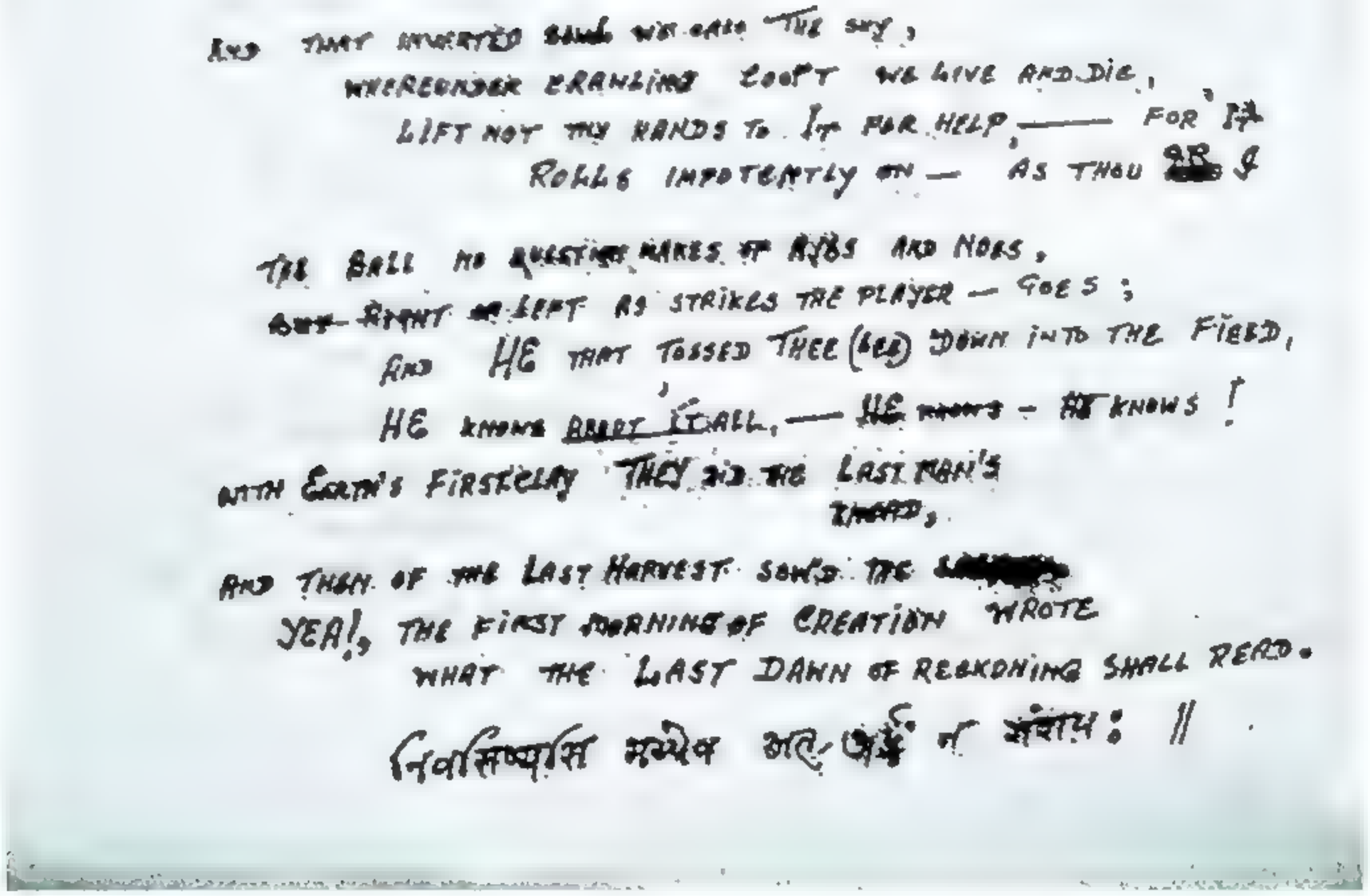
As Mahakal is immersed in meditation the revolutionary Sadhika's mundane world lifewave effaced itself after twenty-nine months of yogic quest. For twenty-nine months the worried and anxious exchange of letters continued to and from Mahakal. On the 11th of June 1970 the ultimate misfortune befell the followers and admirers of the Lady National Leader. On that day her condition deteriorated and became critical and her life hung in balance since morning. Desperate appeals reach Mahakal reach from this end and the reply comes back immediately:

TRIPTI MUKUL ! YOUR REPLY RCD :
GOD BLESS YOU DEARS FOR YOUR DEVOTED
LOVE CARE FOR HER :
YOUR LOVE REWARDED .
FAQUIR REITERATES : "ABHAYAA MOTHER DURGAKALI".
GRATEFUL THANKS BLESSINGS HABITRA
FOR DETAILED WIRE .
SEE ! MOTHER DURGAKALI'S GRACE ON YOU ;
BLESSINGS.

On the Deshnetri's departure to the other world Mahakal's second cable came in the form of poetry

BOW MY HUMBLE HEAD IN HUMILITY AND SURRENDER TO THE SUPREME WILL
OF MOTHER DURGAKALI
SHE-LEE IS NOT ALONE
SHE LIVES IN SUBLIME PEACE AND HAPPINESS IN MAYALI
AND HER PLACES, MUKUL — (STOP)
PLEASE FORBEAR SOLACING THIS POOR GRATEFUL BEGGAR"

WITH THEM THE SEED OF WISDOM DID I SOW,
AND WITH MY OWN HAND LABOURED IT TO GROW
AND THIS WAS ALL THE HARVEST THAT I REAPED:—
"I CAME LIKE WATER, AND LIKE WIND I GO"


AND THAT INVERTED BOWL WE CALL THE SKY,
WHEREUNDER CRAWLING COOPT WE LIVE AND DIE,
LIFT NOT THY HANDS TO IT FOR HELP, —— FOR IT
ROLLS IMPOTENTLY ON — AS THOU ~~SEE~~ S

THE BALL NO QUESTION MAKES OF AYES AND NOES,
~~BUT~~ RIGHT OR LEFT AS STRIKES THE PLAYER — GOES;
AND HE THAT TOSSED THEE (HER) DOWN INTO THE FIELD,
HE KNOWS ~~HARD~~ HARD IT ALL, — ~~HE~~ KNOWS - ~~HE~~ KNOWS !

WITH EARTH'S FIRSTCLAY THEY DID THE LAST MAN'S
KNEAD,
AND THEN OF THE LAST HARVEST SOWED THE ~~SAME~~
YEA!, THE FIRST MORNING OF CREATION WROTE
WHAT THE LAST DAWN OF RECKONING SHALL READ.

निवासिष्यसि मय्येव अत ऊर्ध्वं न संशयः ॥

--- -- the composition found its place in the Leela Roy memorial number of Jayasree -- let the immortal presentation be highlighted today in his own hand as it came-- let it inspire the Deshnetri's countless admirers-followers-Jayasree-readers who adore Mahakal from the core of their hearts.

Jayasree, Bhadra 1408
September 2001.

'Because we shall receive you anew'.

Charan and his friends were agog with the Durga Puja festivities. There was the foreboding when Mahakal would withdraw into his own world; for once he withdrew into his own self behind closed doors it was not easy to get the door to open. It was Saptami and the blessings came:

Shri Shri Mahantama--cosmic--Poojar 'Sri Sri Mahasaptameer Snehaasheeshbhalobaasa Sriman Chili--Tosh---Khokaa-Shrijukta Brajanandan---Pabitra grahan korebay, yak Deenatideen

Pathik Faquir.

[Accept love and affection on the greatest cosmic worship of Maha Saptami Sriman Chili-Tosh-Khoka-Srijukta Brajanandan-Pabitra a poorest of the poor wayfarer mendicant]
On Mahashtami morning----

Sri Sri Mahastamir Sabaai-kay-Snehashirbad. Charanik-kay, Bhalobasa snehashish.
[Love and blessings to all on Sri Sri Mahashtami. Love and affection to Charanik].
Again on Mashtami midday-----
Sri Sri Mahastameer Sri tulseepatra prottyeyekay, ektikoray, mookhay-di-ay khey-ay naa-o, daant jyano naa laagay.

[One holy Basil leaf for everyone on Mahashtami; take it in your mouth but do not chew].

Charan is blessed with his benedictions. Blessed is his lifetime pursuit. So many words, many expressions, which Charanik has not been able to put in order in his haphazard life. He feels it necessary to express today the contents of a slip of paper he received after he first compiled Mahakal's narration- Mahakal had pointed out Charanik's errors in his compilation--the things that he omitted or forgot mentioning---

"Tokyo--after I first reached there--I spent a few days in China--you have forgotten.
Shortly after becoming Mritabhoot, for some time, accepted the hospitality of a highly powerful personality as a friend--you have forgotten.

Through some special person-received an appeal from a group of people, you have forgotten, After permission was received, a meeting with the representatives of a country, (arrival at the house of the very special Host); discussions; a prayer for a special matter; of an invitation- you have forgotten. A visit to the same country with the same special personality; extensive explorations ; discussions; a consensus reached- you have forgotten. In the above context, having been known in two different names at two different places- you have forgotten, Elsewhere at others' request (with the full knowledge of an extremely powerful friend and *Host*; in fact, to his pleasure) acceptance of another responsibility-you have forgotten, behind the eyes of a different 'their' world, through a secret circle, different moves of enormous activities, of *Thrashing out* issues with the blessings of 'Shakti'-you have forgotten, vision, reverence (pronam) and a few affectionate words from the ever-adorable and most venerable Sri Sri Thakur (Ramkrishna Paramhansa) -you have forgotten.

"The reason is----- having neglected taking down notes; lazy lousy drowsy feelings; 'will see it through in the examinations'-attitude, etc".

But not charan---the renunciate one to whom Mahakal's affectionate and emotional expressions used to open up was the most trusted and beloved lieutenant of the lady national leader Mukul, whom Mahakal used to address as 'mango panicle' (mango flower).
And with this I shall quote a letter from Mahakal to his mango panicle which shall go down in history written in letters of gold.

Dear affectionate 'Mukul', I hope and pray that with the blessings of Sri Sri Ma Kali you are keeping well and shall remain thus. This is my hope and prayer. Sri Sri Ma Kali has kept your Didi *Sjta Roy* protected in a ring of her blessings.

I know and I understand you are unable to take even an ounce of time out for your sleep, rest, food, health, and introspecting, reminiscing, prayers, so as to *replenish* yourself. --- In my experience it is the greatest mistake.

I try to understand your situation through your situations, thoughts and circumstances, through my intuition. For quite some time now, (for most of the time) I have addressed and been addressing you as 'Mukul' instead of 'boul'(panicle), 'amrabokul' 'amer boul',(mango panicle), 'Nil', 'Nilkumar', (Lee), 'Sunil Kumar', etc----please do not take it otherwise or be dissatisfied because of it. In case you take it otherwise or do not like it--of course I shall rectify myself. (It is to express a certain feeling that I address you thus).

Yes, you have out your fat on fire. And I cannot help---feeling concerned. Because;---whatever we do we are all doing this : reaping the harvest of our yesterdays. Sowing for our tomorrows.
I can only tell you of----- some-of-the-truths I have known and follow, in my life: dearest Mukul, burdens become light when cheerfully borne.....and, a sunny disposition is the very soul of success.....and during a 'fight' with 'others', ---- discretion of speech is more than eloquence (where the 'others' are highly educated); and to speak agreeably with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order.....
I only wish Mukul, dear, that you grasp this truth; There is always a voice saying the right thing to you 'somewhere'.....If you will only listen for it.....
And, If-and-when you, Mukul, shall know-to listen and grasp: then: It is wonderful what strength of purpose and boldness and energy of will are aroused by the assurance that we are doing our duty.
As for me?!! "There is nothing so fatal to character---as half finished tasks....." And I know that, the truly illustrious are they----who do not court praise of the world but perform the actions which deserve it. My name----has been struck off from human history.
Accept love and affectionate blessings from this poor mendicant.

'Jayasree" Kartik 1408
October 2001.

May the truth prevail.

Mahakal's first letter has come out of Charan's bag. It was the first paragraph of the letter from Mahakal. after reunion in *December 1962*. The expression is amazing. It is a gift in this issue for the countless readers eager to hear of Mahakal.

Dear Darling, I felt amused and a bit surprised to find that you have quite missed the mark and failed to comprehend not only what is happening and shall happen but also this humble faquir. May be due to your affectionate love for your valiant selves I felt disposed to give you an inkling of the future set-up which shall be and in which you shall live. To understand a man you have to understand the bedrock on which he stands and he works. My most and only beloved mother was a direct initiated disciple of Paramhansa Dev. By every suck of her breast, through every kiss of her, by channels of her caresses, touches, tender looks and words, the Tattwa-Shakties of the Divine Mother flowed in and filled me. My father gave unto me thoroughness and strength in service to others and fighting activeness. My Governor, the first tutor-guardian gave me missionary sacrificing zeal and all fighting and all overcoming stamina. Collectively this I got through heredity, birth infancy and childhood. This is my bedrock. I have as far as I can remember never amassed or done anything any work for my very own personal self, ease or comfort or for aggrandisement. I could not and cannot do so because I was not taught to. Heredity, birth, infancy, or childhood are the roots. A tree shall grow blossom forth and bear fruit accordingly. It cannot change. Essentially I have been am and shall be alone. Even when amongst thousands I have felt myself alone. I inherited mysticism from Mother, Paramahansa and Vivekananda. Throughout I have been constant. Even during the most hectic times the deepest hours of night afforded a bit of time for that. i categorically told you "the whole plan of action is already on gear and it is already on motion. No one in India or South East-Asia can, now, stop it and the schemes are being fulfilled and there is absolutely no force which can halt it. And the Nemesis.

And because you invoked the Holiest name of Divine Mother Jagadamba and in her name you wanted to get the true answer to your query as to your hopes, I honestly told,"Yes, now the sphere of action embraces the whole of South East Asia. Yes, son, be rest assured. In the name of Durga Bhawani Chandi, I give you the most sacred and inviolable word of honour (of a Deadman) your desire for change shall come. Amen!"

Any plan for activity big or small is placed in gear and set in motion only after all considerations, pros and cons have been made, all preparations,short, medium and long term completed and with adequate provisions for all sorts of emergencies and the aftermath,isn't it? So when I told you that……it is already in motion you ought to have understood everything-----including the seemingly portentous mid-period and the bright aftermath. My words are explicitly clear and unambiguous. So how could you form the idea that those misappropriated amounts are required for the successful execution of our work? I only expressed my fervent wish that if those huge funds were with you i.e., true sons like you then you could use it in really good purpose that's all.

No money, no help is wanted this tie for the execution of what is being executed and shall be executed to a successful finale. No money, no help, no material from inside India this time. Ah my child brave son of Mother Bengal! Your last paragraph of 17th dated letter, appealing----and---crying out in the name of Divine Mother Jagadamba praying to this old faquir, stating your hopes and utter darkness wrung my old heart to the core. My eyes became misty. It was as if, I could hug you at that time. Despair not, fear not. Brave son, the future is yours. You don't know. You cannot comprehend to what end your dead man is working and with what powers. Your imaginations will be awed, your brain will reel if, even by chance you could come to know even a fractional part of his present activities. My child! I can tell you with full affectionate honest gravity, your Dead Man is now poised for all eventuality; he is now poised "with THE THUNDER OF THOR IN HIS HAND". Ponder, think over and, try to fully fathom, the purport of the above phrase. If you fathom it correctly your breath will simply be taken away by the awfully unfathomable magnitude of the constructive destructive powers which he is now in a position to handle and press into action --- if need arises. I have already (as prayed by you, in the name of the Divine Mother Jagadamba), given you irrepealable word of honour I do not know what more you can want and what more I can give! I can only aver again what I have already told you---just giving an inkling. Spread over a period, shocks after shocks with mounting crescendo SHALL be coming. A deep malign cancer is sapping out the vital saps of India. Like a devilish octopus it has spread over and caught in its tentacles the whole body and spread over and outside. It has been thus for two thousand years. A most serious disease, fatal and malign, requires more than equal diagnosis and treatment. Taking into account your steadfast thoughts for him : I can here and now tell you with utmost serious and solemn gravity that, Dead Man is now so prepared that, even after----those thumps----if your Surgeon finds the malignancy still lingering then, and only then, he SHALL tilt his central power point in such a manner and, stimulate arose and suddenly activate some powers,forces in such a direction that a great war shall be unleashed. It can truly be said that, pent up power is staining at the leash. Ant it is only your Dead Man's sober hands that restrain. It is not for nothing that an old man, in the course of recent months went out of India twice, braving all the fatal hazards to his life and frail body. The result is before you. As I have told you war is not an emotional business, it is a cold and calculated affair. A slight inadvertent mistake might spell doom slavery.

'What is ordained too cheap-is esteemed too lightly'. The present government and party (and people too) obtained this freedom and position too cheap. And to put it bluntly; your rulers and the people (both) had become somnolent and fond of soft living. Rude shocks are needed to jolt them up. Again, I remember you. And in all endearment, I ask you to be on the watch out. If, during the coming thumps your Dead Man finds the right effects---and reactions---an old man SHALL come over the horizon. But if (I pray unto Divine Mother to spare the necessity) the then situation, forces on him the imperative (obligatory) decision of unleashing --and delivering the mighty broadsides, oh! then ----watch out. An old man appearing. One forewarning: If at all the mighty broadsides are discharged (at this time the old Faquir is not so sure of this) that shall stun everything. Once unleashed, it shall take about years to shimmer down, even! And, in that extreme case) people shall be stunned into silent depression for a number of years. That is to say: they shall need so many years to get their breath back.

But, whatever the necessity might to cause to happen: this old Faquir of yours gives his most solemn word of honour--in the inviolable and ----most Divine name of Mother Jagadambe Durga Bhabani Chandi----that Bengal---India SHALL drive again in Her Full glory. Corrupt people on my motherland's soil will be completely eliminated gradually. And after a specified period dishonest persons will not have the right to exist on Indian soil. And one, rather your Samaritan shall lead the whole world to the fourth stage of civilization.
Could this frail Faquir be more explicit.

This prediction has remained ever alive in Charan's heart. This is no pipedream of a daydreamer; this is the solemn promise of the most devoted worshipper at the altar of the holy (Yagna) fire. It is unshakeable. Charan is eagerly waiting for the day---- when India takes the pride of place in the comity of nations.

'I am not far way----- far away I am not'

Forty years ago a soldier and his lieutenant present before Mahakal had uttered a few words, 'Concentration', 'Dispersion", 'Distribution" and ***'Occupation'***. He had also said ***"remember the schedule, your 'task operation' must not be found lagging at the 'proper hour'.*** There were also hints at rescue and occupation. These reactions are being observed after forty years. 10 years in our scale equals 1 year in Mahakal's and according to that scale only four years have elapsed. Another incident repeated itself. On the silver jubilee of his 'Ahashbritti' (living as a mendicant), he changed his residence. It was a yogic experience. Casting aside the worn and torn temple he entered another--that is why those who attended the funeral could not say what they saw----whether it was his corpse---- or something else. The entire episode was enacted under the quiet supervision of the Civil Surgeon.

Only the words- wait for my appearance, - ***Have FAITH, I am always with you.*** kept reverberating. It is by clinging on to this faith Charan has been able to keep the flame alight. He repeated the same words--of keeping faith of his return in 1985 before disappearing as he had asked his loyal soldiers in 1945 before disappearing and translocating himself to another theatre. Is he dwelling in some cave? Maybe. How else would he describe the myriad caves way back in the sixties, the existence of which have come to light only recently---whose description reached Charan forty years ago----for His cave dwelling comrades he had asked for countless music records, a good gramophone machine and cigars and cigarettes. The request had reached the lady national leader. I would like to mention some of those requests- how with limited resources and unbounded love and sincerity she had tried to fulfil the desires of the Deity of her worship- with the offerings she delivered the fire of the yagna [worship] was

lighted, which keeps burning to this day. Where is Mahakal? Where is Charan? The expressions of history creates sensations- sometimes in *ripples,* sometimes in waves.
This was the second request from Mahakal after the reunion. In that request he had written ***I am hereunder writing out the items, which must be PROCURED, whatever happens as a 'Do or Die' missionary work.*** It was beyond the capacity of the recipients of the letter to implement the difficult task. They therefore approached the lady national leader with it ----as per the indications of the first letter the mady national leader, leaving everything aside came forward---and engaged her faithful followers to procure---the following according to his wishlist:

1. *A **powerful transistor radio,*** which should have ***faultless service*** because it might be needed to be used in the ***back of the beyond.***
2. A Chronometer wristwatch.
3. A telescope.
4. A designated amount of money for ***2 return incognito-trips.***
5. ***26 yards long x 48" wide (breadth) shimmering white pure silk cloth, one piece mulmull of same quality and size, one 13 ½ yds x 48" shimmering white markin or similar quality cloth.*** While in Berlin a ***Radar Scientist*** had said something, for which the pieces of cloths were necessary. Today, in the Afghan war, we are hearing of the latest buzzwords ***Radar, Detection*** etc.
6. ***Fowler's (or Oxford) dictionary- complete.***
7. ***6 pure Bengal silk white shirts, 12 pure silk under vests, 12 pure silk white jangias size 40.***

The above mentioned wishlist could be fulfilled. The 12th *item* in his letter he wrote---
Now you must consider this (12th) item and try to find out a solution. I am at a loss, rather,to fulfil it:
When on my second dash-out, I was returning. As I was stepping out of a vast cave (yes, your officer-fighter-in-arms are in possession of hundreds and hundreds of caves, small medium and vast and very very vast far flung and grand caves. Many of them bear clear evidence of having been inhabited by our civilized forefathers thousands of years ago. Your fellow officers and fighters in arms are in absolute possession. There are caves wherein battalions could rest and inhabit! 9 fellow fighters-in-arms suddenly shouted out with loving affection, "Your _____! Please bring in for us plenty of Tobacco: Cig. papers, cigars, biscuits, confec, etc…." I laughed out and said, "Well,you are burdening your old Faquir?…."(There too I term myself as Faquir).
The request over and above those for his comrades was --***I would have very intensely like you to have all records of Pankaj and Ramprosad and those songs.*** 'Brindaban chalo Nandadulal', [Come Nandadulal (Krishna) let's go to Bridaban] 'Jhulane dulibe aji Sudama Giridhari' [Sudama and Giridhari will ride the swing today] 'necheche proloy nachan, necheche Nataraj' [Lord Shiva is dancing his dance of death] 'pralay nachan nachle jakhan apan bhule he nataraj'[oblivious to everything else when you danced the dance of death O Lord Shiva] --- along with these a gramophone machine--is needed a crash-proof, watertight airtight box----because ***It could have given me the feel of of my Mother Bengal beyond the Pamirs.*** Not only those songs which would have been selfish, for those who are obeying the commands of someone day in and day out disregarding with the extremes of climate, snowstorms, he had asked for 100 bhaktigeet records in Hindi.

----In the third letter he wrote, 'I know who resides in me, who is there, which power is there. That is why I am a Yogi Sanyasi Faquir. " I know who is there within me. Which power resides within me. This is the reason I am a renunciate, faqir. As water from a great river flows through its distributaries on both sides of whom greenery and human habitations develope, . And it is also seen that among the river and its rivulets one particular rivulet becomes powerful and turbulent whom everyone comes to fear. Like the Ganges and the Padma (Kirtinasha). Padma is an offshoot of the Ganges. Both are flanked on either side by fertile land, greenery and habitations. But nobody fears the Ganges as much as the Padma. Everyone fears the Padma, don't they? This is because despite being an offshoot of the Ganges the Padma is turbulent, wild and fearsome- at times causing great destruction. This is because the Padma is full of great power. This is why people call it by another name, the Kirtinasha [Destroyer of creations]. As it knows how to nourish both her banks and create fertile lands full of crops, greenery, towns and cities, likewise it knows how to wipe out the human habitations, farmlands and all greenery without a trace remaining of it. Thus I am.

My own Mother was a directly initiated disciple of Sri Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa Dev. Who is an initiated disciple? when a true Sadguru (spiritually adept guide), the Sadguru first sits in meditation invoking his own guru and his spiritual power, who in turn invokes his guru and so on till the entire lineage of gurus gets connected which ends up in the primordial source of power, the Adyashakti Brahma- it is the same flow of spiritual power which reaches and flows in the initiated disciple. The witness to the kriya (the procedure) all the gurus come in tune to the Adyashakti [primordial power] and become one with Brahma- this is what true initiation by a Sadguru is all about. The rest is imitation. I am the son of that Mother….

Who was the 'Ishtadevi' (revered and worshipped Goddess) of Sri Sri Thakur? Adyashakti Ma herself. So who am I……..

Behold there My Mother
"Sabre in hand, engaged in battle
Tears rolling down thy cheeks"
That is my Mother.
"' One hand of Mother holds a head
beheading sabre the other holds tight,
from her forehead the full moon shines,
her hairs the black moonless night'.

Wake up, rise, O Mother of mine! Slayer of Mahishashura, destroyer of Chanda and Munda--Durge Chamunde Kali-Mahakali-Jagadambike. Come hither Mother of mine, come hither once more. Your beggar skeleton child calls, please take him up in your lap.

In the course of conversations Mahakal had lost himself---then he came back to his own and said, please give me a suitcase like gramophone---i will take it to my place of exile---across *the Pamirs*--- there i shall listen to songs of Mother Bengal. His followers had moved heaven and earth to obtain a gramophone and the records for him,.

After this came a tiny secret note- I quote this note today---

Confidential

Far away I am not ,I am not far away,
Deep in Bengal's heart, within the dust I stay
SIlent if I remain though,
This time Mothers worship ordains so
Beyond the curtain, in a silent quest,
engaged me she has , I do my best
far away I am not I'm inside you
Look a little higher, you'll find me too
In a silent chant the one who was born
His entire life does mystery adorn
With victorious Mother's conch shell blast
The curtain of mystery will rise at last
Charan dear your pure white heart shall be filled
Tears of joy, your sorrows washed, thus she's willed
with scythe bedecking Mother's hand ,
her head adorned with the crown ,
I present her to you, for all your all care.
In that great hour don't let her down
do stay awake Keep open your eyes ,
I shall present my Mother with both hands of mine
This hope in my heart never dies
After ages her affectionate touch
In my veins emotions flow
Tears in my eyes,my chest my hands clutch
I step aside, even so,
Away I'm not, out of your sight I do go never
The two of you, in Faquir's heart, do dwell forever.

My hand trembling---had to write every letter remembering after two decades of lapse. Please transfer it to your own writing and return the paper.
The ominous command of the Mahakal-cum-Faquir---return the original after copying it.

Jayasree, Aghrayan 1408
December 2001.

'Will-'o-the-wisp I am .....'

Though the contents of the slip of paper dly made any sense to Charan on the day it had reached him, it is simple and overwhelmingly relevant today. The waves of thoughts that are rising in the horizon- are nullifying the idea with which unified powers had tried to suppress truth portraying an even as an accident, attributing credibility by every means possible- and the

activities of the one around whom the entire saga revolves- has bewildered the powers with vested interests. To cover up the confusion newer concoctions are constantly being conjured up. The message carried on the slip of paper will therefore act as Charan's rudder- to the medium- Mahakal's presentation-

ALL THEM AND THOSE YEARS, LAST YEARS,
AND, THESE YEARS, FOLDED IN
AND FOLDS IN UPON THEMSELVES
AND THE DISTANCE BETWEEN US
FILLED WITH WORDS UNSAID.

' Give the letter written for the victorious Charan after you *peruse* it 10 times. I don't know whether there is anyone to address you as 'victorious' Charan.
At times I think- So many thoughts, but there is no one to share these thoughts with. It doesn't happen that way. I have always been a loner- wayfarer mendicant.
I have received three of your letters. I didn't reply because I could not do so. Victorious Charan,
I know from my first hand experience that in this universe nothing has ever gone-ever goes-will ever go completely in vain. I have made this observation after repeated lifetime experiences of my own.
Even memories are not lost. In this world everything is captured in its true form.

"As human beings we are, at all times, radiating energy, which is soaked and stored by items around us. Even our thoughts radiate an electrical field which leaves an imprint on objects in the form of energy. According to (Russia's) eminent scientist GENADY SERGEYEV :"Every human being leaves an electrical imprint-as well as an informational imprint, on objects that he touches or is close to. Every object around us has magnetic qualities. When it absorbs energy it changes the magnetic characteristics of its molecules. It is then that it becomes a natural magnetic recorder. Even over a brief period, man can record the information of his entire life on a nearby object. By brief- I mean in a split of a second."
The above theory has been proved by Dr Sergeyev by way of laboratory experiments and he has invented an electrical instrument which records these impulses.
(our brain too, is undeniably an...)

Victorious Charan! How long back I had told you and explained you the above mentioned things! (Perhaps you had laughed it all off as ridiculous)- now that these have been established scientifically, you might perhaps believe it.

Charan! I am nothing, just a Will-o'-the-wisp! This is the truth. But, ***Come to think of it***, even a Will-o'-the-wisp has an origin(birth), a lifetime, work during its lifetime and demise or death. The Will-o'-the-wisp originates, is seen, does its own work, disappears from one place reappearing in another, burns bright--but is impossible to catch.
Nowadays scientists are doing many amazing things with the help of Will-o'-the-wisp with the help of their knowledge.
Accept love and blessings.

Wanderer Faquir.

Only this I have said and I repeat—-
Note everything I have said, have been saying and tally, observe them, watch.
Everything has come, is coming and will come to pass. Watch and analyse threadbare whatever is happening or is going to happen carefully, and it will be apparent that these things have not been brought about by any politician-diplomat-statesman by his own volition or ability.
It is as if 'these events are somehow taking place on their own"
After each development the stalwart commentators and 'know-it-alls go about giving their reasonings and analyses. This is happening repeatedly.
The same applies for the second coming.
I am not there. I do not exist. I have no relations with anyone of you. There is no necessity of all these things. I am the impossible. I am therefore not-not-not needed.
My existence is in her quest- in work-in Matrisadhana (Mother's quest)-at her Command. Do not believe me. Just observe my work and its result-that is enough.
Charan quietly observes the events of Bengal-India-world--as a silent spectator- and tries to understand them in the backdrop of the clues and hints dropped by the insignificant Will-o'-the-wisp personality----one after the other events are occurring in the outside world--with its attendant sensation excitement and questions- along with it there is the undercurrent like the still water that run deep as the living clues to the continued existence of Mahakal- to understand and experience it one needs to shun his ego completely--how many can sacrifice one's ego completely to be able to fathom it?

Jayasree, Pous 1408,
January 2002.

'It is as if you are knocking at the door!'

A few decades ago---Ma Janani [Mother] had written to her child, Charan, seeing this letter at an exhibition had written to Mahakal with tearful eyes—Ma Janani had written— 'Whenever I sit at worship it seems as if you are knocking at the door. When I retire to bed at night it appears as if you are banging hard on the door and calling out to me –Ma here I am, but nothing is actually happening and it is all an illusion'. This was when the Indian Pilgrim was imprisoned in Mandalay Jail My eyes were blinded with tears, only mothers are capable of writing such a touching and a heart rending affectionate letter.

Let me quote another example of a Mother's heart One time colleagues philosopher-revolutionary Anil Roy and Deshnetri Leela Roy had together taken the plunge in the mission of the Indian Pilgrim. Thereafter came the prolonged separation. At the time of reunion the philosopher-revolutionary had departed for the other world and Deshnetri made her

historic self sacrifice. Separating herself at a moment's notice from the political activity that she had been engaged in for over two decades a momentous ***Withdrawal***—along with it complete devotional surrender to the warrior saint. Traversing Kabul, Kandahar, Germany, Japan during the war---cutting across Russia, China, Tibet, etc in the post war years, leading an itinerant wayfarer's life, at times fed, at times unfed or half fed, Deshnetri came to know of his life and remained undaunted about what she could herself do---only---'No piecemeal donation'—she prepared to sacrifice herself in her entirety, heart and soul---the 'declared death' had denied him the opportunity of serving the nation—she tried her utmost to provide to personal relief and comfort to him. She dispatched Baidyashastri Kamalakanata Ghosh to Mahakal for alleviating his physical ailments. Along with it she requested her favourite Homoeopathic medical practitioner Dr Santosh Kumar Das (*Dr. S.K.Das)* as well to treat Mahakal after discussing Mahakal's ailments at length. The detailed medical history of Mahakal was thus sent to Dr S K Das and Deshnetri discussed it with Dr Das and sent medicines.This treatment went on for a prolonged time with full sincerity and compliance by Deshnetri, who forgot all about herself for the sake of Mahakal in the newer phase, her *Leader*- Sadgurudev's wellbeing. I take the liberty of adding a letter written to Dr Das. She wrote it on 1.11.1966---patient *Leader. Ref card 2580-30 powder* packet *sent on 13.9.1966*--- its reaction and a request to send it again.

Shraddhaspadeshu (To the respected one),

Please accept my regards and salutations on the occasion of Bijoya [Bijoya Dashami/Dussehra]. May God keep you in good health and give you the opportunity to be of service to people for a long time.

His messenger has returned from his location on 31 10.1966. The bleeding has stopped after 4 doses of medications I had intimated via phone at night. Your directions have been sent there by *wire*. His stock of medicines has been exhausted. He has asked for a fresh supply of medicines at the earliest with this prayer—

" I have requested several times earlier and am doing so again to the 'Doctorbabu'so that he cures me of my piles and bleeding therefrom and *V.V.* [varicose veins] completely employing his sharp intellect and God gifted medical skills (Of course, if by those medications my other ailments are also cured then one can ask for nothing more)."

Therefore we need your consignment of medications by coming Wednesday or Thursday. Because it will take time for it to reach by *registered* post.

For my pain I have taken one *dose* of *Ruta 1000*---let's see when I get *normal* with it.

With my regards

Yours

Leela Roy

P.S. If in case some of the older stock of medicines are left by the time your consignment of new medications arrive will he complete taking medicines from the older stock before commencing to take medicines from the new consignment?

Yes the present course of medicines is to be started after the previous course is over. But this time the medicine has to be taken every other morning i.e. on alternate mornings. (Note in Dr Das's own hand).

Under the supervision of his dearest ***Lee*** Mahakal was relieved of much of his ailments. Regular reports used to reach her and she used to consult Dr S.K.Das and get directions and medications from him regularly. Besides, there was the direct care of Kaviraj Kamalakanta Ghosh. The motivating force behind the whole gamut of this activity was ***Lee***. As I write about Mahakal's medical treatment a piece of paper suddenly pops out from the Charan's pile of papers and documents- a quotation from a foreign news agency—Charan cannot recollect where this was published from or whether it exists at all at present, but the curious reader shall be able to figure it out---

The World
April 22, 1956
Is Subhas Alive?

The general version was that Subhas died on the 19th August 1945 in Japanese hospital after he flew in a plane from Singapore, for negotiation in Tokyo and get lost over Formosa. But investigation by a committee ordered by the Indian government began with a sensation, the chief witness "Thevar "member of the Madras State Assembly announced before the press that he was with Bose from January to October 1950 in China and again in February this year. had contact with him.

After this news column the aforementioned newspaper has made another sensational and a very significant statement, *Bose was today the Indian representative in command of an "Asiatic Liberation Army" at the Indo China border town of Sinkiang."…..*

Too hectic a schedule----Charan is not in the habit of preserving something courtesy his itinerant life---a poem addressed to ***Lee***—

"That which remained
Forever a hint
The morning sun
Didn't make it glint
In the last song of life, oh God
Before you shall I lay
That which didn't see
The light of day. ."

Mahakal has written,'I sent it just like that. It is of no value.' That what is of no value to the Sanyasi Faquir is a gem of incalculable worth in Charan's repertoire. The refringent rays streaking out are loaded with inner meaning.

Jayasree, Chaitra, 1408 (2002)

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After the present course quinine to be started after the previous course is over. And this time the quinine has to be taken 4 gr. every other morning i.e. on alternate morning.

Beneath thy feet, shelter me always.

Charan had sent a note from Mahakal's den to *Lee*'s Mukul. The day was that of the great arrival. Asking Mukul " I don't know how you are observing the occasion" at the national leader's place of activity, Kolkata City where the occasion is celebrated with processions.
'Here at 6-25 in the morning we observed 25 minutes, first with the rendition of the song 'Mora satyer pore mon aji koribo samarpan.' [Today we shall dedicate our minds to the cause of truth] followed by ten minutes' meditation, after which Gurustotra-s [salutations to the spiritual mentor] were read. After this was over, a lot of songs were sung.
At the hour of his birth we received blessings as we sat down for our food. We read the Gurustotra-s after which we were gifted garlands. This was our great privilege.

Yesterday 'Charan' had submitted his manuscript for approval, and it was decided that yesterday itself Charan would be granted a meeting, which he had got, but the schedule had been changed later. At night 94 of the 127 pages were read. Two of our companions sat beside us and cooked dinner.
The rest would be read today.

After the first phase of reading Mahakal said "Oh no, it is my writing, the words are my own, and reading what you have written brings tears to my eyes."
Today it is Charan who sheds tears as he recalls that day.
Many were the questions which were never asked. Only Mahakal will be able to say when the opportunity to do so will present itself again.
Charan is walking across desolate plains in his life as a wanderer. He has opened his bag as he had stopped in the shade for a while --Mukul alias Sunil Das was the recipient of a note in the year 1375 (Bengali calendar) - the sender was the God realised great man Sri Sri Omkarnath Thakur. There were many markings at specified places in the letter made by Mahakal.

' I have read God realised great man Sri Sri Omkarnath's 'reply letter': I have read your letter too. I am a little surprised that you have been trying to contact him so frantically. Anyway, 'you can reach Krishna after enduring hardships ', this adage has been proved true in your case too. This is something to cheer for. (Those who are the 'medium's will always create hurdles. That is they are there for. Those are meant to verify the degree of eagerness, keenness (and ego) of the visitor. You are blessed. I have also been blessed through you...thus.

Mother [Kali] through her grace made me see Sri Sri Omkarnath Sitaramdas's mundane form (It also could be that he being a God-realised spiritually adept being realised the dire condition of my heart and mind or while meditating on Mother realised the dire condition of Mother herself and presented himself in his mundane form before me)---because he is a completely renunciate sannyasi--since then I had been spending an anxious time. In that situation, in that setting, in

that condition and in that time--having such a vision means only one thing- it is true since the ancient times. And myself, sitting awake and alert, not asleep- witnessed his mundane form, got ready by mistake and after realising the truth [of the vision] paid my respectful obeisances to him, it lasted all of eight to ten minutes. I asked him in amazement and joy. He quietly smiled -----and moved away. Thereafter the meaning of 'having the vision at that time in that situation, time and in that condition'---took hold of me completely. That is why I always send instructions via 'wire', and I tell the same repeatedly to Tripti.

I have got lots and lots of peace and happiness after getting your 'wire' and letter. (It appears that the fervent prayers and the types of words with which I had requested Tripti to take the oath has not been complied with in the way prescribed. To such people one should place requests which are apt for them (One should not proceed in such endevours with even the last vestiges of human-social-ego).....
Can you please send me his correct and complete address?
The way in which Mahakal is capable of visualising---in other words the way in which adepts can set up meetings with each other through yogic powers---the way it has happened in reality--the need for mundane postal addresses appear irrelevant to Charanik. Still then, to the common human being, this is [mundane activity] is the truth, and credible.
On that occasion on the day of His appearance [birthday] there were two telegrams through Charan. One of them was for Mukul.

'Vibrant Mukul let your voice and conscience vibrate thus. A mother's son is deeply moved by your invocation. Amen! for your sterling self and others. Humble pronams to mother.'
The other he sent to Tripti----

'Brave souls dear and true I am overwhelmed by your touching expression. You Tripti.....all four are solace for your Gurudev. May you be blessed and happy. Charan remembers you and thanks you in love. For the very consoling information. I love you all.'----

As at times he sends telegrams with heartfelt love and affection, at other times he conveys displeasure---- like the crack of a whip----

Considering your inhibitories
Troublesome journey
Insipid stay
Avoidable expenses
Slighting one's voice
And not being a true soldier any more
I suggest in humility
remain with your family and friends
Happy ;
Serenely worshipping Mother Sri Sri Durga.
Amen.'

True warrior, admirer, lover, disciple, Sadhaka [worshipper; one engaged in a spiritual quest], Yogi, bearer of a great ideal. All of them are identical. All of them belong to the same category. Their qualities, activities and specialty are all in the same league. Discipline, faith, obedience, love, devotion, progression in work. (Discipline = not something extraneous; discipline is intrinsic). Their joy lies in carry on in this way. "Worry for the outcome" cannot sully their enjoyment. After the "fulfilment" there is no "feeling". This is the reason the empathetic one has said "the one who sought Him achieve Him. And after having Him---began on His quest again". What a great truth! After reaching Mother, the quest for Mother begins anew.
During the festivities of the Durga Puja, with what joyful expectations people come homeward among their own people, with full of joy for the Durga Puja.
In these days of great joy, I am the poorest of the poor mendicant Faquir.
I cannot be the stumbling block every time.

A letter from a greatly pained and heavy heart. Charan quoted some of the telegrams and Mahakal's words and messages sent during the Durga pujas of 1972 and 1973…..so many expressions what cannot be judged in the context of time and date- Mahakal's words, his blessings, eternal---forever true----

Once the blessings of Maha Ashtami came from his den-- present on that day in the den was Charan, Tripti, Bade Ladka [elder son], and Bade Ladka elder to him. Mahakal told his darling Mukul---

Someone sends out His affectionate love, tender blessings, Mahashtami thoughts to his blessed Mukul Lee-Kamala……

The Supreme Commander is creating history----we are following him--- our following him is compulsory.

The biographer is writing a serial biography in the monthly publication of the revolutionary Deshnetri --- in one of the issues, Charan had quoted some of his comments---today he feels the urge to express it----because the way in which Mahakal used to read the monthly intently and in between the lines, his reactions used to be reflected in his comments and expressions. In the Shravan issue of 1372 he has written on page 242---

I. I know that Jayasree will profusely thank this gentleman and bestow all its love on him for his efforts and presentation. But efforts, after all are only efforts. Mere attempts. But in my heart I am feeling pained. Through a proper writer, Jayasree, to whom are you catering all this? Who is there today who will lend you his ears and pay heed? Oh Jayasree! The Bengali which your clariion call could have aroused is dead.

II. You have no worth for the Bengali who has taken his place; he doesn't want to listen to your voice. Whom do you appeal to Jayasree! He does not want to be inspired by your Mantra. Today's Mantra is: ***EVERYONE CARE FOR HIMSELF: AND DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST***---Refugee,non-refugee, everybody. The Partition-cum-refugee for whom you are

shedding tears, Jayasree! Even they do not want you or give you company for the little money they get from someone.

III. Even then...even then (someone's heart is telling) 'O single minded Sadhika! O Jayasree! this quest of yours shall not, rather cannot go in vain. The joy of fulfilment, success-satisfaction-glory----you shall get with the infallible grace of Mother Kali. Let nobody else listen to you, but somebody has been hearing your prayers all the time.' Blessed you are indeed Jayasree!

Each and every essay and advertisement of Jayasree used to grab the attention of Mahakal---In each case his special comments and directions will ultimately be judged as epoch making pointers. Charan has quoted such comments of His, some of these comments, having been written in his own hand.

One night Mahakal could not finish his talks. He called the next morning and said a few words---whose significance and depth, Charan hopes--readers will be able to fathom.
"These are my final words. Four people each shall go to four more people and get a line changed which shall reflect your words. But the one for whom they will be changed has never depended nor will ever depend on anyone's benevolence. On the day he comes, he will need nobody's permission or concurrence. He shall come like a storm. This is what remained to be told last night."

And with this he said, an English edition of Jayasree would have been very desirable. His words on that day and the events of today- the opportunities and possibilities provided by advances in electronics---the use of a 'website' could have spread the word, of portents of the impending storm rapidly throughout the world------Charan places this request to all followers and admirers of Jayasree and its founder-editor.

'Jayasree', Baishakh, 1409.
May 2002.

'Some don't forget, some do'

The mind gets restless as the Puja [Durga Puja] approaches. A lot of guests and invited people used to frequent Mahakal's den. Charan and his co-visitors from his locality used to wait with the blessings and instructions from the lady national leader for that day. Plenty of gifts, necessary items for worship, new clothes, sweets and with these a pair of 'Ilish' [Hilsa herring] fish. He used to have some requests---some of them fancy ones---which the disciples used to try their best to meet. All that is legend today. Charan, after stepping into the home of the Guru followed by a flurry of telegrams to the near and dear ones-----one such telegram Mahakal sent to his dearest Mukul on Bijoya Dashami---

MUKUL DEAR, LEE'S MUKUL LIVE PROTECTED BY DIVINE MOTHER, A FAQUIR IS NATURALLY HUMBLE IN HUMILITY PATHIK FAQUIR OFFERS HIS BIJAYA DASHAMI MANASH ASHIRBAD--SNEHA-CHUMBAN-ALINGAN. HUMBLE SHRADDHA PRONAM AT MA JANANI'S SRI CHARAN, SREE BIJOYA LOVE BLESSINGS AND GUIDANCE ON SREEMAN….TO KAMALANAYAN, WITH HIS PRASANNA AJITCHOK……ILLYSIUM AND OTHERS. MUSAFIR'S BIJOYA DASHAMI. MUSAFIR'S BIJOYA DASHAMI ALINGAN, PRONAM BHALOBASA SERAAI--MIR JOYFUL. ADVICE SINGING BULBUL. JAYATU BIJOYA.

Charan in his restless state was groping in his repertoire and found out a narration from Mahakal from the past----some events and anecdotes. In those days no letter or message could be collected---one such letter came to bada ladka [elder son] who lent it to the lady national leader to read, who in turn gave it to her highly trusted 'Shailakumari' of Mahakal for copying it---it is this copy which Charan quotes today.

1. **Uttarpradesh.** I came to Uttar Pradesh as a yogi-sanyasi (it is true that i was a regular practitioner of Yoga and ***Mysticism*** since childhood). I am a ***Bonafide*** Sanyasi too. I can even teach ***Practical and guaranteed*** yoga. I acquired a few followers in due course. Most of them were well born and aristocratic. In this way I was staying at a place; head and face clean shaven. (till then I was keeping good health, the body had not become skeletal after suffering from disease for five years as now). People used to visit me. One day three aristocrats (Rayees) arrived. One of them was holding a framed photo. ***The Statesman*** had published a clear and beautiful photograph with a ***Black border*** along with the news of ***Death*** in the ***Air Crash*** . He has cut that picture and had got it bound in a frame!! A great Yogi Sanyasi had come as 'Sadguru' (a true mentor) of the local King and Queen. Several people used to come to pay their obeisances and for advice, he was one of them. I used to notice it was ***Particularly*** he who used to gaze at me constantly, until one day he brought the picture along with him. He kept it before everyone present. He had deliberately covered the place where the name was printed below the photograph. Everyone present looked at the photograph and then at me. Everybody asked him in proper Hindi "Babuji! when did you take this photograph of Bhagwan Guruji? You did not tell us about it even! All of us here want one copy each!" He replied solemnly "All of you know that when the news of Netaji's death in a plane crash came out ----I don't know why in my heart I could not believe it. I used to say this to you. You used to laugh. This picture is of Netaji. I have cut this picture out from the newspaper and had it bound. Try to imagine my intolerable state then." The others said "Why are you are making fun with Gurudev? This is not proper." He then without saying anything opened the frame from the back and gave away the ***Clipping…The senior most P.C.S. of the U.P. Govt*** Rai Bahadur was *deputed* to verify the truth. He came one day. On the second visit he became a disciple. At present he is retired and staying nearby. He would not have dreamed his Gurudev is staying nearby. I left that place and stopped shaving.

2. **Lucknow:** I needed to have my vision tested and my glasses changed. Accordingly

appointment with the owner of a well known optical shop was fixed up. It was between eight and eight thirty in the evening. I had two companions with me. I went

in a ***car.*** The owner came himself and took me to the *test* room. He tested one lens after the other in a nickel frame until a suitable pair was decided upon. (I was clean shaven with a turban on my head). We came from the testing room to a well decorated ***Hall room*** Normally it is only the well heeled ones who go their for buying spectacles. The room was full of ladies and gentlemen. Right in the centre of the room around 60-70 frames were spread out. On a ***stand*** upon the table there was a mirror. There were two people on both sides on me and I was having difficulty in trying the spectacles, so I took off my turban. I put on an empty golden frame. I had hardly understood what was happening. I felt as if all the noise in the world had stopped. There was ***pin drop silence*** right across the hall. Something touched me on my left side. I understood it was a nudge to warn me. As I turned my eyes I saw all eyes were fixed on my face wearing the spectacle frame. A shocked, low murmur 'N-N-Netaji!" arose in the hall. Four or five people with suits on had already bent down---to pay obeisance. A few ladies rushed forward to hold me---others has started to come running. With electrifying speed I dashed right back into the car, turban in hand. The *car* engine was on (this is my standard operating procedure while travelling in a *car*). quickly hitting the ***speed limit*** the highly skilled military driver sped off with the car. ***The advance Rs 50/-*** remained with the shop and is still lying there. (One of the three people was 'Chowdhury'--who came here and of whom you have heard)---later I knew the reason: A renowned Professor-Astrologer of Lucknow had said two-three months ago--" Netaji is alive and he might visit Lucknow". I started growing my beard and moustache again.

3. **Madhyapradesh (East)** In the ***M.P.(East)*** there is a well known 100 year old true Sanyasi. He is a Yogi and was formerly a Civil Surgeon. (He was a Civil Surgeon of the old times, that is he had completed *M.D., F.R.C.S.,* etc from Britain). Several years ago he used to tell his disciples, " You see Gandhi is the Avataar of Kabir. As Kabir was a Julaha [a weaver caste] so was the thinking and intellect of Gandhi. It was for this mentality of his that he had to die an untimely---violent death. Jawaharlal is the avataar of Kamal [the disciple of Kabir Das]. That is why the disciple of the Julaha has the ways and thinking of a Mussalman. He has a Mussalman brother too----the son of Motilal's muslim concubine; thus the wayward attitudes-wayward doings of Jawaharlal Nehru. Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose is the avataar of Sri Bhagwan Shankar [Shiva]. His thinking, deeds, energy, power, is like Lord Shiva. Since he is the avataar of Lord Shiva, he has complete control over his libido. Again Lord Shiva is a total renunciate. He gives away all his riches and treasures to Brahma, Vishnu, et al [the Gods and goddesses] even after he emerges victorious. He has renounced everything and lives as a mendicant. That is why he has given away his avataarhood [holy incarnation] to everybody else and lives as a Sanyasi. Two disciples of the above named Sanyasi had visited me a couple of times. He had said with conviction "I am sure Subhas Chandra is in (? will come to) India, and I am sure he will come to U. P. and stay for some time at Neemsar. Know this for certain".

4. **A God realised adept of Uttar Pradesh:** There was a Muslim God realised man (Like Sri Sri Thakur) in Uttar Pradesh. He has many Hindu and Muslim followers. He

used to sit with his eyes closed most of the time. It used to appear he was sleeping. If someone needed to ask him any question---he or she would have to kneel down and Pay obeisances in th Islamic custom from a distance of thirty to forty feet and sit waiting with a slip of paper in his/her hand with the question written on it. Some would have to wait for answers in this manner for 6 to 7 days on end. To some he would not utter even a word.

To others he would reply in a low voice as if he was in a dream. There are many strange but true
happenings in this world. Judges, Nawabs---poorest of the poor, he had disciples from every stratum of society. A Muslim gentleman ***got interested in me. Rather he began to get affectionate***.After some days he started harbouring doubts for some reason. But he used to conceal his suspicions from me completely. The God realised Muslim gentleman had a son who was his only child. The muslim gentleman[my visitor] was very friendly with the son of the muslim holy man. He had a brainwave. He wrote two questions in a slip of paper. (a) Is my 'such and such' suspicion about the Hindu Sanyasi whom I visit in Neemsar correct? Can he be trusted? (b) He said--"His entire sadhana, all his efforts are directed at alleviating the distress and hardship of the people of this country to some extent. I pray before you, if the words of the Hindu monk are true, will you please bless- that his Sadhana, his mission succeeds? I put my questions to you with my reverential kisses on your feet." Having written these words on a slip of paper he gave it to his friend the son of the muslim holy man and said "Friend, please put these prayers (appeals) to your father. His rules for his son too were the same. The son sat before him and started praying. A day went---without reply. He sent word-'friend, please try again'. On the second time his friend came back and replied ' this time he kept quiet but smiled a little.' He made the ***request*** once again " *Dost* [friend] for my sake please ask him once again. The third time a similar prayer was made---this time the reply came out, as if the holy man was speaking from afar in a dream -" Yes, Yes, Yes, I have prayed to Khuda [God] for him and have given him my blessings"---his son came back with this reply. The muslim gentleman was overwhelmed with pleasure and jumped up in joy.The first part was in reply to (a) and the second part was in reply to (b).

5. **The disciple of Swami Brahmananda Saraswatiji:** A disciple of Jagadguru Shankaracharya Swami Brahmananda Saraswatiji the God realised head of the Jyotipeeth was from an aristocratic family of U.P. Sri Brahmanandaji started teaching 'Parokshya Vidya' to this disciple. Through Parokshya Vidya 'the souls of the dead and the living can be brought together'. After training the disciple perfectly Gurudev ordered the disciple to ***contact*** ancient sages ----along with the renowned physician Dr Chaturvedi of Allahabad. To retrieve 'spiritual powers and devices' they continued doing this *Research* work for four years. According to instructions received via this practice Dr Chaturvedi's right arm which was paralysed for the last twelve years was cured within one hour. I have seen through diagrams (obtained) from the instruments. Thereafter Sri Swami Brahmanandaji left this world. His disciple carried on this practice (like carrying out the order of one's father) in the second story of his

house which he kept ritually clean. Suddenly something happened. Mr Gandhi came. He was weeping bitterly. He shouted out weeping" Save me, save me, I am burning in pain,I am burning in pain----I had committed a great mistake--there is no mercy for me---tell Subhas his Bapu is praying to him to save him, to rescue his Bapu. No Subhas has not...has not died, he is still working. Right now he is in M.P. at ____ place, as a Guru of_____ at _____'s house. Please, please go there….aaaah aaaaaah----***voice trailed away***. (The gentleman said two other men in that room fell down unconscious). The on another occasion Sri Sri Swami Vivekananda- in a voice ***very sober, loud and affectionate- I am Vivekananda! Go, find --'S', please tell him Mother and I are watching and standing behind him. Tell him all's O.K. He receives Sri Thakur's blessings. Mother's power.***

Then one night---***Dr S Mukherjee--- I have been murdered victim of confidence***.--- He narrated how he had been murdered---then he said----***The son of Bengal 'S' is there. Tell him, I bless him.*** The one day it was Sri Sri Jagadguru Adi Shankaracharya! He made some signs and chanted some verses of Guruparampara [traditions handed down by the lineage of Gurus] --tell the son of Sri Sri Durga of my blessings (***All in Sanskrit***). And on another day the Bishwakabi Rabindranath, the King of poets-'***Tagore, Tagore, Rabindranath too N.S. Oh! please tell him about his____'*** . Then one day came his Gurudev. The God realised Jagadguru, head of Sri Jyotipeeth. Swami Brahmananda Saraswati--"Look (he told his disciple) so and so conspired against me and killed me for my wealth by poisoning me----in a train____ you do_____. And please do to so and so whatever the great men have been persistently advising regarding him religiously in letter and in spirit. There is the seed of betrayal within you---from which I have been trying to guard myself. You 'join' him. Be careful, do not betray---if you do your wife will die. You shall reap great sorrow----the womenfolk in your house will be promiscuous." Then Smt Nightingale, Sarojini Naidu. 'Go, go, go, I am ordering you to go. Tell the Magadh emperor Chandragupta I am awaiting his arrival. I am his Sarojini. I am waiting with a bouquet of flowers. Come- in you ***car*** my astral body will go I shall sit on his right side. He does not allow any woman to sit on his right side. (*In English*) Say--Sarojini is ordering'- ***Then Bal Gangadhar Tilak--then this gentleman's father***--Yes Sri Sri Srimat Jagadguru Sri Shankaracharyaji had made a statement---' Sanatan Hindu Dharma is looking at his face----'.

'In this ***sitting*** **his** ***father in law***, who was the childhood friend of ***Dr K N Katju*** and a reputed advocate in U.P., late Motilal Nehru's *Secretary Mr Dixit,* nationally renowned Goswami Pandit Ganesh Duttaji used to be present. The same Chowdhury has been at the root of several woes of mine. He first disclosed to his wife and then her sister the top secret information. This sister became a widow shortly after she got married. ***It is said by Chowdhury himself that she is_____***(I can't say further). This ***lady*** had seen me five to six times at the most. I had still not become so frail in health. (You may ask Mother). ***She became so void of all sense of modesty that she openly solicited her brother's and sister in law's active help*** ----After coming here. being unable to cope up with my spartan life, spent all Mother's money, and escaped after pretending to fetch ginger (for my medication). Four people made four different ***offers*** for me to stay here.

Staying on my sickbed I opted for the Shivalaya (Shiva temple) to stay. The place belonged to Panda Shivnarayan Rajaram. There's a curious twist to the story here. The local Pandas (temple-worship agents) were all jealous of Shivnarayan, because he was an adopted child. He had more landed property than anyone else among them; hence the enmity. If not for him, they would been enjoying shares of his property. Right from the beginning, in their attempts to undermine Shivnarayan, they mired him in a string of lawsuits. To the extent on night there was a robbery in their house organised by his neighbouring Pandas in which the ***Head Constable*** of the local ***Police outpost*** himself took part! Out here theft, robbery, rowdyism, eloping with others' daughters-wives-sisters, selling them, poisoning, father poisoning the daughter, wife poisoning the husband, uncle poisoning the niece was no big deal. Murders were commonplace. The Police fattened themselves on bribes. After I came here the three other people who had ***offered*** me their places to stay started requesting me to review my decision. ---' The Shivalaya is an extremely bad place to stay--gets flooded each year during the rains (truth), there's the constant fear of robbers and thieves in the forest--please and accept my place, I shall have it registered under your name--etc.'

'But being a Sanyasi I did not reply. One day I told Shivnarayan of this in course of our conversation, and it was then that I came to know of the inside story.' Shivnarayan said,"Sri Bhagwanji, the people you just spoke of are all my enemies. I am fighting lawsuits with them, and they want to defame me. You stay here and go nowhere else--- you do not see anybody even if they want you to, you know no one here, you ask nothing from anyone; even then people come from afar to pay their obeisances. This is elevating my prestige in the society. People in eight to ten districts are talking of so-and-so swamiji who stays at Shivnarayan's place. This is the cause of heartburn in my enemies. They want you to go elsewhere so that my social standing falls. Now even the Hakim Sahebs (Magistrates) respect me, with your name I have built farmhouses, nobody restrained me. Oh Bhagwanji, please do not leave me!" Chowdhury's sister came, made many excuses to come and meet me---failed. She was returning back, when Shivnarayan's enemies saw their chance. They called their wives and daughters from the road. ***She became so vulgarly that she openly stated her desire (lust) for_____ and asked all the Panda's wives to help her (and her two female relatives) to get my sanction of living with me (all 3 of them) and for ousting my Mother! She even proclaimed this in the laws of this place.*** Then Shiv Narayan's wife came out, and they asked even her help in their nefarious objective. For half an hour she showered them with a volley of abuses which would made even the devil hide his face and run for cover. You know-- ***A jilted woman can shame the devil in wickedness'***. This is exactly what happened. Shiv Narayan's enemies closed ranks. They were (all heard by me, as I knew none of them) Panda Bam Shahi (so lecherous that his son was forced to move out with his wife) Panda Ram Dular (another lecherous character and used to teach at Ram Dular's place), Panda Jangal Mangal, a quack homoeopathy practitioner who lived on his wife's income. Unable to pay rent, three of his sons were humbugs shifting from place to place---and posed as 'governor's of U.P. Jangal Mangal has three sons. Eight or ten people at Naradananda's place (Naradananda's ashram or hermitage consisted of his brother's wife ***& his father in law*** who was the main assistant) first spread the rumor

that my brother---has given this Mataji landed property worth 75 thousand rupees along with gold and silver utensils. After that the amount rose to one lakh rupees, then one and a half lakh rupees. Shivnarayan got wind of it and wrote to Chowdhury without telling me--Why is your sister spreading these rumors? Whats the matter? Chowdhury replied--My sister has gone there without informing me. It is a matter of shame. What she has been telling people around is utter falsehood. I have all the gold and silver utensils with me at my home. She has been doing this to achieve her own ends. She has simply been provided shelter by me. I am the owner of my household. Shri Bhagwanji or Mataji has nothing to do with these gold and silver utensils. Kindly look after the suffering Sri Bhagwanji and Mataji I have sent ***registered*** letters to ***S.P. and S.O.Bisreikh*** and such and such (four or five) people. Please show this letter to anyone who goes to you. (***This is the only good thing this fellow did***). I got the letter in my hands after two months. I have preserved it carefully.

All of them together summoned the ***Police just to get my matter out.*** The three women would bribe the ***S.O.*** rupees one thousand each so that he would arrange for Mataji to be removed from there and the three would be allowed to live with me. On the first day the ***S.I.*** left after a good dose of verbal thrashing. On the second day his superior the ***S.O.*** came with several ***Constables*** and 50-60 of Shivnarayan's enemies. (Chowdhury's sister the ring leader having sent them was sitting at her command post). ***This fellow received a good thrashing at the hands of my mother***---- then I allowed the ***S.O.*** to come inside and spoke to him for about half an hour. The ***S.O.*** put his head on Mataji's feet and remained thus for half an hour. He became her foster son, took prasad and came out. Once outside, he exploded like a bomb on Chowdhury's sister-------***being frustrated*** they engaged the ***local*** Pandas. Requests started reaching me daily- please get rid of Mataji and let us stay in her place. We will serve you like a king, or, let Mataji also stay (outside) but please let us look after you.

Then one day at the dead of night three goon Pandas came and attempted a heist on Mataji and Rajkumar. My yogsadhana (spiritual practice of yoga) was nearing its end. My door was open. They had gone straight to Mataji's door and were trying to force it open. I finished my sadhana and came out in the dark. They got afraid, I was hit with a lathi (bamboo stick) on my back---they ran away. Mother and son came out of their room.

It was this same woman who used to tell people 'He is Netaji….he is Netaji. We so and so are the disciples of so and so and we know correctly.' When they realised I would yield before nothing-----they lured away Rajkumar (after making all necessary arrangements beforehand). I had predicted three years ago that Rajkumar would run away. But Rajkumar was Brahma (the creator himself) to Mataji.

So therefore you understand that (this word) having been leaked it was the hand of the ***Supernatural*** itself. For the last three years I have been telling everybody that Netaji is at Shoulmari---now the doubts are being removed.
The local *D.M.* in the previous occasion mentioned everything (including all the rumors that had been spread) and asked for ***orders***. The ***instruction*** came thus; 'You cannot

disturb a person in any way who is a Sanyasi and far from involving himself in any ***unlawful activities and unsocial activities*** does not go anywhere, sees no one, seeks nothing from anyone, stays all by himself. There is no need to pay heed to all the "Netaji" rumors.'

Ma Anandamoyee came to show her regal splendour. With a lot of fanfare it was being intermittently being broadcast over the radio --I have only to meet the holy man who lives a solitary life. This went on everyday.

That sister of Chowdhury and Naradananda's relatives including the above mentioned Panda etc joined the ranks of Anandamoyee Ma's entourage. Introducing himself as an 'M.P.' he said "Ma, starting from the governor to rich people having crores, sadhus and sanyasis are all bowing their heads to you, and you say that, you are going to visit him? This is way beneath your dignity'. She replied-' No---everybody can come to me, but--not Him. He cannot come. It is me who has to go to him. Go to him I must---'.
So you see---still then this place (compared to other places) was comparatively safe--provided more than adequate arrangements are made for safety----***D.M., S.P., S.D.O., offered*** **to provide** ***Police*** posting here. But i shuddered thinking of the possible consequences.

' That would have been sheer open door invitation to----'
' Some do not forget, some do/Past memories' The song of Nazrul holds good for all. Some of it applies to me, the rest does not.
I do not weep thinking of my past. ' I find solace in songs. Remember that you do not have anyone of your own except yourself. ***This is the stark naked truth.*** As long as you do not realise this, your knowledge remains incomplete.

One cannot describe in full how much innate meaning and sense there is deep within the words of Mahakal--concluding this small presentation today one of his priceless pearls---' You have to move in sync with time and tide, you have to set your sail accordingly'. Remember this piece of advice always, and forever. He is to be remembered always, a hundred hundred obeisances to him.
'Jayasree' Ashwin 1409.
October 2002.

Leela Roy's letter to Dilip Kumar Roy and its image.

Leela Roy

Phone 46-4116
312, GANGULI BAGAN, NAKTALA
CALCUTTA-47
Date 24/7/63.

I hope you are keeping relatively better. I am completely unable to move out and do something as I have suffered a *Cerebral Stroke.* This is why I could not see you in person--there was a need to. Writing is also difficult as I do not have full control of my right side. However, this is not my purpose of writing this letter.

I had requested you to contact me because I had wanted to inform you something about someone who was your 'friend'. I am not *entitled* to say much. I say only this *"He is alive--in India".* He has referred to his friendship with you in the past. ***"It was Dilip who always wanted to make me a "mystic"***

After reading this letter kindly hand over this letter to its bearer my well wisher Srimati Shaila Sen. For it is not proper for me to write thus. But if you have faith in my words I can tell you that it is *100 p.c. fact* please see to it that <u>even a second person should not come to know of this. this is a *stern injunction* on me.</u>

Please accept my greetings. I hope this letter finds you in good health.

Yours

Leela Roy

Sri Dilip Kumar Roy
P.S. I do not have a good *control* on my hand. I hope you will be able to read my letter even though you might find it difficult.

Leela

Leela Roy

Phone 46-4116
41B, GANGULI BAGAN, NAKTALA,
CALCUTTA-47

Date 25/7/63

শ্রদ্ধাস্পদেষু, [illegible]
[illegible] | Cerebral Stroke [illegible]
[illegible] |
[illegible]
[illegible] | [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] | [illegible]
[illegible] |

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] "He is
alive — in India" [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] | [illegible] "It was ~~[illegible]~~
Dilip who always wanted to [illegible]
[illegible] Jayasree" — [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

আর আমার ঘরের অবস্থায় যদি
কিছু মনে করেন hope fail
হয়ে যাবে হয় প্রতিষ্ঠিত না করে
সেইর আমার [illegible] junction.

প্রীতি ও নমস্কার গ্রহণ করিও। আশা
করি কুশলে আছ।

আশীর্বাদক
শ্রী [illegible]

শ্রী বিপিনকুমার রায়

P.S. ২৭০০ টাকা দুই
Control নেই, তবে [illegible]
তাড়াতাড়ি আশা করি
[illegible] পাঠাবো ফেরত দেবো।
[illegible]

Exhibit 221
(CW 98)
[signature]
Secretary
JMCI
23/06/04

Uttarparba-- Volume 3

'Spring forth, Ma Chandike in thy role of the devastating warrior'

About four decades ago the great visionary wanderer of India--- who foresaw the future disclosed it to his most trusted 'Lee'. The nationwide developements, the community whose increasing numbers have raised many questions of late--were predicted by him through divine vision. Charan is about to disclose his predictions. Why he remained confined to a particular province for two long decades--why he did not want to go out of its boundaries will be understood by those who have a sense of responsibility towards the nation.

Charan was travelling through a smoky tunnel- in a state of paralysed non-existence. There is no stationary state, only one of continuous motion--only occasional flashes and showers of light surprised him---. Charan's state and motion------was dependent on someone else. It was to fulfil the wishes of Mahakal. From an unknown nook of his motherland, how it was possible for Charan to step into this realm----is beyond his understanding even to this day. Was is in full consciousness or nocturnal travel in a dream--he not know. Charan picks and chooses the words of Mahakal which he uttered four decades ago sequentially from within the boundaries of that realm of dreams---which, perhaps will make sense to the people of this country after the long and dark night ends--even then the truth is eternal. Mahakal's words have been enlisted in 'Lee's own handwritten notes in the segment marked by her as ***'assignment'***. Will the countrymen be able to live up to the ***assignment*** after reading and imbibing whatever is conveyed thereby?

"Ma Ma Durga Kali keep you safe and in good health, this is my prayer."

The moot points that were there in the special registered letter that was stolen, selected points among those moot points I write in this piece of paper. (It had many more points, but I do not want to 'repeat them again' and make their effect stale. Let them remain 'not repeated again'. If I die, I will not have to die with the pain of not having achieved what I said. If I live, and we meet again (even if we don't), then I shall 'try to say them once again….the salient points:

1. Know this as gospel truth: Divided, grief stricken motherland shall be united and one again. (And at that time, by the force of circumstances, if 'someone's' mental state reacts in a certain manner then: reunited full fledged Janani Janmabhoomi might assume a 'greater self'. (***THAT'LL DEPEND***).
2. Rise you must above Party, ***Sect, Political Ego, Personal Ego, Self and interest.*** It is in this form that your dead and exiled wanderer likes to see you, have you and visualise you. Be like this you must. Nothing else will suffice.
3. You have to wash away from you the last vestiges of party,***sect, political ego, personal ego, self and interest*** and in its place the ***only reigning queen*** will be Janani Janmabhoomi in your life-death-sleep-dreams-thought-deed.

4. The purpose of mentioning '1', '2', '3' is that they will not remain as they are (***AS "THEY HAVE BEEN MADE").***
5. Please understand the clues in '1','2', '3', '4', - ***YOU,PLEASE! LIVE-AND-BE-AND-DO ONLY FOR*** **Janani Janmabhoomi (*PARTS BEYOND* Janani Janmabhoomi *SHALL BE TAKEN CARE OF) . The time is coming when a faquir's Lee (has to) shine in her pristine role: her angelic role…..It shall be "the necessity" in (and of) "that" time……it is vital that you prepare.'---and gear up from now onwards. for this noblest role. Because 'someone' shall be so terribly occupied with and engaged in 'other' 'other' and 'even more other' (and further) jobs that, he shall not be able to husband-formulate-and-put-through, this noble job. I might as well 'warn" you plainly that, it'll be a job's job. And in my heart's heart I do not wish any other person assuming it: I'll be mutely mortified in that case.***
6. Within a hundred leagues of your above-mentioned and extremely essential ***MISSION-ACTIVITIES (SO TO SAY,*** see to it that ***POLITICS, of any HUE AND OR COLOUR AND BRAND,*** cannot enter. ***PARTY AND FACTIONS OF ANY HUE, COLOUR AND BRAND*** cannot enter,; ***PARTY INTEREST, FACTION-INTEREST, POLITICAL INTEREST CUM AMBITION-CUM*** hopes cannot enter. "If we manage to enter into this activity, we shall get accommodated in the future *set up*". "We shall be absolved from the ***EMBARRASSING POSITION*** accrued from, or ***CONSEQUENCES OF*** whatever we have done earlier"-people with such mentality should be given no quarter or be allowed to infiltrate under no circumstances.
7. ***THIS EXTREMELY-NECESSARY-MISSION-ACTIVITY SHALL BE NEEDED TO FUNCTION FOR A PRETTY LONG PERIOD.***
8. ***FOR THE FIRST TWO-THREE YEARS DO NOT INDUCT MINORITY CLASS (OF ANY HUE WHATSOEVER) EVEN IN OUR DREAMS.***
9. ***TAKE ONLY*** Bengali Hindu children of Janani Janmabhoomi.
10. ***THUS YOU SHALL BE ABLE TO MINGLE-AND-MERGE WITH AND IN THE ONCOMING FLOW; WHICH SHALL BE PERMANENT FOR CENTURIES---AND MORE…..I BEG YOU LEE! TO UNDERSTAND :(PLEASE OH PLEASE DO NOT, FOR LOVE'S SAKE MISUNDERSTAND YOUR PATHIK-FAQUIR) THIS IS NOT A "VAIN MAN'S" WORDS OF VANITY, (A DEAD SIMPLY CANNOT HAVE THEM)-***
11. I have been intimated the possibility of 'something' happening suddenly on the way. Whatever happens, this will have no bearing on the modus operandi or the ultimate outcome.
12. Remember: the phase of 'going out once' is past. And that option is being kept alive and ever alert-----and ready for use if needed.
13. News will come; after the event in Russia----something will happen in China. Whatever happens in China will have no other alternative.
14. China will do something repeatedly which (the others) will describe as unattainable.
15. **Janani Janmabhoomi to begin with,** then……gradually……entire India ---will become a ***SOLID ENTIRE WHOLE*** including whatever has (temporarily) been lost. "***(INDIA THAT IS BENGAL)***"....(The ghost will remain alive even then).
16. The abscesses that have been made to grow all over ***S.E.A.*** shall be incised, drained and cleaned, the foul smelling pus and blood shall be rinsed and toileted completely. (Stitching and pruning will be done wherever it is necessary). All the abscesses shall be

healed. The patients will remember the physician forever with gratefulness. (***WHOLE S.E.A.*** shall be and remain under ***BENGAL-THAT IS INDIA'S EXCLUSIVE SPHERE OF INFLUENCE.***

17. The utterly simple---pious and unsuspecting friend-- whom the ***incarnation*** of Mir Jafar-Jaichand betrayed abominably --has betrayed his own country too--(and the dead ghost warrior considering this reprehensible betrayal as a matter of shame put his life at stake and at the cost of a thousand lives extricated the pious and credulous friend with the help of his supernatural powers and delivered him--to the protection and custody of his own countrymen--and promised to him that he would re-establish him in his original position, i.e, in ***BENGAL-i.e, INDIA'S EXCLUSIVE SPHERE OF INFLUENCE)***.
18. Utmost-utmost,-utmost efforts will be made so that inside and outside ***MINIMUM BLOODSHED-CUM-LOCALISED WARS*** **do not flare up** ***AND IF SOMEONE IS FORCED TO IT THEN, ONLY THEN, HE SHALL SHUFFLE HIS FINAL PACK-O-'CARDS AND, PLAY-IN HIS FOUR ACES, WITHOUT A SHADOW OF DOUBT ….AND IN THAT CASE LEE! YOU(AND THE WORLD) SHALL WITNESS (MAY I SAY, RATHER, "YOU AND THE WORLD SHALL GO THROUGH (?) "THE UNBELIEVABLY MOST TERRIBLE THING THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN, OR, FOR THAT MATTER, SHALL EVER SEE) OF LAST 4-5 CENTURIES…..***
19. ***DIABOLICAL-GODLESS-COMMUNISM SHALL BE BURIED 1000 FATHOMS DEEP , NEVER TO RISE (ON BOTH SIDES).***
20. ***ONLY CHINA PROPER (SHORN OF HER SKIRT FRILLS) SHALL LIVE SANS COMMUNISM.***
21. ***Russia wiithout Asia-tome shall be happy (SANS….COMMUNISM)***
22. ***BENGAL THAT IS INDIA: LIGHTS -ASIA-.***
23. ***SHOCKS, KICKS, THUMPING, BLOWS (MANY SIDED AND*** **from inside** ***TOO) SHALL BE COMING, ARE COMING, (AND SHALL BE MADE TO COME) AGAIN-AND-AGAIN : IN PHASES: IN DIFFERENT CRESCENDO:*** The situation will be : 'Almost everything is on the brink of collapse-ultimate disaster'. **Do not be scared.** Very soon (probably within the space of one year: may be a month this way or that) a similar rude jolt is coming. Multifaceted. The situation will seem to be on the verge of collapse. The government won't have the nerve to do what the whole country wants. It won't do it. At that moment someone must have to remain at his ***GYRATING CENTRES.*** (Will have to travel there; as on the previous occasion). When the situation will reach a flashpoint, **then,** ***SOMEWHERE SOMETHING SHALL BE DONE;*** thereafter it will be seen that both sides are equally powerful…..war, shall again----be suppressed. Know this for certain China will never; never; never be able to conquer India. ***IF EVER SHE SO FORGETS HERSELF (AND SOMEONE) AND TAKES "SUCH-A-LUNGE"--"SHE SHALL BE HAMSTRUNG AND SHALL BE MADE TO CRY HALT."***
24. Someone, whose mentors have been persuasively training something throughout his life; the ends are being achieved by the training imparted by the mentors. (You may say this " the training imparted by the mentor has now turned on the mentor himself")
25. ***"On paper," "OFFICIALLY" "GOVT.OFFICIAL-CATEGORICALLY" SOMEONE DEAD IS NOT IN THIS SOUTH-OF-HMLS….***do you understand? that means : the "Mritabhoot is not onn this side" ; "on the other side, somewhere" if one says ***"ON PAPERS-OFFICIALLY"-GOVT OFFICIAL-CATEGORICALLY"*** it won't be wrong to say. As far as I remember, I had written these salient points in the stolen registered letter. Of course there were 2-4 more things written therein. There were some things which were entirely personal too.

26. Know this; in India a) A section of the 'minorities' think themselves to be the conquerors of India. They refer to themselves as " ***WE THE MINORITIES IN INDIA"***. The foremost among them Is the ***V.I.P.*** himself (***SH.N.*** included). This e section of the minorities speak openly. b) A section of the minorities want that entire India should be under their rule once again. They nurture similar hopes too. c) Those who are staying as Indian citizens for the **sole reason** that they enjoy more rights and **privileges** in India (not for any other reason).
27. (a) Crores of rupees worth of precision instruments, radar and "special equipments"(which you won't understand) are being pilfered and smuggled abroad. (b) ***MOST-VITAL-AND-SECRET "THINGS"*** have always been smuggled -(your government is unable to stop this). Not only a section of the most trusted "minorities", but Hindus in significant numbers as well are involved in this. And, my head hangs in shame to confess that there are Bengali Hindus as well.
28. (a) There are more than two score meeting places for international spies-secret-agents in U.P. alone. (Think of the condition of the rest of India from this). (b) Arms and ammunitions are stockpiled in the minority homes in the rural areas too. © In U.P. the minorities are at times openly declaring to their Hindu friends "We are now prepared". (d) The Govt knows only three of these centres. There too they have engaged minority spies.
29. Beginning from ***NEFA, NAGA,*** from one end of Assam---to the end of Bengal (towards Pakistan) the locations and race and ***sects*** etc which comprise battalions-regiments-company-platoon-brigade-division, their numbers, the distance between them, individual ***UNITS*** and the kind of firing complements, armour, personnel carriers, aircraft are stationed, and the excellent mobile conditions they have been kept in--you know nothing of these. But the ***GHOST*** knows it all ***UNIT-BY-UNIT-PLACEMENT BY-PLACEMENT.***
30. Mritabhoot knows (you do not know) The places along the long border through which (contact on both sides) are maintained and the smuggling by a section of the minorities shall continue- (because it is his responsibility towards his father). [Allegorical-Hindu sons have spiritual duties towards their fathers which they perforce must fulfil]
31. In ***NAGALAND*** -the sworn enemies of Mritabhoot (with different aliases) want to create a state of their own. They have wanted this since long. (Won't you understand this even?) The ***GOVT*** is blind and cowardly as ever.
32. The whole- ***ENTIRE-TOTAL*** India shall belong to Indians alone and shall remain so----(this time around) for many, many centuries. ***U.K., U.S.A.,*** any other country of Europe, Russia, China, Japan--never-never-never shall rule India.
33. Not a penny of the so called grants, aids, loans, ***ETC, ETC, ETC,*** need be returned. These will start happening in front of the poorest of the poor servant, exiled and destitute Faquir's Lee's eyes. In none of the above points mentioned is there any question of judgement-analysis-arguement. All are as true as life and death.

(I shall not send it by post. I shall hand it over to someone utmost trusted comes from your end) Thus it was dispatched by the utmost trusted Lee's son.

Jayasree, Agrayan 1411, (December 2004).

Kamalakanta's dispatch: From Mahakal's base.

Shivaratri-s have come and gone. But the telegrams the eternally unattached-indifferent Faquir sends to blessed Mukul remain unchanged and indestructible. Charan reminiscences it on the eve of Shivaratri.

NEEL KUMAR DEAR BLESSINGS! AFTER THE GAME WAS WILFUL NEVER SAY DEJECTED,
CLARION EXCELSIOR
AFFECTIONATE LOVE
A
Shreyan swadharmo bigunah paradharmat swanushthitat
Swadharme nidhanang shreyah paradharmo bhayabahah
THE DIFFERENCE LIES IN ;----
".....Tanyahang vad sarbani na twang bethhu parantapa

So---

Mayi Sarbani Karmani sangnyasyadhyatma chetasya
Nirashi nirmamo bhutwa yudhyaswa bigatajwarah
Shri Shri Maha Shivaratri

Eternal-Unattached-Wanderer

Kaviraj Kamalakanta Ghosh, the messenger sent by the revolutionary Deshnetri and other organisers of Shrisangha were camping at Mahakal's base. It was Deshnetri's directive to send some communication every day otherwise she would be worried. Kaviraj too, on his part, was sending messages to the best of his ability. Excerpts from those messages sent on a regular basis shall reveal the colossus of a personality that was Mahakal.
16.3.1967
He is in relatively better health at present. Sometime back he had a little digestive upset and had passed blood. It is relatively better now. The weakness too has improved; even though he is considerably weak now. His feeding is being taken care of by a lot of coaxing and cajoling. He is being served egg-omelettes with tea for breakfast. He was a little reluctant to begin with, but has finally agreed to it.
Yesterday I have learnt how to cook meat from him, he went on giving me directions one after the other with precision of a *Commander* directing his troops from a distance of 200 miles in a battle--I went on carrying out his orders, later I found out that I had learnt to cook really well. Me and the Doctor shared our cooking job for the dinner and along with it went on banter-humorous, chastening, dolorous, exuberance and melodious.

" My joys and woes, weeping and laughter are all limited. Nobody knows when and why I laugh. When I cry nobody knows why I cry. I have nobody who is my own; nobody loves me. I am completely alone. Nobody understands my sorrows, nobody tries to do so. When I feel sad i turn aside and cry."
" My Mother Kali is overjoyed when someone approaches her and says 'Mother, it is you whom I seek'. WHen she finds out that he has come to seek something for him, even if it is gold, she gives that too-but turns her face away and cries. None among you shall ever understand her crying."
Mother's work has begun with full gusto. No event in history can influence it. There is no need for outside help. External hurdles cannot stop it. Those who stay behind shall remain behind. There is no other way out.

Jayashri Magh, 1511 (2005)

Mukul-Mahakal and Tosh behind the scenes.

"Santosh
Calcutta
Divine Mother's blessings grace- Mukul Tripti beloved children fifteen happifying days. Refer inland Seventeenth. If possible one supreme quality rigidly tested German Efar petromax four hundred power alternative Swedish primus petromax Preserve good health Unfailing optimism Faith in Mother's design. Mukul dear

Love"

19.1.70.
The message travels from Mukul's place on the sacred birthday---
" Our humble bondage on this day of sunshine and reverence (stop) May its resplendence usher new awakening from Calcutta 23.1.70.

Mukul

The reply comes with blessings-
Affectionate blessing Mukul dear make your life a pointer,a symbol. Affectionate blessing Poltu Kamala be a toke to you too. A token to eternal Poltu. Blessings and love Ajit and deserving others. Two souls here join love and their respects.

Love

from Basti 23.1.70.
Santosh
Calcutta
Blessings Neel Poltu Tosh Ajit dear Nandan (stop) parcel arrived yesterday wrapper entirely torn dirty. Case broken contents all right (stop) Shuttling on works and forkeep (stop) Now writing soon.

-Love-

Blessings for Pabitra

11. VIII.70.
"Santosh
Calcutta
Blessings Mukul, dear heart; anxious for your mental physical welfare: become and remain well;..... ..... and make this poor man happy, please. Humble pronams param pujya ; please recover health grace; bless your sevak anxious for you."
Parampujya= 'Sejda' Sureshchandra Bose.
31.8.70.
Mukul Santosh
Calcutta

Darling Mukul receive Sri Sri Mahashtamee grace blessings love affection. Recover dear one give this lone wayfarer some worldly bliss oh get well.
Pronam to your Ma Jananee.
Along with that a slip of paper with a message-
' Have reached Panchapandav safely. You will receive the message. Tripti, Padmada, all were called one by one. The youngest was the last to be called. I sat after paying him my obeisance.
"The image that you had nurtured in your imagination and around which revolved all your thoughts is now personified and present before you in reality. You shall not receive the motherly affection in which this being of love was reared and is now deprived of. You have to conduct yourself in the right path. Won't you be able to do so? Remember your 'has not died' is at present in this pilgrimage. He is looking after you, Keeping watch on all your activities. Shall you be able to do it? Are you making a promise on this Mahashtami? Do you promise and acknowledge?"
"The Bengali has not died. The Bengali cannot die, he has no death. It is this Bengal which will reawaken Mother. Ma...Ma'
It was as if the voice was coming out of the bottomless depths of the ocean. These words had been reverberating in my heart. An unimaginable feeling had been laid bare.

8.10.70 from Basti

"Santosh Mukul
Calcutta
Blessings from Mukul dear, Kamala assured your recovery. Please spare me anxiety oh dear Mukul get up well healthy God knows I am already care worn enough May the divine bless you. Anxious for Poltu darling be cured." Dearest blessings Santosh dear
Affection-love-blessings Kamala.

16.12.'70

"Santosh
Calcutta
Out of the distant past comes a whisper---Greeting that warms the heart :- Lee Merry Christmas! It echoes -and - re-echoes back across the long ages in darling Mukul Kamala Santosh Poltu Dulal Sisters and Mothers Pabitra with family Naresh Pranam Parampoojya.

27.12.70.

Dear affectionate Mukul, May Shri SHri Makali keep you well; my regards to your respected Mother.
Begin your practice with the garlic regularly thrice a day; morning-noon-evening. (I shall write further later).
Your letter gave me pain-pleasure-friendly feelings-satisfaction---***In that Order.***
Dear Paltan----I am really relieved on knowing you are fine. I was too much worried.
The ***APT*** description of my discomfiture is "Once bitten, twice shy".
I have dictated the script of " records of the existence of Mritabhoot outside the horizon, his deeds, to keep the record straight and clear before Ma Kali"
I have been freed from my encumbrances of the promise that I had made "having admitted defeat before a luminous soul from outside the ***Horizon***" . She herself has liberated me from that bondage. Liberated I am-she is. This is the gist of my words; my thoughts. "Outside the ***Horizon*** nobody can ever, ever have the responsibility of ***Lee's*** guardian angel or Sadguru, the *Dead Ghost*'s mundane existence (regardless of whether he or she is an emperor or an empress).
Only you take care: "I broke down in tears on receiving Lee's own treasures Santosh and Dulal" It became difficult to speak.
Accept my love and affection and extend the same to Paltu.

Wandering Faquir.

22.1.71. Basti

Blessings!
Your express telegram Tripti reached me on the third day (at night) from its time of transmission….You (the people:: country) are merely reaping your whirlwind….
The Divine Mother mercy him
Do I sight?!
9.2.71.

After the Deshnetri's departure from this world--her most trusted Mukul-- Mukul's contemporary illness, ***Heart Block*** worried Mahakal which was reflected repeatedly in his letters and telegrams.

The bearers of all letters were Santosh-Tosh-Tripti. But who was this unnamed person in the background? There was no expression of exuberance on his part. There was no flourish of words or expressions. But Charan would hold himself guilty if he omitted to mention this messenger of *Lee*. Who shall mention his name? If anyone was to see Mahakal, he or she had to present his credentials from the Deshnetri - his credentials read thus:

Name: Shri Santosh Kumar Bhattacharya.
Father: Late Gyanendra Mohan Bhattacharya
Former address: P.O, & Village Bayra. (the village of residence of the uncle of revolutionary Anil Roy).

Subdivision: Manickganj
District: Dhaka.
Present address: Jadavpur, Calcutta.
Birthplace: Sherpur Town, District Mymensingh.
Date of birth: 1.1.1925.

Political identity: " I came in touch with the respectable 'Srisangha' leader late Anil Roy in the latter part of 1938. Later in 1939 I got introduced to the respectable Leela Roy and in the same year I became a member of 'Shri Sangha'.

I am a believer in the ideals of respected Shri Anil Roy and respected Smt Leela Roy since 1939 till date. I have been an active member of the Forward Bloc since its inception and was closely associated with Sri Roy and Smt Roy.

When Subhas Chandra Bose toured Dhaka, Bayra and Manickganj I was there with him among others. An arrest warrant was brought out against me towards the end of 1941. I was arrested in the beginning of 1942 in Dhaka Town. After having been detained in turn at different jails, namely Dhaka, Buxa, Jalpaiguri and lastly Dum Dum, I was released towards the beginning of 1946.

I resumed working under Sri Anil Roy and Smt Leela Roy. At present I am an active member of the PSP (Praja Socialist Party). I have been residing in Kolkata since partition.
I started working for the Ramakrishna Mission Ashram at Sarisha village near Diamond Harbour towards the end of 1950. In 1952 I started working at a mercantile firm in Kolkata to earn my livelihood. I got married in 1958 and on 01.2.63 I have been blessed with a daughter.
I still owe my unflinching allegiance to the pledge I took for the struggle for India's independence.

Although I am a family man I am prepared to undertake any sacrifice in India's interest. "
This was his introduction letter written in his own hand. He was dispatched to Mahakal sometime after March 1963 and since then till January 1985 he used to visit Mahakal staying on for sometime regularly several times every year in addition to the two mandatory annual visits [his birthday and Durga Puja]. During the blazing heat of northern Indian summers he had fetched Mahakal hundreds of buckets full of water to bring him some relief. Neither his own family or his job got priority before Mahakal. He carried out the Deshnetri's directives lifelong with single minded devotion silently and remaining unseen. Exchange of letters with the venerable elder brother of Mahakal Sureshchandra Bose took place through his hands.
Tosh-Santosh-Tripti are witness to the dispatch of the *Dissentient Report* from his venerable elder brother Suresh Chandra to his affectionate younger brother 'Subi'. Tosh was also witness to Mahakal breaking down and crying like a child when he [Tosh] conveyed the news of the passing away his venerable elder brother Suresh. He allowed Tosh to have a look at him out of deep trust, the description of which Tosh conveyed faithfully to the Didi [elder sister]- lady national leader. Mahakal was fond of Tosh's culinary skills, be it sweets or other delicacies. Mahakal used to immensely enjoy the services Tosh rendered during his stays there adding

great pleasure to Mahakal. One day this faithful servant left this world behind unnoticed, behind everybody's eyes. None came to know of it.

Jayasree, Falgun, 1411 (2005).

'With you in prayer and thought'

Whatever is coming out of Charan's bag is being scripted and dispatched by courier at random. Therefore maintaining chronological sequence for these messages and letters has not been possible.
I am presenting one of the letters that was received after the reunion, not contact, with 'Lee'.

6th of January is the date of demise of the lady revolutionary leader's life companion. Mahakal, Lee's Sadgurudev sent a note in remembrance of that day and the deep pathos associated with it.

Express: LEE ***6.1.65.***
312, Gangulibagan, Naktala
Calcutta

THIS DAY I AM ONE WITH YOU IN MY THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS MAY YOU BE BLESSED.
- ***MENDICUS -***

Express: LEE ***25.1.65.***
312, Gangulibagan, Naktala
Calcutta
LEE FAQUIR'S ENTIRE LOVE : COULD YOU RECEIVE?
TENDER WITH BLESSING
- ***MENDICUS -***

The second message reached after his birthday. After this *message* there were those sensational words-- "Before the disappearance a message had been delivered to Anilbabu (Anil, Renu) that news of a "similar event" shall come. Do not believe it or be surprised."
Lee had sent a red rose for his birthday. There was mention of that in the message.
'RED ROSE'--- whatever it *classically* means---has said just that.
I have received everything. I received the ***wire*** today itself. Do not send Hari Vishnu (Hari Vishnu Kamath). Intimate him by letter.
I cannot describe from how many quarters I am hassled and worried. It makes me sad.
Love-'.

Charan is a symbol. Charan mentioned in the Jayasree March issue, 1972 (Baisakh, 1379) ,"
"Charan Dear, Loving that you are**.....** the hint at mentioning Mahakal's present location , Bangladesh and Bengal had ended in Bengali poetry--
You shall give the blessings of freedom-with a smile
Only this we hope."

The symbol on that day was Kamalakanta. Mahakal's expression was meant for him. Unfortunately the prevailing circumstances did not permit the expression of his words in its entirety. We express some of what had remain unexpressed. He had addressed the words to 'Lee' but the words were actually meant for Kamalakanta; as if spoken to him directly.
But, Ah! Please excuse me and my digression! I know, you are extremely busy.....Don't give this your scantiest of thought and, treat it as if it meant nothing. Anyway, I have the right to be such a fool as to expect of you that, you shall comprehend the utterly devastating fire and poison-in me.....Let one die, on my way (wayfarer I am). Away-alone-unknown--; none to place a cornelian on the spot.....
I had made one last request to Kamalakanta; had asked him -shall you be able to do it Kamal? shall you?
Kamal remained silent; alright-
'He'(Sejda; venerable second eldest brother) had handed over to Kamal a copy of the Dissentient Report to be delivered to me!!! Kamal (out of fear) could neither tell me anything nor give it to me....he had given it to those who were here....they had read it. After Kamal left I asked them and came to know "He had give the book to Sri Bhagwanji" ....
I received the book a few days back.

'Papers" have been burnt and are being burnt. All the papers that are discarded are kept together and are burnt as soon as the heap becomes large enough. When I put my hand into the bag searching for papers"nothing" came out but the registered envelope so when I got ready to burn the "paper bag", I noticed something written there in a child's hand. "Why haven't you learnt the lessons by heart? Get them by heart tomorrow"- i kept looking at it for a long while. I thought whose tender hand could it be that wrote these words- like the chirping of a bird? My mind travelled back in time to a distant past to a country that was, the golden Bengal- the gentle, green Bengal where one could hear the melodies of love, devotion and the cult of power (shakti) in every leaf of a tree, in every dust particle; where life has been breathed in by filtering the moonlight of autumn. Perhaps this unfortunate luckless one will never have the opportunity of seeing that country again: perhaps this beggar will never have the good fortune of applying the sacred dust of the land on his forehead once again; oh! oh you unfortunate one! Alone you are, and alone shall you undertake your journey! It is a child of that country that wrote these words, before incinerating the piece of paper I had half a mind to cut out and preserve the portion which had the writing on it. I was reminded of the 'Kabuliwala'. I sent it by ***registered*** parcel. Your telegram came. Next came Shailakumari's letter. The i started looking frantically for that letter. Finally I was able to locate that *cover.* I found out that really it was pasted on a paper as per ***direction.*** Oh! how fortunate I had not burnt it. How fortunately there was the writing on it in a child's hand! I have heard even God speaks through children.
To that little daughter of Bengal: Thanks--love, affection, a gentle squeeze on her cheeks and a pat.

A little *Hug---and* kiss; will you please give her two little biscuits on behalf of this beggar?
Too much glue had stuck onto the notes, I had to remove it with water. This is a miracle of Sri Sri Ma Kali. Blessed Mother. My obeisances to her. I sent an *express* telegram acknowledging receipt. ***(excuse the soiled 7th sheet. Before I could check tears simply 'sprouted and spatted it').*** (The seventh page of the letter was smudged in tears).
I heard Mr Bhattacharya had written to Kamal 'please arrange for a and bring a ***generator*** for the place.' How impossibly naive!
Now on my life shall be like that of a drop of water in a lotus leaf. My staying-eating-coming-going- everything ***(really speaking*:** my entire life has been like that of a drop of water on a lotus leaf. That I am alive is a great wonder! At least I know that I am not alive. I do not need any ***generator.*** He is crazy).
It took me full five days to write this.
So much for today. Bye.

With
Love
Affection
Tenderest
Surging
Thoughts

Your only-y-y.

The was the way in which letters used to be addressed by 'Lee's Sadurudev to her.

Relevant information.

Editor's note.

Kamalakanta Ghosh- renowned physician. This was his professional identity. He was a memorable revolutionary--but how many know of him today! He had been dispatched to attend India's liberator--the itinerant wanderer Subhas Chandra--Netaji of his medical needs by the lady revolutionary leader Leela Roy- not once did his limitations due to his advanced years daunt him for the task. He devoted himself in the service of the unique Sadhaka on the orders of his leader [Leela Roy]. Kamalakanta's identity, and his reminiscences full of reverence by close friend Dr Naren Sarkar and Sunil Das, Editor, Jayasree are quoted herein. We regret our inability to reproduce any photograph of Kamalakanta here. We wish and hope to do so in future.
"Our very special friend, revolutionary leader, foremost among the colleagues of Anil Roy and Leela Roy, veteran freedom fighter Kabiraj Kamalakanta passed away suddenly at midnight on June 14 last, of a heart attack.

Soft spoken, an excellent conversationalist, exponent of Indian philosophy and the way of life young Kamalakanta Ghosh was involved in organising students in Brahmanbaria in Comilla, Dhaka, Bankura and Kolkata through his charm in the twenties; by then he was well established as a responsible office bearer of the famous revolutionary outfit of undivided Bengal, the

"Srisangha". The talented student leader rebati Barman joined "Srisangha" after having come in contact with him. The foundations of 'Srisangha' that he lay in Bankura, Bardhhaman and Kolkata led to steady growth and active participation in revolutionary activity by its members during the thirties in tandem with the spurt in revolutionary activity throughout Bengal at that time and many of their leaders spent long terms of imprisonment behind the bars.
After passing his BSc he studied Ayurveda and alongside revolutionary activity also decided to start practising Ayurvedic medicine and took initiatives in doing so along with a few friends. He was, however imprisoned shortly afterwards and remained in captivity for a long spell.
Although he tried to concentrate in his ayurvedic practice after his release from prison he always remained in touch with Leela Roy and Anil Roy as their associate and participated in all activities aimed at implementing Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose's political programme, and it was in this connection that he was imprisoned once again in 1943 and had to spend the war years in prison once again. Before he was arrested he had the rare distinction of having been engaged in treating the great bard Rabindranath Tagore for over a month around July 1941 as an assistant of Kabiraj Bimalananda Tarkateertha. After the demise of the poet laureate he gave an account of his unique experience in the 'Jayasree'.....

After their release from prison in 1946 Leela Roy and Anil Roy camped in Kamalakanta's residence in Rashbehari Avenue for over a month for conducting their political activities till the time they could put up their office elsewhere. Kamalakanta the revolutionary maintained his links with this political camp lifelong putting up with a lot of personal sacrifice.
1963 onwards till the time the lady revolutionary leader Smt Leela Roy fell comatose in February 1968, Kamalakanta toured different parts of the country finding out facts about Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose at her behest. Thereafter 1970 onwards he spent significant time on touring once again."

(Editorial, Revolutionary Sunil Das, Jayasri, 1381)

On Kamalda's demise..Naren Sarkar.

One of the foremost among the top rung leadership of the Srisangha, distinguished freedom fighter Kabiraj Kamalakanta Ghosh, BSc, Baidya Shastri suddenly left us at midnight on 14-15 June at the age of 71. Though it cannot be termed an untimely death, but it was sudden. He was apparently in normal health and he was not known to be harbouring any illness within--he had felt a dull aching pain in his chest on retiring for the day after dinner having completed his household chores. He had some breathlessness, he said ----it is nothing significant; there is no need to call a doctor. Even though he was a Kabiraj he has faith in homoeopathy. He took two homoeopathic pills and slept off in another room. Thereafter without allowing any further time death came and took him away with a whisper before anyone could realize it. A doctor had arrived on an urgent call but by then it was all over. Thus he neither suffered himself nor caused suffering to others. Everyone says---this kind of death happens only to Sadhakas; it is a rare privilege not granted to many.

Yes, Sadhaka he was indeed. His quest (Sadhana) was multifaceted, both overt and cryptic which the divine was aware of and could feel the innate message of his quest. This man, totally

immersed in himself, his knowledge and his quest was firmly rooted to the ground and he was never satisfied without totality. His was a divine personality, it was full of divine attributes and his perspective was all embracing, universal. He had unfettered access to moving between the visible world and the metaphysical. He was the beloved 'Kamal'da to everyone. He was unassuming, without malice, ever engrossed in doing good to people, sacrifice was second nature to him; he was everybody's friend; and ultimately he had ended up being an icon. Peace, love, sweetness, unassuming nature and the innate happiness used to light up and lend a halo to his persona always. People used to be charmed, attracted and overwhelmed with him immediately on coming in contact with him. His authentic personality was the key to ability as a strong organiser. Many of his surviving colleagues in Tripura, Dhaka, Calcutta, Burdwan and Bankura will bear testimony to his organizational skills. He was able to set up a successful centre of workers in and around the area of 'Natun Chati' in Bankura. On the orders of Anil Chandra Roy he transformed a local youth organisation into a revolutionary secret society. Many youth got transformed through his Midas' touch and put up with hardships and torture by taking part in revolutionary activities. Those who could not take part in revolutionary activities through force of circumstances distinguished themselves in art. literature and even mysticism. It was in the mould of Anil Chandra that he strove and knew how to produce complete human beings of the men in his organisation. They did not try to interpret revolution in the conventional limited sense of the term but visualised it in a much wider context.

He wielded power in being the leader of a leader of a revolutionary outfit. He did not lack fortitude, what he lacked was vanity. On occasion he could be merciless, but that was the exception to his personality rather than the rule, he had won over opposing forces simply by the power of mercy, which has been no less powerful than a merciless blow. He possessed the pluck and ability to carry out what was known in revolutionary parlance as 'action' i.e, kidnapping-killing-robbing-killing etc, but he never attempted to violate organizational discipline in a an attempt at carving out a niche in history by indulging in some 'action'.

He is no more. Therefore it is unfair to judge him by invoking political debate in terms of success, failure, action, inaction, and so forth, for he is no longer there to defend himself. Besides, it is not possible to gauge him through the yardstick of sheer political parameters. But that he was the true bearer of the revolutionary legacy of Anil Chandra Roy and Leela Roy, there is no doubt.

Politics, especially revolutionary politics was part of his philosophy and spiritualism. In that age several revolutionaries like Kamalda had been inspired by the Srimad Bhagavad Gita and the words of Vivekananda and Aurobindo and had known the liberation of the country and that of their own spirits to be synonymous. In spite of being a student of science while pursuing institutional studies, he studied Indian philosophy, the Puranas and delved deep in the study of spiritualism. He used to frequent several temples and monasteries, and was close to several religious leaders. Outside the realm of politics, deep within the labyrinths of existence where 'the inner self awakens', some were fortunate enough to have come across Kamalda. One of them wrote of his demise".....I can feel the spiritual connection even now. For whatever I have today to sustain me was kindled by him in those days. That connection was outside the ambit of politics." Many wrote letters of condolence with heavy hearts. Surprisingly everyone wrote in his or her own word " I had been able to carve out a niche for myself in his heart". Everybody

took him to be a man of his or her heart. Actually his heart was so large, there was literally space for everyone in it.

His kindheartedness at times took the form of weakness, and selfish individuals made good use of it to secure their own ends. Innumerable were the occasions when he entertained requests and entreaties he from such people without going scrutinising the merits of such requests as they deserved. One could not also have possibly kept count of the help he extended without judging the aptitude of the beneficiary. Self publicity was against his nature, and his kindness used to flow out of itself. He did not have the nitty gritty knowledge of the worldly wise man of today. It was but natural for such a selfless person to lose his way in worldly life. Perhaps in the ways of the world he was what we would term in English a *misfit*, as his abilities were limited. Hence peace and happiness literally played hide and seek with him throughout his life. But in the wider sense he was never really unhappy, for nobody really ever saw him unhappy. In this context a few lines of Solzhenitsyn comes to mind.." *It is not our level of prosperity that makes for happiness but the kinship of heart to heart and the way we look at the world. Both attitudes lie within our power. So that a man is happy as long as he chooses to be happy and no one can stop him……*" He was happy in this wider sense, and there was no end to his happiness.

He had achieved the peak of fame in his own profession of Kaviraji (indigenous) medicine. '*Prosperity'* was well within his grip which he gladly loosened and remained *happy.* Nobody had ever seen his profession to become his passion. He graced the 'Vaidyashashtra Peeth' established by Kaviraj Shyamdas Bachhaspati initially as a student and later as an assistant secretary. Kaviraj Bimalananda, son of Kaviraj Shaymdas Bachaspati, impressed with his abilities as a Physician placed him in charge of the poet laureate Rabindranath Tagore for sometime at Shantiniketan. There is an interesting account of that in the earlier issues of 'Jayasree'.

Reminiscing about a great personality in itself carries with it a whiff of egoism. Associating oneself with someone great tends to bring out the 'smaller self" in one. This essay is not not meant to be such an exercise- this essay is simply a pure tribute to the great person that Kamalda was. His chequered career can be the substrate for an biography evincing immense interest. Any future biographer of this great man will find every facet of his life highly interesting.
In the post Independence period Kamalda developed itinerant habits like a 'play truant kid' , disappearing from his residence for unknown destinations with everybody knowing he would be returning after sometime which he would really do on every occasion. Only on this final occasion after this disappearance--it is an intensely painful realisation--that we shall not have him amid us anymore.

* Excerpted from the novel *Cancer Ward*.
Compiled, 'Jayasree', Ashadh, 1381, p. 160-62.
Jayasree, Chaitra, 1411 (2005)

Feelings……

Old age and debility catches up with every mortal being in this world. This drama is being played out in His stage of nature. None can violate or be an exception to this rule. Problems begin the moment you try to violate this order. Nature is playing out her part according to her wishes. Here we are only spectators. Science and technology are all part of this game.
How and when the messages from Mahakal to Charan will cease coming is difficult to predict. This is somewhat like the effortless game of nature. All the children of the proverbial 'Haradhan'(a character of Bengali literary legend) are taking shelter in nature's peaceful abode after having played out their mundane roles in this world one by one- the expression and extent lies therein. This ***despatch*** is through a small statement of Mahakal conveying his feelings--
It is not that there is no ***FEELING.*** Even Gods and the Supreme One has a ***'FEELING'.*** I am a creature therefore I shall also have '***FEELING***' The only difference is that I have learnt to, am capable of and do completely absorb my "**own *FEELING*".** The waves that I create outside are, as "shields", obstacles, puzzles, to create confusion, and --- for the sake of the ***STRATEGEM.*** (Otherwise 'I' am truly no more there). But even then I do openly acknowledge that (and I derive divine pleasure in doing so) -; as a result of this reunion, I feel a holy bliss, and whenever I get a little time--- then going back to my old self, I derive inner peace. ….For the exiled indifferent itinerant mendicant Faquir this much is sufficient….

This surprising message and some words to ***LEE-- 'WERE AND AM ONE WITH YOU IN YOUR FEELINGS AND THOUGHTS. YOUR LIFE " A-POEM-ON-A-FLAME". TENDER WISHES. BLESSINGS.***

=LOVE=

LIFE'S "BUOYS-ETERNAL" ARE LOVE, FAITH, PATIENCE AND UTTER DEDICATION.
AT LEAST THEM ARE FOR ME: AND IF THEY ARE FOR ME--THEY ARE FOR LEE TOO.
THEM ARE "THE THINGS" WHICH MAKES US (PUNY-THOUGH-WE-BE) GO-OVER.
WITH A PRETTY SMILE ON OUR LIPS AND A BEATIFIC SONG IN OUR HEARTS, DEAR!

Jayasree, Shravan, 1412 (2005)

In search of a joyful life.

The regular message came-

Dear Mukul Tripti Poltu affectionate blessings. Found three telegrams. Granted Doctor's report. License Registered,--Sadgurudev.

It was received in Calcutta on 15.1.1972. Another telegram reached on 26.1.1972--

Divine grace bless you Mukul dear nothing is difficult to brave and faithful man. Out of sufferings have emerged the strongest souls. The most massive characters are seared with scars. Be happy Mukul be you cared you are so.

This message too was sent by Mukul's Sadgurudev. He was always worried for his utterly beloved Mukul. It is desirable to be free from disease. He was always in the quest for a healthy and energetic life and he wanted to see his followers leading their lives thus. His directions for a healthy disease free life come in a letter-- which is recorded herein--along with it Charan remembers that once Mahakal had asked for some copies of a booklet on 'Suryanamaskar'. He had requested to order the publisher to send a number of copies for himself and a copy for Charanik. All the copies had reached Charanik in due time. The name of the book was *The Ten Point Way to Health--Surya Namaskars by the Rajah of Aundh-- a simple system of radiant health exercises for men and women and children of all ages. Edited with an introduction by Louise Morgan, published by D.B.Taraporewala and Sons & Co Pvt Ltd. 210, Dr Dadabhai Naoroji Road, Bombay -1, Last reprinted 1965.*

Now I shall take out the letter containing the entire set of directions by Mahakal--'Mukul, please begin the exercises described herein without further delay. This you shall do everyday of your life with true religious zeal. By these the progress you shall achieve will be lasting and amazing. Believe me--this mendicant Faquir is a past master of these techniques. Practise them confidently. There are eight principal types of Kumbhaka -Prankriyas which are a precursor and a means to enable one to embark on Raja Yoga. Some of these Kumbhaka Prana Kriyas are included in the Shatkarma-s.

Kapalbhati - then- Ujjayi - then - Bhastrika - (finally) after sometime (taking some rest) - do Sheetali Pranayama. You can do this twice (morning and evening) even in this season. There is no chance of any harm coming out of it, I guarantee you this in the name of Ma Kali. Kapalabhati is one of the Patkarma-s. There is no Kumbhaka (retention of Prana or breath) in Kapalbhati. Kapalbhati, Bhastrika--- correctly and effortlessly are the first steps. Kapalbhati prepares one for the Bhastrika. Kapalbhati ***is a powerful exercise.*** Do not get nervous by the very mention of ***exercise.*** **For you this is churning out of elixir of life.** This is the correct yogic parlance. While practising Kapalbhati ***All tissues, cells, nerves, tendons, molecules shall powerfully vibrate.***

Kapalabhati ***cleanses the skull, the respiratory system, the nasal passages. It destroys the phlegm removes the spasm in the bronchial tube.*** (Therefore *Asthma* gets *relieved* and slowly *cured.* In this ***the apices of the lungs get abundant supply of oxygen (*** therefore ***they cannot afford favourable nidus for T.B. consumption, is,therefore, cured by this practice). Lungs are considerably developed. Carbon-di-oxide is eliminated- on a large scale. Blood purified. Impurities thrown out. Tissues and cells absorb large quantities of oxygen. Heart functions properly. Circulatory-Respiratory-Digestive systems are toned-very considerably.***
Initially (in the first week) one second---at the rate of only one *expulsion* -- 10 ***expulsions--(one round)*** only in the early morning, that's all.

In the second week : 1 round --morning, and **One round**--evening.

In the third week : 2 rounds--morning, and **2 rounds** --evening.
In the third week : 3 round--morning, and **3 rounds**--evening.

After each round, take 6-7-8- easy breaths and ***A little rest.*** In this way you will be ***relaxed*** **the** ***feel quite comfortable***. Later, when you are ***sufficiently advanced*** in this *practice*, then you start adding 10 *expulsions* in each *round* --each week--***Till you get 120 expulsions for each round.***

Sit in Padmasana. rest both hands on your knees. ***Rapidly*** make a noise like the blacksmith's ***bellows*** and ***perform Puraka and Rechaka*** **kriyas.** This ***exercise should be performed vigorously.*** There is no kumbhaka in this. In this exercise **Rechaka is the** ***most important part. Sudden expulsion of breath follow one another in rapid succession.*** You shall sweat profusely; rub it on the body after the kriya is over.

(After doing the Kapalbhati as directed; take a little rest; after getting relaxed by taking easy breaths) then---Ujjayi.

Charan is completing his despatch by writing this much. He will have to get busy with something else elsewhere. The rest will be discussed subsequently.
From children to the aged, for all this is the preparatory phase. One needs a wholesome preparation of the body and the mind to be ready for whatever is coming or is about to come.

2.

Earlier I have written about a stage of Pranayama. Now I am trying to write something more.

2. **Ujjayi-- Ujjayi-*removes the heat in the head.*** The appearance becomes very pleasant and graceful. ***Gastric fire gets increased. Asthma, consumption, and all sorts of pulmonary diseases are cured.*** Ujjayi nullifies bodily ***decay and death***. (If needed Ujjayi can be practiced while ***walking-and-standing*** too--in that case one has to exhale through both nostrils).
Sit in Padmasana. Close your mouth. producing a pleasant ***continuous sound with very-mild-and-uniform-pitch*** **by** ***partial closure*** **of the** ***glottis, inhale s-l-o-w-l-y through both the nostrils -in a smooth-uniform-manner-till your breath fills the space from throat to the heart-- with noise*** (as has been explained above). Do it in a way such that you do not have the slightest difficulty or unease, ***as long only as you can comfortably do it; retain your breath!; Then exhale s-l-o-w-l-y through the left nostril only (By closing the right nostril with your right thumb).***
Then, after this, **Ujjayi.**

3. Bhastrika (Bhastrika is the ***combination*** of Kapalabhati and Ujjayi) Bhastrika = meaning = blacksmith's ***Bellows. Rapid succession of forcible expirations*** **is the** ***most characteristic feature*** of Bhastrika. Just as the blacksmith's bellows forces the air out in a jet by pumping itself in rapid succession (The increase the intensity of the fire and its heat) ***so also you should move your breath rapidly.***

You shall have profuse ***perspiration.***

If you have the ***slightest giddiness while*** practising Bhastrika : then discontinue Bhastrika pranayam immediately and take a few easy breaths--***few normal breaths . Giddiness will vanish. Continue your practice after the giddiness vanishes.***

Imp: Only in the summer practice Bhastrika during the cool early mornings (dawn). Do not do the second round meant to be practised during the evenings. In all other seasons practice it twice daily, during the early mornings and evenings. Not only ***It relieves throat inflammation,*** it certainly ***increases Gastric*** fire. It eliminates ***phlegm*** .It certainly ***cures nose-and-chest-diseases***. Therefore Asthma-consumption is eradicated and gives a ***very good appetite.***

If done correctly and particularly, it penetrates three granthis (energy knots or blocks in our system) Brahma Granthi, Vishnu Granthi and Rudra Granthi.
The ***phlegm the BHASTRIKA DESTROYS that very phlegm THE BOLT (obstacle) to the door at the mouth of BRAHMA NADI*** (Sushumna) !!! (With its help one gets the opportunity to get to know about the Sri Sri Mahamaya shakti Kulakundalini) ***STRICTLY DEAD SECRET ONLY FOR YOU.***

A secret that was only meant to be had by Mukul, but by virtue of Charan's pen, expressed for the benefit of all.

If only the laity takes interest and embarks on the way to spiritual upliftment through Mahakal's directions.

It removes all ailments caused by ***'excess-wind-bile-phlegm*** . It increases body heat. If the body temperature becomes too low in snow immediate practice of Bhastrika heats up the body at once. Bhastrika is a great friend if you want to clear the Nadis (energy channels).

Among all the Kumbhakas ***IT IS THE MOST BENEFICIAL.*** Sit in Padmasana (lotus posture). ***KEEP YOUR BODY-HEAD-NECK ERECT.*** **close your mouth like *CLAMOUR.* Then *INHALE-EXHALE QUICKLY TWENTY TIMES- (like the bellows of a blacksmith) CONSTANTLY DILATE AND CONTRACT. When you practise this pranayama a hissing sound is produced.***
Start with rapid expulsion of breath following one another in rapid succession.
Mahakal's amazing teaching-directions could not be completed on this occasion too. This short despatch was issued --- within a small interval in course of Charan's hurricane tour.

I have expressed parts of pranayama sent to Mahakal's most beloved Mukul earlier- in which Kapalbhati, Ujjayi and Bhastrika have been described. This training was prolonged. Hence it is not possible for it to be described in full---whatever is possible is being described here.

One round = 20.

Important very: When one round of 20 expulsions in finished--The final expulsion is followed. BY A D-E-E-P-E-S-T--POSSIBLE--INHALATION : THE BREATH IS SUSPENDED AS L-O-N-G AS YOU CAN WITH COMFORT. Then deepest-est possible exhalation is done.!!!
V.V.Important :The end of this deepest-est exhalation completes one round *of* Bhastrika.
After completing one round of Bhastrika; ***rest a while by taking a few easy-normal-breaths. (This will give you relief and make you fit for starting the next round.)***
Important: *Do three (3) rounds-daily---in the morning,* and you may do ***3 ROUNDS*** in the evening too.
In the summer--in the morning cool hours only. Not the second round in the evening.

4. After Bhastrika take some rest with a few ***Normal* easy** breaths followed by ***15 min=15 minute*** sheetali. You may continue doing Sheetali for 30 minutes. Sheetali ***purifies blood***. Sheetali can quench severe thirst.
It removes ***Chronic dyspepsia, inflammation of the spleen, various chronic skin diseases, fever, consumption, indigestion, bilious disorders, phlegm.***
POISONS OF ALL SORTS IN THE BLOOD ARE THROWN OUT. Whoever practices sheetali at early dawn, midday, dusk and midnight --regularly ***HE SHALL NOT BE AFFECTED BY SERPENT'S-AND-SCORPION'S BITE.***
If due to some reason, by force of circumstances, in remote places, in forests-mountains-deserts-or at some empty place you do not get water, you feel like dying of thirst, your tongue starts coming out,start sheetali---with patience, ***you shall at once be relieved of thirst.***
Sit in the above mentioned posture. Close your mouth and lips. Stick out your folded tongue through the middle of the closed lips (You will certainly give support to both sides of the tongue) Slowly, in a streamlined flow draw in the breath (Prana) from Akashtattwa with a ***(si-i-i-i-i-i) hissing sound***---draw in as much as much as you can. After that draw in your tongue *AT ONCE* in and close your mouth. Hold your breath as long as you can do so ***VERY COMFORTABLY.*** **Then*V-E-R-Y S-L-O-W-L-Y exhale through your nostrils*.** Be extremely cautious that you do not have to breathe heavily to get your breath back.
After each occasion take 5-7 easy breaths; the do it a second time; in this way, do you understand? Mukul?
Always remember that as your practice s-l-o-w-l-y (a) the longer breaths you are able to inhale and the more Pranashakti you are able to draw in, (b) the longer you are able to hold the breath in your abdomen **with comfortable ease and pleasure *(very apt term that)*** and © the longer you can breathe out from your abdomen exhaling out all your impurities-the more the benefits-developement-upliftment.
Initially it will take 18-19 or 20 minutes; not at all difficult. In the second week do it for 21-22 minutes. On the 3rd week do it 27-29 minutes. In this way with steady physical developement go on increasing it every week. After you reach 50-60 minutes do not prolong it further. (After this yogic powers, bibhuti are manifested).
Most-est Imp after these four pranayams take a cup of milk religiously. There should be no mistake in this.
Charan is unable to complete it on this occasion too. But its deep understanding and perfect practice is easy either. Let the practice progress slowly---it will be concluded in a subsequent occasion.

Something difficult to attain for the laity too becomes easy to achieve with directions from a real and able teacher and steadfast practice. This teaching is not a mere set of directions from a teacher of yoga, it is a compilation of advices from the yogic experiences of an immensely powerful single minded individual and therefore set of teachings is equally amazing and authentic in the same measure.

Important : If you are not in the habit of defecating before daybreak then do not rush to the toilet. After washing your hands and feet, brushing your teeth and cleaning your mouth, get busy doing pranayama. After completing Pranayama go to the *w.c.*

- Never practice **pranayama or yogic exercise** in full stomach. Do so three and half hours after partaking your meal.
- After practising the yogic asanas (i am coming to that next) . After taking rest for 20-30 minutes---practice 4 pranayamas **(this rule you shall follow from the time you start practising yoga)**.
- You shall practice yoga in a ***DRY-WELL-VENTILATED-ROOM. REMAIN ALONE DURING PRACTICE.***
- You shall practice before 'Japa- and-***MEDITATION. IT WILL HAVE YOUR BODY LIGHT AND YOU SHALL ENJOY YOUR MEDITATION.***
- Your stomach ***MUST*** be empty and ***TIGHT***. **After 10 minutes you shall drink a cup of milk compulsorily.**
- ***PLEASE BE REGULAR AND SYSTEMATIC: NEVER MISS A DAY***. Do not take a bath immediately after Pranayama. Have a bath after at least half an hour's rest.
- **Do not wipe off the perspiration of pranayama even by mistake.** Rub it in the body. ***DO NOT EXPOSE YOUR BODY TO CHILL, DRAUGHTS-OF-AIR, WHEN YOU PERSPIRE!!!***
- In the summer- if you feel heat in your head then have a bath after rubbing ***PURE*** real Gooseberry (Amla) hair oil on your scalp. And take ***REAL*** palm candy drink thrice daily. ***THIS SHALL COOL YOUR SYSTEM.***
- (You shall of course practice the Sheetali pranayama. By this ***YOU SHALL NOT BE AFFECTED BY HEAT.).***
- ***(DO NOT LAUGH-AND-JOKE WITH THE LADIES---SHUN THEM)*** (I write this with my due apologies).

*** ***ALWAYS INHALE-AND EXHALE, VERY-VERY-VERY SLOWLY. DO NOT MAKE ANY SOUND WHEN YOU INHALE AND EXHALE IN*** Kapalabhati ***AND*** Bhastrika. ***DO NOT PRODUCE VIOLENT SOUND.***

*** **Do not do pranayama to the extent that you get exhausted.** Do not get ***FATIGUED. THERE = MUST BE ALWAYS---- JOY AND EXHILARATION OF SPIRIT. YOUR PRACTICE FULLY INVIGORATED-AND-REFRESHED DO NOT BIND YOURSELF WITH TOO MANY RULES.***

*** ***V.V. Important*** = wherever i have asked you to do kumbhaka, increase the ***PERIOD GRADUALLY. During the first week -----RETAIN*** your breath for 4 seconds. During the second

week ***RETAIN*** for 8 seconds. Third week = 12 seconds. In this way gradually increase the period you ***RETAIN*** to 64 seconds. **You do not need more than this.**

*** During 'Puraka' (inhalation), believe firmly that all divine attributes---- complete freedom from ailments---- with your indrawing of 'Prana tattwa' ('Purak' is actually this) is attracted and entering within you. During 'Kumbhaka'= the good and divine attributes are being ***ABSORBED*** within you. During 'Rechaka' (exhalation) ---all 'Asuri Tattwa'--evil attributes-poisons-diseases are being expelled. (by being destroyed by the 'Prana Tattwa' of Puraka and Kumbhaka). The real truth is you that it is with Pranayama ***YOU DRAW ENERGY FROM THE DIVINE SOURCE---COSMIC PRANA. STOP PRACTICE---when you are seriously AILING.***
Only for a few days; **the first seven days ; practice only Purak and Rechak** After seven days add Rechaka--- as has been directed and advised.

- ***YOU MUST SO NICELY ADJUST YOUR PURAKA KUMBHAKA RECHAKA, THAT YOU SHOULD NOT EXPERIENCE THE FEELING OF SUFFOCATION-OR DISCOMFORT AT ANY STAGE OF YOUR PRANAYAM.***
- ***YOU MUST NOT UNNECESSARILY PROLONG your period of Rechaka.*** **If you unnecessarily prolong the period of your rechaka-** ***THEN THE FOLLOWING*** **Puraka** ***will be done in a hurry---hurried manner. And thus---RHYTHM will be broken.***

To say again : you must so carefully regulate your Puraka-Kumbhaka-Rechaka that, you must be able to do with absolute comfort and care. Not only of one Pranayama. But the full course of the required rounds of Pranayama. I am. I know, repeating this; I have to.
Experience and practice, shall make you perfect. BE STEADY! EXERCISE DUE CARE-AND ATTENTION, MATTERS SHALL TURN OUT TO BE SUCCESSFUL-AND-EASY.
Remember this that towards the end of each you shall ***CONTROL THE LUNGS SO THAT YOU ARE QUITE ABLE TO DO RECHAKA SMOOTHLY-AND-IN-PROPORTION-TO-YOUR-PURAK.***
IMPSlight errors may crop up in the beginning. It DOES NOT MATTER.***
Do not be unnecessarily alarmed. Do not give up practice. You shall learn yourself how to adjust the three process of Puraka-Rechaka-Kumbhaka nicely. Commonsense. Instinct. Shrill innervoice of the soul help you in the path. Everything shall come out smoothly in the end. MY MOTHER SRI SRI MAKALI IS YOUR GUIDE AND **Sahay (help).**
START THE PRACTICES- practice this very second. In right earnest and --BECOME your real self. STRIVE, STRUGGLE HARD, PEACE BE UNTO YOU.
If you are steady, earnest and sincere (which I know you are) in practice, in six months' time you shall feel inexpressible joy---CURE---mental peace and unalloyed bliss. There shall be Jyoti in-on your face, such a Mukul-shall be-s-blessing to Himself, and the world. This will give Satisfaction-cum-Happiness.

This was Mahakal alias Bhagwanji's or *Leader's* affectionate blessings and training in Kriyayoga. His life was filled with bliss with prolonged practice. Today Charan also derives satisfaction and happiness in being able to share the exchange of letters between the mentor and the disciple which will serve to benefit many.

Jayasree, Pous Chaitra 1412 (2006)

In the land of Tungabhadra.

The history of an unknown person setting foot on this land and having stayed for so long has moulded the history of this country but who cares to know? After his journey from the war theatre of Southeast Asia to the land of the bears; when the powerful dictator ***Host*** of the country asked the Indian Pilgrim to chart out his own way he stepped into another country which was richly steeped in history and tradition. The focus of the historians, researchers and seekers of truth are all focussed on the land of the bears--because that was in the immediate aftermath of the so-called mishap. But there is none to narrate that there is much more which took place after this--something that can only be narrated by the one who was the chief protagonist-cum-architect himself. Charan will narrate some of his own words today. The supremo of that country was Mao Zedong or Mao Tse Tung. Mahakal conferred on him the epithet of 'Tungabhadra'.

' It was my plan to write within ten-twelve or twenty days. But unfortunately tit bit messages kept pouring in (From outside the ***Horizon*** as well as within the country) that, therefore i felt like writing about the ,the conclusions i would be able to draw from the matter after ***SIFTING*** through the news (It would not be possible for me to convey all information piecemeal as events occur one day at a time); but that's a different matter.

The small pieces of news of events and developments that have accumulated (news of many more events are yet to come; all that has come is by no means ***exhaustive***!) When gathered together I have come to the following analysis according to my limited knowledge.'
Mahakal was narrating his dear Mukul about the administrative changes brought about by the ruling party in the states , by elections, and the manipulations by the Congress and the like minded parties. After describing them he wrote in short-

' I hope that after this you have fully understood and shall remember the events that are bound to come to pass and the situations that will arise thereof.
If you understand all that and can conduct yourself accordingly then you and Lee will never have to repent later on.'

Something terrible will happen in Pakistan. Within two and a half months (it appears) a large number of people will have to die and a large amount of property will be damaged. (The itinerant shall not be able to stop this; it's outside the sphere of his work) though this will help in the ultimate outcome.

Naxalbari like situations are being created, Orissa, Kashmir, Bihar and Assam (***rather*** has already been created.

INTERNATIONALLY **(**in Ma Kali's *HORIZON)* there are *exploding* events in all directions. With *seven nips* hoo-ray-ray-ray----ray rrry! ***HURLY BURLY HUMPTY DUMPTY*** almost rolled over the wall (***HIP HIP HURRAH;***)

There some ' Bigwigs' will make some such funny moves that there shall be another Arab Israeli face off. If happen it must, it will not be delayed. And if God Shri Shri Narad Rishi is merciful and his kind blessings are obtained, Israel shall part with some of the land it has won in the war and emerge with a political ***victory.*** The power of John the Golson's razor is great.
Everywhere outside ***EXPLODING STATES, ESCALATION TOO***. Possibly some ***WARS*** too. (I have not yet decided, but my hands are itching to acknowledge the truth) in a new--- new direction.

Something new will happen and you shall hear a new tune (in *R*- not bad) Perhaps you should be pleased. The fun that is going in ***CH*** has already been narrated. Remember there is yet more to come. ***YAHH! YEAAHHA GOADING .GOADING GOADED GOADED GOADED LIKE THAT GADFLY OF HERA.***

Look, whatever you outsiders say actually Tungabhadra the person is not bad. He is really great, he is really a leader; of his people and his country. I know this truth, and this must be admitted by those who judge history in future. In the vast backdrop of 'the distant past------ to the present times' of China he is the "perfect ideal" by their standards, nothing more and certainly nothing less. That country has produced only one ***half baked*** philosopher, Confucius.
Remember this.
But because he wants to be inherently good he committed one mistake (***Rather*** soft) or he has been forced to do so, he forces himself to move every step after consulting his companions of his earliest days , and what has to happen as a result happens.

'As an ideal cum flawless character of Chinese traditions-***cum***-psyche he has been solving all the difficult diplomatic problems of his country calculating matters correctly. At each step he is performing diplomatic and military maneuvers and he moves *100%* according to Chinese traditions.

Place yourself "in his position in his own country--everything will be clear to you as water." Charan quotes a complicated history and an amazing character, whom we have seen through various prisms of viewpoints in history. But Charan feels relieved having had the opportunity of expressing the views of someone who was a close friend in times of mutual distress.

It is impossible for Charan to do something on his own mired as he is in natural and man made social circumstances. Nature's fury is ravaging different parts of the country as well as areas outside it, along with it there are eruptions of accumulated heat in different parts of the world. Mahakal is slowly proceeding towards his ultimate goal-----where there is only Him and His Mother---there is place for nobody else. It is difficult to fathom who is working under whose directions. Before the ultimate destructive play begins, Charan desires to script the hitherto untold stories.

1. "The only executor of the words of the Almighty God before the common people and the lesser mortals is ---"
2. ***THE CELESTIAL EMPEROR OF THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE*** this thought has been ***MANIFESTED*** even as late as a 100 years back . The world and people outside the ***CELESTIAL EMPIRE*** are all ***PRIMITIVE***. Only divine China is supreme. Shameless 'raping' and 'looting' of more than one and a quarter century and the destruction and undermining of its old traditions has helped it to gradually sink (in exactly the same way as that of our own country. Only the difference of Kalachakra and Karma Chakra is so much that our country has remained sunken for *13-14* times that period and the life blood of this country has been more thoroughly and mercilessly been squeezed and sucked out ----and even though the Manchus are like a dust particle and ***ALIEN*** to the life of the ancient Chinese race they overcame the Chinese and became their celestial rulers. I say three centuries because the one and a half centuries of Manchu rule added to one and a quarter century makes three . Within this very short and insignificant period after the poisonous silt the muddy water of the ***TIDAL BORE*** left behind gave birth to wonderful ***HYBRIDS,*** just as in our country. that fourfold process of subverting the culture is so cruel, sweet and merciless - keeping the nation asleep in the cool breeze fanned by its wings ----like a blood sucking vampire---of its national diplomacy--poisonous maidens--losing the ability to understand this, many of its philosophers ***DISAVOWED AND DIVORCED THE WHOLE SCINTILLATING GAMUT OF THEIR CULTURE! AND BEGAN WRITING TOMES ON THEIR "NEWFOUND LIGHTS FROM THE WEST"! AND THEY BECAME THEIR (THE WESTERNERS') PREACHERS EXHORTING THEIR OWN COUNTRYMEN TO THROW OUT EVERYTHING ANCIENT! AH! ALAS AND ALACK!!!*** Not only they themselves got swept away but the managed to sink the nation too along with them. ***THREW OUT THE BABY WITH THE BATHWATER. DO YOU EXPECT THE DEAD GHOST CAN EVER FORGET ?)*** . The blind vain pride albeit mistaken is still national pride. Such ***ATROPHY*** cannot last forever in the life of a nation. No nation can stay without remembering its past heritage and glory for long. This is an eternal truth. Luckily they had been on hibernation for for only a few centuries so that a few international turbulences were enough to jolt them out of their slumber. (Our drunken state is by far many more times longer than theirs; that is why we are reluctant to even come out of our dreamy state). But ***OHH!*** immediately on waking up and getting startled by their surroundings their national pride and aristocracy----to ***RECAPTURE*** their ***ANCIENT GLORY-CUM-SPLENDOUR (MAKE NO MISTAKE, THIS IS AND WAS THEIR ONLY DRIVING FORCE-AND-REASON)*** - and the means they adopted as their weapon----***THIS WAS THEIR MOST STUPENDOUS BLUNDER. (A BLUNDER IS A 10,00,000 TIMES GREATER SLIP THAN A SIN) .***
3. ***"YMIN"*** the word means ***PURE***. It was "for this sake of remaining ***PURE"*** the Chinese kept their heavenly kingdom and their people insulated from the ***IMPURE*** uncivilized primitive wild world (outside of their ***CELESTIAL EMPIRE)***.
4. The belief that every nation and human being outside the ***CELESTIAL*** empire is lowly uncivilized savage satan-devils" is deeply ingrained in the Chinese psyche even to this day (Tungabhadra included). Right from the ancient times- the only exception being larger; larger-than-them ancient India, remember this, when the poet Rabindranath

Tagore went to China he was welcomed with the message "We (the Chinese) are your younger sisters….today China takes pride in regarding India the great visionary and guide cum teacher of all sciences as her elder sister" not perfectly quoted but conveys the meaning nevertheless ***100% HMMMMM!***.....

5. To keep the Celestial dynasty---celestial empire--and culture ***PURE*** they had kept themselves ***ISOLATED*** from the rest of the world. As a result of this ***ISOLATED*** celestialism the inevitable happened; smugness-weakness-sludge accumulated within and the foreign Manchurians subdued them !!!. Not only that, after conquering the celestial empire, Holy God in heavens!! The hated Manchu devils out-spinned the Chinese!! They declared themselves as the original (***PURE***) Chinese and established themselves firmly as the Celestial Emperors of the Celestial Empire. And being 1000000% truly thoroughly one with the original Chinese culture-psyche-traditions **literally merging** with it turned out to be recklessly tyrannical Chinese Emperors. The 'helpless Chinese' were willy nilly forced to accept the situation swallowing their national-ethnic-cultural-traditional pride burying everything in the labyrinths of their collective memory (but did not forget it). (The Manchus still remained foreigners even though they were neighbours). Then came ***THE MOST SATANIC DOMINATION, THROUGH DEVILISH CLEVERNESS.*** One of the dictums central to Chinese beliefs 5. 'All foreigners are necessarily inferior to the Chinese'. This 'eternal truth' received a serious jolt. 6. 'Foreigners are despicable, disposable and fit to be ignored' the=is is an ancient saying in China. But these foreign devils somehow sneaked into every stratum of the mainstream of Chinese life- society-tradition as if by some witchcraft, swallowing up their huge landmass leaving no quarters for resistance-protest-redemption-revenge!!! People inferior to them in every way ultimately became their overlords! They have to be obeyed-as per demands of the situation-while the eternal Chinese teachings said they were inferior to the Chinese.

The Chinese psyche developed kind of a 'split-personality'. Deep in their consciousness they were aware of their ancient traditions-celestial nationalism-celestial national pride-tradition and culture-pride and boastful vanity. Overtly they had to keep their heads lowered -'before the inferior foreign devils'.

Leading a double life became unbearable for them. But there was no way out.
Lack of courage-manliness-industry pride in ancient culture-traditions-education has never been of help to anybody ever in this world. The world respects the strong. Be strong, stand on your own strength, the world will respect you and listen to you.

Heady with the wine of foreign poison the intellectuals of China- started adopting every obsolete ***SYSTEM*** of the west - through their words and writings started the process of uprooting everything traditional and original to China . China looked with dumb expressionless eyes; even as the 'everything that was suppressed in its subconscious' continued to flicker now and then, as it remained strangulated by the hands of its own servant; so it remained quiet waiting for the opportune moment.

But how long can one remain in a strangulated state?

A proud nation, whose own past is the testimony to its greatness- day and night- to accept and tolerate that situation was impossible. The nation which at the first opportunity rises up to re-establish its own greatness in **every way.** (Tungabhadra ***is a true*** ideal-icon ***TO THE OLD TRADITION***'). Pride and ego blurs clarity of thought, judgement and vision. It maddens, it makes one err. That is why:

'To serve the sole purpose there was no means in sight. There was no energy or power. Unbridled ravaging by native and foreign self seekers went on over the body politic of unconscious China. Fighting broke out over divisions into spheres of influence. In the first phase arose the students' protests 'vowing to take revenge'. Spontaneous. Tungabhadra left college and went back to his own country--fuming with rage to take revenge. ('Establish the old and glorious Celestial Empire I must--- since this vow cannot be uttered aloud, it remains suppressed). Outside of China all are devils, satans- vampires, inferior, enemies, Then? Has there not been the arson of the land of the foreign devil in Lanka? Fine then, this is the way that has to be adopted. Adopt Communism as a weapon then. They turned into Communists in order to be fully re-established in their pristine traditional glory in the fullest possible way with iron determination (not steel determination ***MIND YOU).***

Just for this reason (the folly of 'he is from our own country therefore i shall not be an impediment to his motives') he joined forces with the then government of the land (coalition ?!)
The ruler of the country started giving them such assignments that their own numbers started getting decimated ('There is none fitter than you for this job'). Even then they did not come to their senses. Then one day suddenly they got into a rat trap in a massive ***SWIPE*** by the government forces. Surprised and taken aback, they started escaping for all they were worth ('run, run, run for your lives') losing ¾ of their strength in the process. With grim determination they assembled the remnants in their own country---in a mountainous region. They understood forever : the government of their compatriots were but puppets in the hands of the foreigners. With a handful of highly trusted comrades and friends Tungabhadra set out on reconstruction and regrouping. The band of friends started working day in and day out: literature, lectures, teachings, poetry, handbills, (Tungabhadra wrote some poetry too while in college) labour training, semi-para-guerilla-regular *etc* military training in each home, in the plains, rivers and and hills, children from schools and colleges also joined in- from far and wide, the peasants were there anyway. Ancient-old-various kinds of Chinese fighting tactics and strategies----selective study and propaganda *etc* went on. (at that time the ***P.L.A*** meant the party, the party meant the ***P.L.A.)***. The national government (actually foreign devils) were worried. An expedition was ready. the ***P.L.A*** with his inner coterie of friends and associates started marching a long way---to a safe distance---there was no way they could afford to get decimated.

You know everything what happened after that (in exhaustive details). The power to rule the country came into their hands. The 'creed of Communism" was adopted (because this was the only weapon, if carefully utilised, could be effective in re-establishing the pristine glory and developement of the nation--**only a handful** like minded individuals who are **united and**

organised could hope to establish full control *cum* command over the psyche and body politic of the entire nation).

But what's this? Far from re-establishing the pristine glory of the country, the domination by the same old foreign devils was still there and they were all powerful as if like ghosts! One had to remain their partners still! Oh no! cross over a wide ditch they must!! But what was the way to do so? They were surrounded from all sides! "Hey there! how can we pull down this wall?" The coterie of old comrades understood and came to the conclusion that the time was still not ripe for the completion of their mission- they had to wait in readiness for the opportune moment. Plans were also finalised about the things that had to be accomplished in course of the long wait. All the friends got down to work. The opportunity finally arrived after the long wait, after the close of the second world war, when the fog of war was beginning to thin out. It was then that in Tungabhadra's subconscious mind 'discreetly' arose "I, Me and Myself": Wager of an unrelenting struggle against the foreign inferior devils (after the baksus), against the neighbouring opponents, against the government fed and nourished by the foreign devils, in that prime of youth, the creator of liberation army China- 'Myself' ; there is no place for any of my old comrades). The flag of revolution fluttering on the flagstaff of the Celestial emperor's palace-Myself; Children, boys and girls, babies on their mother's laps, outdated for today's world, have repeatedly heard, read, discussed, learnt, sung, (in schools, colleges, libraries--everywhere) My 'propaganda against the pact', 'journey to Hunan', 'propaganda', 'creation of the army', 'mistaken cooperation', 'escape on the verge of decimation', 'reorganization', three and a half thousand mile long-march, 'counterattack', ' Foreign devil stooge compatriot's escape', '**reinstatement'** in our own country, My picture adorns the walls of every home, (the pictures of his principal friends too adorned the walls people's homes, but among them it was Tubgabhadra's picture which had the pride of place; Tungabhadra's friends too publicised themselves in this way, with Tungabhadra as Chairman-cum-President); the God of them all-Myself; God has been cast out, I am their God; their inspiration- Myself; it is My poetry (Tungabhadra used to compose poems while in college); My philosophy; My principles of war; My Chinese nationalism- Chinese Philosophy-all these have been ingrained into the Chinese psyche. Therefore I no longer need to remain ***BON CAMARADE*** *cum* ***BON ENFANT.*** After all I had adopted Communism only as a means for re-establishing the pristine glory of China. That was what we had striven for. The centre-point of the whole world-Celestial empire of China. In the subconscious arose these thoughts, and perhaps these thoughts-and more thoughts arose- perhaps of becoming that Celestial Emperor. He found out the means which would make it possible."

Celestial China has developed a lot- the cities are cleaner- the shops are full, there is no prostitution, no drunkenness, (Of course, liquor flows freely in important and high level meetings, *CH N.L.* drinks hard for hours on end but surprisingly I have never seen him going even a little out of step even once with all that liquor in him. Amazing! Beggars do not create a mess in cities, though the country is still poor--they are **much better off now. Tungabhadra has liberated women.** (On the condition- reject God-revere me). To acknowledge Chinese Communism is tantamount to vouching for Tungabhadra. **The bottom line is 'Tungabhadra Chinese Communism** has **brought back China's national pride**.

You cannot buy any book by any foreign devil. The standing army is almost **four million** strong. National militia 100 million strong spread all over the country. (Meaning at one call 100 million can be mobilised within a very short time).

God, religion---one's own ancestors, reverence in one's own parents and forebears - the ancient culture of belief-obedience-reverence for them, (the moment the Red Guards of the Cultural Revolution had set out to dismantle ancient arts and crafts, culture, literature, architecture, *etc, etc,* they were issued a stern diktat that these must be dismantled and abolished because all these were instituted with devious motives). Tungabhadra is the only living icon of 'all these'. If he is deified, everything else will be achieved. Efforts to demolish the time tested values of the family and friends as a safety net went ahead full steam.

Brashness, vanity and pride are base attributes. Through all this he wants to see and project only his own self; presenting his own self through various ingenious means. (Even Duryodhana -the incarnation of vanity and pride had adopted some 'means' as his necklace). He is bound to lose his balance and judgement imagining himself to be the representative of God the almighty. He is unable to judge which of these 'keys' ordains his survival and which one ordains his death. Both the 'key'' of survival and destruction are intertwined in such a manner that he lovingly puts on the whole intertwined strand as his necklace. The tricky ways of the 'means' (even though it has not made Tungabhadra a mundane emperor) has installed Tungabhadra as a spiritual and temporal head in the hearts of the elite. "Tungabhadra's thoughts-judgement-ideology" is being printed in tens of millions and being memorized. At least the present generation of China has grown up on a diet of the "Tungabhadra Mahabharat".
Even then: you yourself have to be fulfilled before the completion of your time.
Casteism, nationalism, national pride, national characteristics are eternal. Celestial (***PURE***) China, celestial empire, the 'Son of heaven' Celestial Emperor--centre of the earth. As a shortcut to achieve this end lay the adoption of Communism. ***A MERE MEANS TO THAT END.***
Didn't someone ask " Oh the Throne of Delhi, how far art thou?"

AND SO, AND THUS, he went on flying on his trajectory like a destructive explosive filled ***WARHEAD--RELEASED AND DRIVEN BY A NINE TIME MORE POWERFUL RECOIL*** , like a comet he went tearing through the skies. A little thought: if the companions came in the way, they were made to crash. ...and if the foreign devils came in the way? the 'means' effects the mind, one had to be prepared well in advance. The 'means' advices you, we shall employ ***BRAWN*** most inconspicuously. Go ahead.

So why worry?
The freshly ***GODLESS*** giant Kumbhakarna freshly woken up from slumber, ' indomitable power and capable of infinite destructiveness, as a result of Bruno's blessings. Had this giant Kumbhakarna not been ***GODLESS,*** had it not adopted the ***GODLESS CREED-AND MEANS*** to reach the top, there would have been no need to embark on this enchanting path of intoxication.

BUT THEN, 'ANY GODLESS THIS MUST PERISH. - it is an eternal truth. There is no pang of conscience to bother you in this. The 'means' is a means alone, it does not have and cannot have its own persona.

EVEN PRINCE LUCIFER HAS HIS OWN FATHER--- THIS LORD GOD. (AND THIS PRINCE' POWERS ARE EQUAL TO THOSE OF HIS FATHER--THE GOD AND IS HIS LOST BELOVED-ADORED-PET-AND-SPOILT-SON-REBEL), AND THOUGH BANISHED, HE RISES UPWARDS TO HIS FATHER'S ABODE-HEAVEN, SINGING HALLELUJAH TO BOW AT HIS FEET AND, TO BE KISSED-EMBRACED-PATTED-ADORED-AND-ENTERTAINED BY HIS FATHER. (AND, THEN DOWN AGAIN)- EVERY TIME THE PRINCE IS VANQUISHED BY RIGHTEOUS MAN ON THIS EARTH....IT IS DECREED SO. (THE RIGHTEOUS IS GOD HIMSELF).

Someone's first hand experience and its threadbare description thrills --- no doubt it will thrill. Mahabharata's unique chapters will gradually be unravelled---when shall Mahakal's existence and being be established before all! Charan awaits that day.

All that is happening in this earth is regulated by one, ***'GOD HIMSELF'.*** We have read the role of Shri Krishna in Mahabharata, but we have forgotten it in the dazzle of science and fast life- the glittering lights everywhere prevent us from realizing the truth--while the truth gets relegated to the background the unreal appears to be the truth. After presenting Mahakal's description of Tungabhadra's country Charan wants to present some excerpts from his conversations.
' Others are all outsiders, after having determined the means according to the needs of the situation, everyone got down to work. The inner coterie of old friends started preparing ground according to the 'solution'.

The personification of vanity engrossed himself in the role of "out-communist-ing the Communists". The poor country lamented in its plight. Everybody felt deep frustration within. Tungabhadra cannot be untrue, he was the one who had delivered us from the darkness; the creed of Communism came from the same God- the religion had been given by him- instituted by him-preached by him. It is this new creed of Communism which will help us get rid of all our misery-poverty-woes-want-hunger-every other kind of hardship imaginable; we shall reach the pinnacle of glory--this has been said by our God. But what is this happening? what is this? what could be its reason? --Our God cannot be wrong---then? Oh!! we've understood, we've understood; it is those foreign devils, who are preventing the creed of Communism handed down to us by our God from being fully implemented--from succeeding---sabotaging it---the forever hated foreign devils. Yes! This is it!

Purging began-- (an estimated) 5 million perished. Chosen areas, campuses, neighbourhoods were promptly rounded up followed by indiscriminate gunning down of people. Once, in presence of means himself, the shooting began in an principal city like New York-indiscriminate--limitless-merciless. As if in a necropolis everybody remained inside doors. Throughout the night 300 trucks ferried to and fro laden with dead bodies to dispose them off--blood dripping from the trucks on the main roads dried up and turned into a bloody sludge. Duryodhan, his countenance swollen in pride looked at 'solution' and 'solution' whispered into his ears "Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! go ahead friend!"

The aroused Kumbhakarna wrung his hands and said ---have a cigar. 'Solution' smiled at him and said "no dear friend the tobacco from your own garden is too strong. Only you can take it. (He is a chain smoker-smokes too-strong tobacco; and grows tobacco in his own backyard). And he is terribly constipated. Regularity of bowel movement has become a real problem with him. He said --mate! saviour and trouble shooter! what more do I tell you, the years i spent in campaigning were the best in my lifetime. My bowels moved regularly. How I wish could perform some trick like those good old days! I smiled and asked him with a hint --don't you think the "tricks" you have started are going to help you this time around? He brought out one of the choicest brand British cigars. He smiled at me and said -'here's some stuff made by your sworn enemy'. We exchanged meaningful glances. Do you know what Maharshi Chanakya said as he stood on a cremation ground? ***YOU MUST OUT 'R' THE 'R's YOU HAVE TO.***

His old comrades and party leaders got down to oppose his activities which were hell bent on self destruction. There was tremendous internal strife, arguments and turbulence. (The time for defying and denouncing openly exposing 'the naked truth' was long gone and would have been suicidal for everyone--he was still an idol in the eyes of the nation). Willy-nilly, he was compelled to give one of his two principal posts to one of his old comrades and was forced to remain content with the post of the Party Chairman-- a ***PASSIVE BENEVOLENT FATHER GOD***----there was a marathon ideology policy propounding lasting a few weeks (thereby retreating into tactical retreat from the arena of action). (Perhaps the ***MADMAN LIKE OBSESSION*** of '58-59: "We cannot afford to let my revolutionary methods-spirit-zest-and-my-theories die out. We cannot stop viewing the foreign devils as enemies-lowly-despicable, we must forever remember this." ('Actually these guys have become fond of soft living and luxurious--that is why they are trying to find fault with my Hegelian theories- ok then wait for the consequences'--this was the state of his mind). Away from the public gaze, an unrelenting period of preparation and hard work began : just like an innocent and gullible monk praying and meditating.

With the change in situation -- he accelerated his activities manifolds. The reason : He watched with amazement that *'R'* was already a spent force; he remembered being repeatedly snubbed and denigrated by 'Sta'---and the time killing---he contemplated and understood ***'R'*** was trying to bring ¾ of the globe under its influence through Communism (just like him).
He kept ruminating repeatedly : the bitter truths impressed on him by his 'solution' :' Friend please do not misunderstand me, your living a completely inactive and effete life won't do. Aren't you a poet" Aren't you ***(PURE)*** Chinese? Aren't you a patriot? 'Remember, no ***VIOLENT UPHEAVAL,*** no ***VIOLENT STRUGGLE*** can forever remain a continuously ***GOING CONCERN***. Remember the laws taught in the colleges of the 'most-satanic' and 'most-satanest' hated bourgeoisie. Try to remember the ***9 LAWS***. : What does the ***3rd LAW*** say? Haven't you learnt from me? Blind Dhritarashrta ! Look at the different ***VIOLENT UPHEAVALS*** and ***VIOLENT STRUGGLES***. Observe them and understand; what happened to the fearsome and violent ***STRUGGLE AND UPHEAVAL*** in France? Look at them, they are the most advanced in learning all over the Western world- ancient culture-tradition-knowledge-arts-bourgeoise vanity and pride -they are the standard bearers." Look at America! Where is that ***VIOLENT STRUGGLE, UPHEAVAL AND THE VIOLENT*** tone? America is the fountainhead of the same bourgeois

tendencies. Look at Spain; where did all the ***VIOLENT STRUGGLE AND VIOLENT UPHEAVAL*** in the hills and the forests go? The bourgeois system has come back to stay for good. And the wise Franco, having skilfully steered the his country through the bestial military rule is now guiding it in the same path, for the good of Spain. The Emperor is training his son in his own hands. Look at the Greeks (Hellenes); Look at your ***R*****:** How the 'shepherd' of royalties-***CUM***- aristocracy hoodwinked the merciless-great bloodletting; Where is the ***UPHEAVAL*** that the theives-rowdies-robbers-murderers---all underworld elements let loose brought about? In it's place stands the European country that wears the facade of Communism bathed in the same bourgeois vodka-Ganges water. Remember your 'honeymoon period' friend. At every opportunity when the two you 'met' she made it a point to prove that 'she was superior to you'. Isn't it, friend? Therefore friend rather than waste time daydreaming and stretching keep going, keep going, keep moving ahead. .....Only remember do not raise your hands on so and so. And----I am drawing a line -- i may redraw it---do not overstep it....."
(Saree has turned into Chemise but it is too outdated. Put on a dhoti and Panjabi (Kurta) otherwise the light goes out).

Right! Whatever the 'solution'' says is always right! Any other method.....Oh! he shuddered. Like the ***BREEZE*** the 'solution' comes and goes. He moves and shakes the warlords, plays with his 'old comrades' and moves in uncharted terrains and paths. The mirage beckons Tungabhadra and in his grandeur he oversteps his limits. The pull on the ***BRANKS*** becomes too hard.....the knot becomes tight. ..... ***CHAGRINED***..The 'old comrades' were scandalized-furious. ....On the other hand he had to move from the line drawn. The tireless and feverish programme continued everywhere. .....in every conceivable direction. Some principal old comrades became active----elsewhere. Some strong 'bases' . for followers were built. Furious like a rabid dog he vaingloriously roared "Come, Come, show these wayward people who and what I really am."
January--six to eight million children-boys and girls poured into Peking from all directions in waves---Jamm Packed!
Here we come our leader---we are yours----deliver your divine message--the King of our hearts.....

"A DESTRUCTIVE WARHEAD, DRIVEN BY A 16 TIMES MORE POWERFUL RECOIL IS RIDING ITS OWN SKY.
A DESTRUCTIVE WAR HEAD THUS FIRED-OUT, IS BOUND TO EXPLODE....IT SHALL.
SO LONG IT IS ENSCONCED IN-AND WITH ITS CANNON, IT IS HARMLESS, THE WARHEAD, CONSCIOUS OF ITS POWER-OF-DESTRUCTION, PROUDLY WANTS TO-RIDE-THE-WHOLE SKY.....BUT AH!! THERE ARE UNKNOWN TO HIM "CURB SENTINELS" INSIDE AND AROUND HIS SKY.
AND THIS WARHEAD DRIVEN BY A 16 TIMES MORE POWERFUL RECOIL SHALL EXPLODE.....RIDING IN ITS OWN SKY.
Alas,had only Tungabhadra *& Co.* not committed the ***BLUNDER!***
Had only they not adopted this ***GODLESS CREED.***
My Mother Kali's ***HORIZON*** would have turned the flow in a different direction.
BUT THEN .....HORIZON DOES NOT WANT HIM MURDERED.

There are two things that makes a nation strong *Solid* and united.

1. Intents all pervasive-ennobling-dedicated national pride (Nationalism).
2. Religion.

In China the no '1' is alive despite dogfights. The no '2' is buried in their subconscious. Communism in '*R*' is like 'triple toned milk'. After repeated prodding. (And after a few practical demonstrations). Their stalwart scientists have agreed. (After carrying out studies and experiments in a few of a whole lot of suggested disciplines; things became easier after Lee Shenkii was proved wrong).

A. The things that the human body does.
B. To find out how the sense organs -centres of cognition and volition work; it was detected that none of these centres can act on their own !! What a catastrophe!! a frantic search for the higher centres ensued and something found out--

1. Mental powers 2. Will power ***Cum***-thinking power 3. power of resolve and (the most awesome) 4. all kinds of dead matter is driven-willed-thought-resolved by these forces!!! Psychokinesis involving a minor activity has been successful from a distance of three thousand miles. ---This was only a small matter. (They are scared to proceed beyond this---really! then!!!) (As a result of pointing out Lisenky's mistake and a lot of prodding---: 'R' scientists after numerous experiments and proofs have come to this realisation and truth : why every human being in this earth has his own unique characteristic specialities longevity ***ETC ETC.*** = what they have found out has surprised them. ***To the hilt and more than that*** they proved that A) the rising, setting, revolution of the moon and the location of some specific planets and stars at the precise moment of conception and birth have a direct bearing on the health-nature-temperament-actions-tendencies-strivings-longevity and even gender (Male, female, Neuter) determination. B) If the time of conception is correctly intimated to the doctor then --- by ascertaining the positions of certain planets and stars it can be stated with accuracy whether the conceptus is male, female or neuter (and in such cases a solution too can be found out). C) Just by adopting appropriate measures based on the location of the moon a woman who's even a 10000% infertile can conceive. It was possible to keep the facts ------suppressed for a few years (oh my hard luck!) . But soon after ***'R'-COM*** became triple toned milk the aforementioned great scientist (Academician Commissar) prepared a chart, copies of which were distributed to the topmost maternity clinics in Moscow, other big cities in Russia and East Europe. And doctors in those clinics are giving advices based on that chart without failure.

There are 2 & ½ billion cells in the human brain. It is not American 'billion'. American billion = One thousand million = one billion. It is one million million. Physicians know the functions of only a few thousand cells. They dread entering the "kingdom of the other brain cells". After a lot of prodding = experiments were begun utilising the services of volunteers. The scientists could hear their own hearts beat out of unknown fear as they started their experiments. Exploration of the unknown regions of the human brain began using electrical pulses.

Ultra-cautious !!! Eyes on the alert. All the volunteers were wide awake as they sat on their chairs--grumbling.
Suddenly--one volunteer---started talking in an unknown tongue. (Nobody could understand that language).
(Awake) One volunteer started describing his life seven thousand years ago as an inhabitant of some country.
------There was no way to verify.
One of them ---gave an identity of 500 years ago. It was verified and found to be 100% true.
Another----gave an identity and address of 57 years ago. It was verified and found true.
One of them---described an incident which was found to have occurred when his mother was pregnant. Both parents were living. It was verified and was found to be 100 % true. His parents were flabbergasted!!!
Further comments unnecessary--(their condition was akin to that of the proverbial snake after swallowing a rat). With their teeth clenched and a forced grin on their faces; fear in their eyes.
This is one side of the story.
The other side: --There are hundreds of thousands of multimillionaires in 'R'. A) The wannabe aristocrats, wannabe bureaucrats, wannabe tycoons **all** bigwigs have their exclusive clubs. rendezvous, night clubs---meant only for them. These are out of bounds for the commoners. Nightlife in those clubs **can put to shame** the wild gay nightlife of Paris, Bavarian abandon, Monte Carlo, California, Los Angeles, etc. (You shall never be able to read about all this anywhere. Therefore look at them through the photographs taken through the eyes of the dead ghost). For the inhabitants of these heavenly abodes ---the state---has set apart a very special set of gynaecologists--obstetrics who take part regularly in their activities. (In my own estimate) About 95% of girls above 16 have undergone abortion more than once in these families dwelling in these heavenly abode; leave aside the girls of other age groups. It's all indulgence and gay abandon. This is the ruling elite class of 'R'. The big stores in cities are full of clothes fashioned-designed in London-N.Y.-Paris. The Party Organ itself is advising women "be slimmmm! Be beautiful!! Be attractive !!! " Agriculture, business, industry profit and loss is being s-l-o-w-l-y and g-r-a-d-u-a-l-l-y moulded in a different way so that it does not catch the observer's eye all of a sudden. There is no trade union to bargain. Unions are there, only to sing paeans in praise of the state---and to "encourage", "motivate" and "train" every worker to increase his output.

[Remember (you must have read it in the papers!)----when the supremo of *'R"* visited Britain, the "One topmost specialist-***CUM-XXXX***" meeting he told the attendees with utmost pride"Why do you get disheartened-dejected-disappointed by comparing " your progress with that of the Americans"? This is completely wrong! . Yes, if you take into account **just yourselves** you do have a point but Europe includes--Europe means-you all and *'R'.* Please consider the output of entire Europe. Our progress and output is much-much more than that of entire America combined. " (Paraphrasing) (Everyone bear-hugging in glee! Hee Hee Hee Hooh!)
Every powerful government of the West has employed their-----most toppest stalwart specialists in a ***100% SECRET*** classified work that is in accordance with the 100% cruel and accurate principles of ***SYLLOGISM.*** Because there is no room for error in ***SYLLOGISM***. Syllogism, do you understand? --- It is the science of fine judgement through debate and analysis. Logic. Means--in this case--every ***ARGUMENT*** and every ***PROPOSITION*** has **three parts .** The first two

parts of ***SYLLOGISM (PROPOSITION)*** is termed ***PREMISE.*** = meaning ***PREMISE* is *PROPOSITION---PREVIOUSLY PROVED AND STATED.*** (Two such ***PREMISES*** have been placed before you----now comes the third part---***CONCLUSION***-- to justify the afore-mentioned ***PREVIOUSLY PROVED-AND-STATED*** two ***PREMISE, DEEDS.***
Which means : ***PREMISE 1*** *:* = Whatever is written in this book is the absolute truth----and ***DEEDS.***
PREMISE 2: = Whatever has been written in this book has been carefully and deliberately written in public interest A) in a cryptic manner----(some parts) with mysterious similes and examples---extensively written with tokens---and symbols within which the real matter is hidden. (***PREMISES*** is also know as ***INTRODUCTION)***.

3rd PART---CONCLUSION (from the abovementioned truths, "for our sake" bring out the whole truth---otherwise death penalty).
You shall also get some hints about this from the book you have taken with you. *'R'* wants a secret global division into spheres of influence with *'A'*. A great noise is scheduled to take place within the next 2 to 3 months. ***IF it happens* (*ONLY THEN) ; WAR 4* types: *1st -*** guerilla--extremely cruel hard and bad. But limited within a small geographical area. ***Next 2ND full fledged WAR. SOPHISTICATED***. This too is limited, but large. ***Next 3RD is WITH TACTICAL WEAPONS. within a geographic boundary. Next 4TH MEGATON WAR.***
If there is a fearsome noise within the next 2-3 months then it will be limited to a small *WAR*. Because after the fearsome noise there is no immediate need for the big *WAR*.
The chronological significance of Mahakal's cryptic words is way beyond the ability of the lesser mortal Charan to fathom. At that time he had mentioned of a conspiracy of five enemies of the nation, three within and two without. He also directed the propagation of this fact and had also ordered the liquidation of these enemies. It had not been possible for the weakling mortals to carry out the order. Today these anti-national elements have spread all over this country. It is difficult to distinguish enemy from friend. The alliance of parties of all hues of red, light to deep along with the large political party flaunting the tricolour is steering the nation headlong into disaster--it needs to be seen whether the nationalist powers grounded in the nation's own ethos can combat these forces successfully or not. The establishment of all good forces come about through bloody struggles with the evil forces--and this instance does not appear to be any exception. Mahakal's words are akin to the divine elixir--the one who says it as well as the one who listens to it are equally blessed.

Jayasree- Aswin, 1413 (2006)

The walking Dead Man.

The research has been going on for six decades----endless conjectures, calculations, and what not. An accident and its fallout---- a temple somewhere where something has been carefully preserved and nurtured. Concocting an event---nurturing of the concoction. Elsewhere shelter

in the 'land of the bears' under the protection of an immensely powerful ruler-- indications and hints-- but thereafter? Who'll say what happened on the other side of the Iron Curtain? How and when the proverbial bird flew into the land of the Dragon, turning into the personal friend of a great revolutionary leader----leading from there into the caves of Tibet----beginnings of tantra sadhana---a hard. extremely difficult quest. Again arrival incognito into his own motherland ----setting up his den here. Unbelievable--unfathomable series of events. Charan sees, listens----perhaps joining the beads together he starts his prayer but this is the chant and the prayer! Its strength lies in its repetitions and its echoes.

'All your ideations about me are based on the premise that I am a mortal of flesh and blood.But I am really not that. I am a living 'dead corpse'. The sensibilities of the 'disembodied soul' is ***10000 times*** more than that of men of flesh and blood. It is this that lands me in trouble. I have had to disappear 5-6 times (on this side) leaving behind materials worth one and a half to seven lakh rupees but these gave me no trouble whatsoever. It was just like changing clothes. But this time around, the deep relationship of the soul with all and sundry disturbs me. I do not expect you to understand the state of my mind. When I bless you with my "choicest blessings, love and affection", when I empathise with you I remind myself- they'd think all this is just a sham show. Do they lack anything that you want to share feelings with them so that they will 'fall for you'?

2. Man charts out his own path in life with full faith in his ideals. The journey in life (action) begins from 'thoughts-ideas-resolve' and the end of the journey consists of- reaching the goal. It is the absolute truth that the journey begins from 'thoughts' and at the end of the road waits the 'goal'. This is the 'entire journey'---from the beginning to the end. It begins with the ideations and ends with the realisation of one's target.

But the journey is filled with many-many 'thorns' in form of hurdles, challenges, dangers, crises, temptations, lusts, illusions, selfishness, mistakes and blunders. Man terms them 'problems', 'dire straits', 'unbearable situations', *etc etc.* When the person encounters these difficulties, the **common person naturally gives too much importance to them.** He views the 'problems' as the be-all and end-all and loses sight of the target. The 'hurdles' win and the passenger loses out. It is natural for the common person to lose track of the target and his journey and get engrossed with the problems.

Man 'is given' his human form for doing battle, work, to practice devotion, to provide service, for Sadhana (spiritual quest) and to achieve his goal. (Not for enjoyment). The synonym for the human form is 'Kurukshetra', 'Dharmakshetra', 'Dharmakshetra-Kurukshetra'.

3. Mukul says: 'Didi (elder sister Leela Roy) went to see Dr Radhabinode Pal on the 16th after fixing an *appointment.* Dr Pal stays in close proximity to Didi's residence in Naktala. Recently he had been to Tokyo where he was taken ill. He returned after getting somewhat well, albeit not fully. Didi asked Dr Pal about the purpose of his visit to Tokyo and wanted to know about the attitude of the Japanese towards the Americans. Dr Pal was invited for the release of the Japanese translation of his *"Dissenting Judgement"* in the *"War Crimes Commission"*. He replied he did not go into any political discussion. Therefore there was no discussion on those lines. But as the term of the *Security Pact* that the Japanese have signed with the Americans draws to a

close in 1970- the debate for and against this pact will gain strength. Didi then *pointedly* asked him whether there was any discussion regarding Netaji with the Japanese. Dr Pal replied that neither he nor the Japanese went into any such discussion.
Thereafter arose the question of discussion regarding the *Commonwealth* and *Partition*. Dr Pal was opposed to both. He said "both have done us the maximum damage'. Then he said It was in 1946 that MacArthur told me in Japan, " *When you will be free this time, India is bound to be free, England is bound to grant her freedom. But what would you do? Would you maintain your relationship with Great Britain?"* [Mahakal's comment ' ***Dear Mac, (God bless his soul)***
According to Mritabhoot (the Dead Ghost) Mac Arthur repeatedly cautioned against these two by using the words so close to his heart]. Dr Pal told him " *Well General, I am not a politician, I am only a Judge. But what is your opinion General, What should we do in that event?"* Mac Arthur told Dr Pal,"*Well you should cut yourself away from Great Britain, because Great Britain will be in more and more difficulty in the post war period. She produces only 9 days' food. She has to depend on others. If you remain tied with Great Britain you will have to get involved with her commitments. In order to free yourself from all involvement you should cut asunder from Great Britain.'*

4. I fail to understand what makes you so scared of the Communists despite Mritabhoot being present. …..The ***Coms*** shall go helter skelter in a way that shall amaze you (they have no idea of the ridiculous predicament they are going to find themselves in). Please do not try to get to the bottom of what Mritabhoot says. his your undoing----impatience---foolishness. Something is always emphasized before saying anything----repeatedly----***"There's someone watching always over destiny."*** (Look into the meaning if you have a dictionary). ***Destiny= The purpose or end to which any person or thing is appointed.*** Ma Kali's catalysis is spinning faster than the Catherine's wheel (rotating firework), and her though its epicentre is based mostly on one continent, its whirlpool of ***Catalysis*** actually involves two and a half continents."
The rest has already been quoted earlier, and its repetition is unnecessary.

Jayasri, Falgun, 1413 (2007)

My monastic life is bonafide.

Mahakal is ever reluctant on discussing his past. . Notwithstanding, at times references of his past would creep into his discussion during unguarded moments. . These words of Mahakal are Charan's treasures. One day during discussions some such matters were discussed. On that day the listener was Mukul. He penned down the following—

" I have done perfectly whatever I have done in life. I took my monastic life in the perfect manner. I left nothing incomplete. And for most of the time when I am on this side I stay in my

monastic attire. And while in this attire you have to abide by all its rules. Its a different matter when I am in my ***uniform***.
It was in Lucknow, there was the advantage of having social ***intercourse*** . For a particular kind of spiritual practice I used to visit the cremation ground every night. At times I would go out on my own mission under cover of my spiritual activities. Nobody could ever detect it.
Choudhury understood it later on. They wanted to keep me in their grip. I went out of the place at a ***moment's notice***. Initially I put up at a dharmashala (charitable shelter) in Neemsar. I used to mingle with people. I contacted severe ***Typhoid***. I was kept wrapped up in a towel. I asked Jagadamba innumerable number of times to go away but she wouldn't. ' Since someone betrayed you why must I too go away? I won't leave.' She said. For six months I did not allow her in my room, nor did I take meals from her hand. Do you know why I called her Jagadamba? One day as I lay sick in the dharmashala, suddenly I saw two women in a vision, one was Lalita Devi and the other was Saraswati. For ten full minutes I had this vision. Since then I address her as Jagadamba. Perhaps even a mother does not do so much for her child, the way she has looked after me. But at times the kind of malcious gossip I had to put up with would make me feel extremely upset. More so after her son ran away.

There was no food in Neemsar. She used to gather food from every odd place. One day she brought some ***liquid*** akin to liquor tea. I felt elated. Where did you get this tea? This was 'lachera patta' chai (tea) she replied. I liked it's taste. But after taking it for two to three days my body swelled up. A panda (religious tout) came and said the matter is serious. I could have died if I had taken it for a few more days. I spent three years in such penury. I never had to suffer such hardship for so long. I used to take ash three times a day. I have gone out on missions in this state.

I have done whatever I had to do for them. I do not worry for them so much. Mother and son have patched up too (Mataji Saraswati Shukla and son Rajkumar). But she has spoilt her son with her indulgence. He is going to give her trouble. What more can I say! I used to speak a lot earlier but I have stopped advising her on her son since long. I have come to a firm decision. This house is very inconvenient. At times when I am doing something important they talk aloud and fight. At the spill over towards my quarters when their relatives come. At other places I used to stay in isolation. I have discontinued certain spiritual practices too ever since I came here. There's a particular practice in which you take out something from inside your body which you can take in again once the practice is over. If in such time someone wakes you up with a loud sound or touches you by chance it can no longer be taken in again and they might cremate your body taking you for dead.

How little do we know about the Sadhak Sanyasi Mahakal? Many are the anecdotes in his life that have have remained untold. The stoicisms and hardships that he underwent in a single sends chills up one's spine.

Another day: another event.

A divine event. A Sepoy from Munger. His ***duty hours*** had elapsed while he was reading the Ramayana. There was a ***Fall in,*** and a ***Commission Inspection*** was scheduled. When he realized he had missed the parade he ran to the Commissioner. The Commissioner was still present and so was the Magistrate. He asked for forgiveness with folded hands pleading that he would starve if he were to lose the job. He had sat down to worship and did not realise when the time for the parade had come and elapsed. The Magistrate rebuked him assuring him that he was in the parade. 'The Commissioner has praised you. Take out your ***duty*** book you will find my signature there'. The Commissioner said he was suffering from ***Heat stroke*** and had become delirious. He needed ***Medical attention***. The Commissioner has highly praised your ***smartness,*** etc. What are you talking about by saying that you were absent from the parade? The Sepoy then told God himself had donned his uniform and was present as his proxy standing in the ***parade***. To worship him full time he hung up his uniform and resigned from his job and became a monk.

Rajput Regiment.

A pious Rajput, who used to worship regularly was to take part in a long march. He belonged to the ***cavalry regiment.*** He found out that he would not find time to worship on that day. So he decided to perform his rituals mentally even as he was mounted on his steed. So mounted, he closed his eyes and started mentally performing his daily worship. As the march went on, the ***cavalryman*** riding beside him thought he had fallen asleep. He started calling him up to rouse him but to no avail. As others got aware the officer leading the unit rode up beside him and found him asleep on the horse sitting bolt upright. He punched him hard on his back. The Rajput immediately opened his eyes and everyone saw a Shivlinga bedecked with flowers on a golden plate falling on the ground.

Mahakal's den was full of such stories which can serve as beacon lights in the journey of life. Charan recalls them repeatedly and spreads the fragrance of this life unknown.

Jayasree Ashadh, 1414 (2007).

Mukul in the presence of Mahakal

In the year 1963 the Revolutionary Deshnetri came across an amazing personality. The narration of the accounts of the discussions the exchange of ideas between Mahakal, the personality referred to whom Deshnetri met at the rendezvous, and her messengers whom she despatched to him on errands and delivering necessities have been serially reproduced in the issues of Jayasree and have been subsequently been compiled in a book known as 'Oi Mahamanab Ashe' [The original book in Bengali whose translation this book is]. A lion's share of these accounts is of the interaction between 'Mahakal' and 'Mukul'. 'Mukul' is none else than the totally devoted and dedicated revolutionary, subject ot the affectionate blessings of the

revolutionary Deshnetri "Lee" Sunil Das alias "Mukul". This presentation is on the occasion of his centenary on the backdrop of the journal he kept of the meetings. The probable dates are mentioned.

A letter sent from the Mahakal's residence despatched on the 16.10.1965, the recipient being the editor of 'Jayasree', received on 1.11.1965---

Didi,

I have sent my letter yesterday. A telegram was also sent, you must have received both.
I am counting my days for my return. An unforeseen delay occurred. It's not that I was oblivious to its possibility. I had been reassured by the time span of five to ten days, but then what can be done about it.

I have been overwhelmed by the eagerness and enthusiasm shown towards this publication. I am sure it will impress you too. I have had the opportunity the issue meant for the Durga Puja in between the lines from beginning to end. The issue is full of insufficient footnotes, commentaries and comments. Printing mistakes, and beginning from ***punctuation*** to taken approval or not for the subject matter will amaze you. In addition this a large proposal regarding what is desirable for this publication. It looks like the the mind was totally concentrated and immersed into the publication while reading it, for judging its pros and cons. Today it is Bhai Fota [Hindu festival in which sisters put a dot on the foreheads of their brothers praying for their wellbeing]. Since many years I have requested to be allowed the privilege of paying you my obeisances. This time I am paying my obeisances from a distance.
I hope you are keeping well. Kindly extend my love and best wishes for all else.
I hope mother is keeping well.

Mukul

A message.

14.10.1966, Sri Mahalaya.

EL DEAR HOLY MAHALAYA DEEPEST LOVE TENDER THOUGHTS PRISTINE BLESSINGS YOUR ANGELIC SELF REMEMBER OTHERS. KEEP THYSELF WELL. KEEP THE FAITH. DIVINE MOTHER

GURUDEV SHIVA

Diary entry 1 July, 1966

Revolution comes at its own necessity. A revolution cannot be invited and ushered in. A revolution is self-manifesting. There are wars raging throughout the world everywhere at every

level. The end of this war shall mean ***annihilation.*** As long as the war is going on, there is ***life,*** there is ***progress.....***

Prithu Saptadipa, Prithu, the first Emperor of the world, Pritha is another name for the world. Partha is the child of Prithu and Pritha. Arjun has been named Partha after him. Any human being can be named Partha.

'Sadhan' (spiritual quest) is 'samar' (war). It is no child's play.

Who says God is kind? God has no mercy, clemency or compassion. God has unbridled cruelty.
The ***ultimate*** attribute of God are the six great virtues. There is no such separate thing as God.
Whoever acquires the six great virtues elevates himself to the position of God.
What is the reason of my stay at Naimisharanya under amid such hardship? ***I must play my role.***
This is why I took Akaashbritti [the practice of some Indian monks to eat only what is spontaneously offered to them]. Akaashbritti, Yayatibritti-----I shall call none, I shall tell none, suddenly it(food) came from the skies. The adored deity sent it.
'I can challenge and declare that I have gone through all stages for acquiring self enlightenment.
This is why many among sanyasis are scared of me.
The ***politics*** that you do, the ideas that have taken hold in you have all been learnt from the ***UK.***
This is what appears to be so ***painful*** to me. If this time around even if all of you lie down on the ground you shall not be able to stop Mother's Chariot (Rath). This even the ***UK*** admits. They know very well that there is this one brat who gets all their inside information. This is why their motto is ***No compromise.*** And mine too is ***No compromise.***

.....***Russia is more of a Shylock than U.S.A. in this regard to aid.*** If you compare the benefit that Russia had accrues by offering help and the ***US*** by offering help it shall be seen that ***Russia is more of a Shylock that U.S.A. than the other party.***

Go and see the fun of the ***bombing*** of ***Hanoi.*** I am watching it with glee. But they know that if this wicked fellow comes back ***we have burnt our boats.***

.....You shall not have to repay them a single penny, on the contrary you may be able to demand a lot.

You know my ***mentality,*** had I not been the Mother's son then one end of ***Asia*** to the other would have been ablaze.

There are many people who have been ***affected*** by ***atomic radiation*** in atomic power plants in America. They have been ***segregated*** in separate ***townships***. ***They are living a doomed life*** do you know all this?

In our religious scriptures it had been written five thousand years ago that nuclear power should not be used for mundane purposes. Otherwise there shall be danger.
In the backdrop of the present nuclear power pact Charan wonders----who shall think of these indigenous ideas!----who has got that patience or that insight--- the knowledge of the west is

today our Gospel truth---Anglo American orders are the ultimate orders for us. There is no way out for us. All the while Mahakal is alert regarding the use of consumer goods---his predictions about them are also palpably pertinent.

"Are you not aware of the immense harm that the use of ***synthetic*** materials are doing? Bangles of ***highly inflammable plastic material*** Sarees of ***nylon*** has resulted in burns in innumerable mothers and sisters, are you aware of this? You you continue imitating them mindlessly. You grab eagerly whatever they ***discard.***

There is a ***reason*** for my ***madness***, their ***madness*** has no ***reason***.
You are totally oblivious about the ***atomic developement*** of the Chinese. They can ***drop*** the thing that they have developed in no time.
Will the Chinese bomb us next?
Of course they can make threatening noises with the bomb they have.
This note carries no date but the copy of the message is dated 5-8-80. The letter and the message have been kept in the same envelope---they can be of the same of different times---Charan has picked on both of them without going on judge whether they are of the same date---the two quotations shall depict the intellectual wavelength that both Mahakal and Sunil Das used to dwell in and the great mutual respect, love and affection they had for one another.

Message.

BLESSINGS DEEPEST LOVE, MUKUL-TOSH-BRAJANANDAN-PABITRA-POLTU DEAR, AND OTHER TRUE-FAITHFUL ONES, MAY DIVINE MOTHER KALI GRACE YOU WITH HER BLESSINGS.

1. ***SOMETHING MAY HAPPEN SHORTLY.***
2. ***FROM AMONGST YOUR KNOWN-FAVOURED-PERSONS SOME ARE SPYING(ENGAGED) BEWARE.***
3. ***STILL FLOATING, HENCE THIS DELAY, PLEASE, UNDERSTAND MY CONDITION, BEAR WITH ME, LOVE.***

Letter.

Affectionate Mukul, may Sri Sri Ma Kali bless you threefolds .
Once, twice, I had dropped hints/details to you regarding some small, medium or large events and had written……***"IN THAT ORDER"***....remember that.
Large-scale bloodletting, lament and despair, has never been desired by Mritabhoot. It had never been this way. But when men---sacrifice their knowledge, judgement and conscience through their own pride, vanity, greed, thirst, jealousy and sinful lust and invite darkness around them, in such case, someone is helpless. Even then, utmost efforts shall be made to contain matters within a limit.

Banging my head on the doors of Gods fervently and endlessly I pray," Have mercy! Have mercy my Lord! Wake up! Save us and let us live! Keep Good sense alive! -----Save us!....."

I am striving ceaselessly, to move the seats of Gods. But if at all--I fail to move the seat of the Gods, if they do not wake up at all, in such case, with no other way left, I ***will raise the hell.***
A promise, I had fervently prayed to you to make before me! ….You had also promised that,"I give you my word….I shall do it…."

Four times a day 1. Before you have tea in the morning, 2. Before you have your lunch in the midday, 3. Before having your evening tea and 4. Before you have your dinner, you shall swallow five or six (preferably six) garlic cloves immediately after peeling off its the 'skin' (take care that it should not be exposed to air after the 'skin' is peeled off) and chew it up thoroughly as if crushing it into butter with your mouth closed and then swallow it.
Keep a garlic bulb with you in a container always.

Please Mukul keep my request, never forget it and do not for a day neglect it.
Accept my love and blessings. Poorest of the poor Pathik Faquir. [wayfarer mendicant].
Once, while writing on Mukul-Mahakal-Lee Charan began by quoting a few comments of Mahakal on Jayasree. Charan is compelled to end his despatch on this occasion------as the courier is in waiting. I am ending as well with a few words on Jayasree. The speaker was Mahakal and the listener was the then Assistant Editor of Jayasree Mukul--who subsequently served as the editor of this publication for a prolonged period- from June 1970 to April 1992. His ceaseless quest is indelibly etched in the pages of Jayasree---the reason being the synonymous personality Pathik Faquir--Gurudev Shiva---or---General Death---General Shiva---in his earlier life---Subhas Chandra---Netaji to whom Charan pays his obeisances through this opportunity of paying a tribute to the most trusted lieutenant and shadow-follower of "Lee" ; Mukul, on his birth centenary.

Mukul's Diary entries of meetings.

25.10.1965(?66)--To Mukul----' Accept my love and blessings for Diwali'.

Take the Jayasree issue, I have marked it entirely. I have read from the beginning to the end carefully and have left my comments as I felt fit. Read them carefully and ask questions you would like to ask. I have written make 11000 subscribers annually. Publicise it among Bengalis in different ***states***. Then locate Bengalis in Africa, Europe, America, Latin America, Russia and tell them to subscribe to Jayasree. If Russians who know Bengali get the taste of it they shall start subscribing immediately. Try to publicise it extensively. It is needed. Maybe afterwards there shall no time or opportunity to read the Jayasree. That is why I have written down what I had to tell you.

It pains me immensely to see something ***vulgar and gross*** in Jayasree. When I read Jayasree I feel like I am sitting at Sriyukta Roy's [Leela Roy] home and reading it. Can you read something ***gross and vulgar*** there? You have to include only such matter that might be read before brother-sister-mother-father, everybody sitting together. There are some stories and poems in the [Durga] Puja issue which had better not been published. There are two stories, one of reading the Gita and the other about the road, which were excellent. I very much liked a part of the writing of the author of 'Baleswari'. I have written that to Sriyukta Roy. She sent me all the

preceding and the subsequent issues. I read and found that the author writes the same thing. After that I do not read that author's writing. There is another novel coming out in serial form, I can't recollect the name, in which there is a boy from an aristocratic family. He earns a fat salary, owns houses at Haltu and Ballygunje, the writing is too ***shallow.*** I was reading it, then the author carried the boy to Chandannagore and made him utter a word, after which I threw it away. Does the author have any sense of propriety? Does it make sense to make the boy with such a ***lineage*** utter such language? Love and romance should of course be there but why should there be something which is ***gross and vulgar?*** Even ***Passion*** is not bad but there should be a proper background for that. There may be intense love and passion between husband and wife but will they give a ***demonstration*** of their ***passion*** on an open crossroad? Shouldn't there be a sense of taste?

In my opinion there should be nothing in Jayasree which is ***vulgar and gross.*** Start a ***campaign*** along with your children who are ***loyal*** to you that you shall read nothing that is vulgar or obscene, you shall ***boycott*** anything that is obscene and above all create a general hatred towards obscenity. Women shall have a leading role to play in this. Let thing sting their family members and relatives. Let them start this hate campaign against anything that is ***vulgar*** and ***gross,*** the general tendency shall change. It is needed.

You shall not be able to fathom the ***metamorphosis*** that has taken place within me. The words ***'you are a thing apart'*** constantly ring within me. I have no ***attachment*** with anybody. I can love everybody, because cannot give a mundane form to love. This is not ***paradoxical,*** this is not ***hypocrisy.*** There is no bond, wherever there is a bonding there will be an expectation in return for love. The love for which one expects something in return falls short of perfection. It is not pure. It is as if ***love & attachment*** are two twin sisters. But--love only knows how to give---that is love. This is why I keep on saying you shall have to give, simply go on giving, give even your life, if so needed, because only them you shall set an example of true love. Otherwise, you shall burn in the fire of ***attachment*** and craving. Have you seen butterflies jump into the fire and getting burnt?
The other day you said the barrier of a curtain creates an ***inhibition.*** Without is you could have spoken more ***freely.*** Wrong. You wouldn't have been able to talk had you seen me face to face. You would have paid me your obeisances and left. Even I would not have been able to open up so freely before you and been able to talk thus. Even now as I am talking to you I can hear my own voice, then the other side says, all lies, they shall never come true.

Jayasree,Jaistha, 1415 (2008).

'Into thy Veena, transform me'

Charan was in a strange phase of observance of silence, but the mention of Sri Sri Vijaykrishnaji's daily accounts disturbed that mental stability. Gosainji's Gurudev Paramahansadeva summoned Ma in her astral body. I am mentioning this here because

Mahakal in course of his discussions with Charan mentioned about Astral Body on several occasions. Mahakal's mention was brief and there were no explanations. Gosainji was describing this state----Yogis can do anything----'Yogis can convert this mundane element into astral state. The can also convert abstract/astral element to the gross mundane state, the five elements of the human body to unite together.' They can take anyone they so desire to his own domain in an instant.'

Where is his domain? Paramahansaji has taken Ma to Manasarowar. That, is Paramanhasji's domain. There reside countless saints, sages and Gods and Goddesses. This Manasarowar is not in Tibet---neither is it the Manasarowar that all of us know. That Manasarowar is 'Mantalao'. This Manasarowar is far away in the Himalayas. The journey to this place is extremely perilous--- the Manasarowar that we all know is easy to reach---but one cannot reach that Manasarowar unless he or she is an adept in Yoga. Unless there is some attachment or bonding the sadhaka cannot easily return to the mundane world once he reaches there.
The description that Bhagwanji alias Mahakal has given of his abode before Charan is somewhat like this--and that he alone is capable of taking him there, he has expressed that desire at times---he has also described the process of transformation of the physical body into the astral but Charan has not been able to master it even to this day.

Let me mention another anecdote while talking about Bhagwanji--a news had been published about Bhagwanji of an event centred around Guptarghat. There is mention of this place in Gosainji's journal. The name of the Ghat as mentioned in the Shastras is 'Go Prantar'. Legend says that the final even in Lord Ramachandra's life on earth took place here. Charan feels that the Ramachandra of this age Bhagwanji-Mahakal-Indian Pilgrim changed his body at this same ghat and returned to his abode of sadhana. The thought of how and when the drama of his return to the mundane world shall be enacted leaves Charan utterly confused. One gets to hear about the frequenting and sojourn of several holy and spiritually highly evolved personalities in and around Faizabad, Ayodhya, Basti, etc. Charan hopes that the veil of mystery regarding why Mahakal chose this area which had been the roaming grounds of great personalities like Ramachandra, Mahavir and other divine incarnates and left the area at an auspicious moment for his own abode after his sojourn was over shall be lifted by His own grace one day.
I begin by an aforementioned quote of Mahakal---
The rumbling echoes shall definitely be heard. An echo cannot be without a source, without roots, without origin. The echo originates from its source----spreads---and after spreading to its fullest extent comes back to its origin again.

Our hearts overcome with grief, tears from our eyes drenching Mother's feet, through the ages, you and me the Bengali---with our voices choking in sorrow mouth a fervent prayer-----

Punaragamanaya Cha [for the sake of your return].

This letter was sent to Bhagwanji's affectionate Mukul. His real name is Sunil. Preparations are on for his birth centenary celabrations. Mahakal has written---' Most affectionate and blessed dearer than life Mukul, may Sri Sri Ma Kali bless you and make the road to your developement smooth. I pray at her feet.

I pay my respectful obeisances at the feet of your affectionate Ma Janani.

Of 'inaccessible places', where Ma is called 'M-a-r-y', in those areas: whatever you have written about these places, had my eyebrows raised. Dear know-it-all Sir! Please read this horizon dweller lonely wayfarer's letters repeatedly, intently---with your analysis, finding out synonyms, try to understand---and grasp it please! (I hope in that case you shall be able to grasp and understand a little of the hints---of those places---events---with topography---***logistics*** and cause and effects-- with the sole purpose of telling only you people at great risk).

Why, as far as I remember, (of course I may be mistaken) in context with the year before the last ...in course of discussions….talking about the 'sang', about them and their modus operandi, I had 'some discussion' with you. (was it through a letter?) Based on that premise I write (this time) (I would not have written otherwise, I wouldn't have remembered writing; you need a context). Is it then that long letter about that long hurricane trip-arrangements for inspection, ***etc,*** the crude blueprint for explaining which was there in that letter?

I am aware of a bit of what you had been doing in that sphere at that time. (Long before these events, I had imposed conditions for you-- through 2-3 letters and twice verbally, and you had agreed to them--and you had promised that you would comply with them verbally and through letter -- with good reasons. The reasons hold good even at present. About this, you shall yourself understand ---and observe.) For whatever you have done through whatever means in this regard, for that, if not "them", Janani Bangamata [Mother Bengal],has blessed you with tears of joy in her eyes---believe in these true words.

And this eternal unassuming wanderer, seeing the philosophy of action within your heart has been ever grateful to you with tearful eyes---and shall remain so.

Do not involve yourself in the 'wrong question' of what significance do big----or the smallest 'events' bear in the larger-largest context. Ma Kali weaves her web of events with a speed before which even the speed of mind stands still. Even the smallest of the small links and cog the web of events that she is ceaselessly weaving giving shape to different patterns in the ever changing frame of Mahakal has its own value, immense value, and greatly worthwhile significance. Your (my) job is to follow and cheerfully carry out the hints, gestures (as well as verbal orders) of "Ichhamayee Ma".

KH.A.G.KH. (Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan) , in my opinion has committed a mistake. Whatever he is saying or doing these days (even though every common person is applauding him to high heavens) does not betray a sharp intellect.

I was not present in the "good old days". But even in "those"days in "those situations" he was unable to give a good account of his wisdom and and talent. The present situation is a direct fallout of his wrong decision taken "those days". A big historic ***IF*** happened---it was his mistake in "those days". Of course, these opinions are my own, according to my own judgement. He is not only honourable to me, he is fit for my obeisances.

Right since his visit to Afghanistan till after the time he arrived here: through his own statement, ---his press statement---press statement on behalf of the reception committee--it was announced with great fanfare that 'I shall not accept the Nehru Award'. I shall not go to accept it. I am not going there to accept it. ***KH A.G. KH*** is not coming to India to accept the Nehru Award. ***KH A.G.KH*** has unequivocally stated that he shall not accept the Nehru award in case he comes to India.

But.....? (May God bless him, now he is completely an Indian leader).
I read the article presented by 'Charanik'. Santosh had specifically requested me to read it.after reading it in full I felt.

'To the tune of many a heartache old ,
Laden with melodies in letters of gold,
Strains of which lifts his heart
Charanik's greatest gift this art'.

But I am not ashamed to confess Mukul! While reading I was getting carried away, I was filled to the brim with emotions, with majestic beauty the waves of the ocean spilled over before me.
I started thinking; It was me who wrote all these words---- I 'understood'; but how was I capable of "such writing"? How? How? I was unable to believe it. All this was mine.

Santosh said with v-e-r-y- i-m-m-e-n-s-e stress, please read "Bajrabani" ***by*** Mahakal. I asked, Who is Mahakal? He said,' Mentioning it is 100% prohibited. This writing has been obtained solely on this condition. Therefore I won't tell you.

My curiosity doubled. I read "Bajrabani". After reading four to five hours I was 'dumbstruck'. I was beside myself as I delved deep into it. Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?

During many an ***off-guard*** state at times, about spiritual sadhana, about the sadhana's battle ground---war, if my Ma's context arose then totally engrossed in the same context, I have spoken non-stop on "very exhaustive topics".

Therefore nobody shall be able to take down all that in ***Long Hand ,*** and even if there is, it is unlikely he or she "will be in a state to take it all down".
And I also know that I have never revealed the real "stuff" in any of my letters. (as far as I remember).

But--a lot of things that I have witnessed---and some of the things that I have indirectly known--- are there in "Bajrabani" to the last detail.

My fervent wish--- I made it known to Santosh-Brajanandan-Pabitra as my request. Although Santosh told me the next morning "those" are all your words, my mind would not admit it.
Charan loses track of Mahakaal's recollections and forgetfulness----and Mahakal's conversations

with those who were close to him. After the 'serious' mood throughout the discussion suddenly the boyish self in Mahakal comes out----he writes---

'I saw an advertisement of Deshbandhu Bhandar in the magazine you brought. I also noted that there was a mention of the one whom he held in high esteem and his blessings.
Why can't you bring freshly prepared Singara (Bengali for Samosa), Kachuri, Lalmohan, Bunde [Bengali snacks and sweets] in a 'thermos' from them when you come here?'
Charan cannot recollect whether the goodies advertised by Deshbandhu Bhandar were ever delivered to Mahakal as desired by him at his gathering at any later date---
His remarks laced with humor regarding the stock of snacks that reached his gathering was--
Yes, this time Shriman 'A' s power of ***discernment*** ran into short supply trying to choose the ***cake.***

Yes, this time around the 'kucho nimki' (small fried chips) have been prepared in the oceanic cold stream and not its foam. That is why it has become as hard as thunder capable of breaking my teeth.

Yes, I have taken a ----l-o-t of the small kheer 'naru's. However, courtesy my esoteric knowledge I understood that by virtue of being a student of science she has become a great miser. She has prepared these naru's in a test tube.

I shall never be able to repay the debt of the trouble that the divine daughters of my ever worshipped Ma Janani Bangabhumi, the food that they have prepared with their love and affection. All these are this wayfarer's invaluable treasures.

True love-affection devotion-faith is self contained, it never goes in vain, it shall never go in vain, because Ma Kali herself is in charge!

On the auspicious eve of Shyama Puja, Charan pays his obeisances to Mahakal alias Bhagwanji----alias the great wayfarer of India, praying for his love and affection.

Jayasree, Kartik 1415 (2008)

'I marvel at the way you sing, O Maestro'

Charan utilises the time after prolonged silence, getting a little opportunity to present something. As Mahakal's message reaches him by personal courier, so is it borne by the wind. In the modern scientific age everything has become faster courtesy conduction through various media like light and air ; Charan is not adept in the science of light but he is able to understand messages that are conducted through air. For this one needs to have a sharp pair of ears, alertness and deep concentration.

At the time of Rakhi Bandhan Charan is reminded of the message that Mahakal would send each year at Rakshabandhan. On one such Rakshabandhan Mahakal had sent a message to his dearest Mukul, which had some words of warning, which Charan is about to present. A lot of sensation, tension, conflicts is being noticed of late in reaction to events taking place abroad---a lot of confusion and chaos is being noticed. Charan is unable to satisfy the curiosity of people who feel upset with these developements. Charan has been compiling words of Mahakal over a prolonged period now----how curious people are so worried about the whereabouts of Charan!. Who after all is Charan? Why does he not come out in the open? Poor Charan has no physical existence. He is only a messenger---he is a pen of Mahakal-like all Gods and Goddesses have their own bearers Charan is the bearer---a servant of Mahakal---he serves as a resonator for the voice of Mahakal. The words that were there in Mahakal's message on the occasion of Rakshabandhan were thus---

SreeSree Puta Pavitra RakshaBandhan

Affectionate Mukul may Makali bless you (all). Affectionate Tripti-Tosh-; Sriman Paltan-Poltu-affectionate Brajanandan-and family; Love and affectionate blessings to Pabitra with his wife and children.

Now on none should come to know or be aware of or be suspicious of any hint or word of any letter that I send you regarding news, events neither should they be put in print.
Tentatively the end game of Ma Kali's present leela [cosmic game] has already begun.
If somebody is able to know or understand--or get suspicious of it, he or they ; enemies and traitors of Janani Janmabhumi Mahabharatvarsha.

It has reached a total of a quarter to six digits. No only mu.... ***Huge arms*** and ***explosives*** are ***dumped*** at more that five hundred places. All ***most sophisticated ultramodern.*** Every kind of ***war weapons. DIP corps***---for all. ***P.Flag.*** Demand for third ***P.*** The demand has not ended---shall not end....

Explain everything to Tosh and Brajanandan by reading it put to them slowly thrice.
Herein I finish with my blessings, love and affection. Give the holy Rakshabandhan to your affectionate Poltu.

A separate letter.

Dearest affectionate Mukul,

(Beware of Nirmalya of Kanakbhavan) May Sri Sri Dayamoyee Ma Kali bless you. May you remain safe and sound for me, for everybody.

All of you left from here. Here, from the words that you spoke from your heart, there were two words that were exceptionally bright and divine. These are products of your pure heart. They

lighted up my heart into a bright luminous body. In reply to one word of yours I pour out the truth, true realisations and thoughts, earnest wishes, as I wrote them to you remaining alert even in the midst of my terrible mental anguish. (Hoping wishes and prayers shall come true). Your second message was:....."You shall recover by your sheer willpower from even this terrible suffering and hurt...I know this....." (The very pure expression from your heart moved me, overwhelmed me. I express my gratitude to you from the core of my heart).

In reply to your remark I had said, "....Not this time around! Not my will power, this time..." After all of you left, I kept wondering in spite of my pain...."why did such a response come out from me?! ....Normally I do not speak like this!...." I was a bit worried on this count too. Because I know that whatever comes out of my lips even by mistake shall come true. The responsibility ----of making my words come true---is in somebody else's hands----above.

Though I cried out a little bit in pain, Matoshri Jagadamba would rush to me every time I groaned in pain and consoled me in her own soothing ways---kept patient---boosted my morale. She would come running even at night getting up from bed if she heard me groaning or crying in pain. Many a time, out of sheer pain----sadness ---and despair I would be beside myself and quietly sob and weep.

As Matushri Jagadamba would come running leaving her own bed, I would hide my face in a quilt, cover my face and weep at my own misery.

One night as I wept bitterly in my bed and the only sounds that escaped were that of my groaning and sobbing, and 'something that was against my nature'--- repeatedly came to my mind--- I suddenly felt two hands caressing me from my back and both sides of my shoulders, embracing me with unlimited kindness . The hands went inside the quilt and hugged me with intense love and kindness, simultaneously someone else embraced me from the front extremely gently.....

I got startled :..."No there are two of us, Saraswati shall sleep, she will wake up after we leave; my crying stopped instantly. An unique sense of reassurance and tranquility filled my mind. It was as if my entire being elevated itself from sleep to a higher level of consciousness. Both of them continued caressing me from either side on my chest and back and went on soothing and consoling me--explaining--providing solace. Affectionate chiding--imploring--humour--leg pulling--quarrelling--everything kept on being showered. The central idea of their was thus: '" We have been coming to you constantly, talking to you, ...advising you---providing you help-direction-energy, and here you are completely crestfallen with despair!....Why have you forgotten of our existence?! .....The great souls, with or without mundane forms through their hard work are preparing the ground for your Sadhana to succeed, trying to make things easier for you; please remember them in this state of yours! ...We cannot accompany you everywhere; neither can I go everywhere; many layers and many great souls are outside the domain of our perception. Nevertheless I got to be near you within the confines of our limits, courtesy your kindness and that of the Holy Mother; this boundary is also no less. Within this boundary too we get the opportunity to have a view of many mundane or formless great beings. ...they talk to much higher realms through gestures....I am observing and realising everything within my

domain!.....You have always been extremely stubborn; the monopoly of getting angry has always been yours! It is your obduracy and obstinacy which is the cause of your suffering.....I have written to you about the place where you had been as their invitee for the last four to five months and had prepared the groundwork together for them before you returned; the other two sides have come to know something about this and become very active. Perhaps they have come to know that you returned via Singapore and Beijing. We were supposed to have come on the morning of the auspicious day. But 'Revered _____(One such very great saint who is no more and used to stay in a cave in the hills near Ranikhet, a complete Siddha [spiritual adept] who has left the body long ago, I was amazed to hear his name from them) ordered us to reach you this 'sandesha' [Hindi for 'message']; He also said Sri Sitaramdasbabaji was also not well and was not going to be around. If you were fit to move you would definitely have gone there and would have certainly disregarded any advice to the contrary. We are sure you would have gone to the rendezvous agreed upon by the three sides. Unfortunately you are not aware of the developements on the other side of the border ever since your return from that country. This is the sole reason, this was the only way to protect you. That is why the blow was inflicted so hard that you would not be able to move about due to pain even if you wanted to; and that crisis blows over.

India's independence day the 21st of October ---is at hand. On this day the Provisional Head of State of an undivided India had declared independence---proclaiming a government---and declared war on our arch enemy Great Britain. Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose is the first Head of State of a Free Indian government. The President of the Indian National Congress used to be called the "Rashtrapati"[President]. He was elected President twice, in 1938 and 1939.
Long afterwards, leaving behind him the great disappearance of the 18th of August, 1945, the President crossed the borders of India--and re-entered as a renunciate saint---at that time a letter in a sealed envelope reached the completely devoted revolutionary Deshnetri from today's Rashtrapati Bhavan---in that letter the writer of the letter had mentioned of Sadgurudev. But how? Who shall explain this! It is said that inside the Rashtrapati Bhavan there are two separate Presidential Quarters. One for the **native** President and the other meant for the British Viceroy. Is the residence that housed the Imperialist Mountbatten still being maintained in its pristine royal glory? ----Is is still out of bounds for the native President of India? Who'll tell--Who shall reveal the accounts of India's history of shame?

Where are the trusted lieutenants of the Head of the Provisional government of Free India? Are the trusted lieutenants interned even now or are they under watch? There is no means of knowing. The mission of the true patriots is to uncover that dark history---but who will do it?

The is no end to efforts in trying to establish as truth the event that is supposed to have taken place on the 18th August 1945, which failed to earn credibility and acceptance and has been documented as untrue in legal discourse. How a plane loaded with trunks packed with gold bars could penetrate and cross the enemy lines of the allied forces---why the Provisional Head of State take this great risk even after the surrender of the Axis powers to the Allies---why even after their surrender Japan held out the hand of cooperation for this invaluable Head of State of

the Provisional Government needs to be judged carefully. The question remains that the news of the casualties of the so called air crash was duly announced but there remained no trace of the trunk loads of gold--how could this be explained? It has been said all along in the plane there was along with the Supreme Commander his trusted Lieutenant Col Habibur Rahman---but according to the then British Intelligence report there were not two but three people in the group on the plane. --- and the discussion has all along been about only two of the three individuals---the third individual was a body double of one of the two--He was the one who had disappeared---all the disquiet is about this person. The events spanning the period between the 17th and 23rd August 1945----four decades later in September 1945 the third individual reappeared and made his disappearance once again. On this occasion too there was no eyewitness! The event occurred in the vicinity of a military cantonment---the newer version of the old enactment happened with their tacit support and indirect help; as if a repeat of the 18th August 1945. Charan engages himself in finishing an incomplete letter rather than getting lost in the maze of documents and reports.

"All the 'work' that you had planned, have been completed according the the plans. It will happen very forcefully; later in the eyes of the world they shall appear to have dimmed. Later at the right moment it will burst out with fourfold power and brightness and spread out in four directions before settling down. We have done everything needed to be done. You know that there are many of us, busy in the consummation of our mission. You shall fully recover just before the great jobs that require your personal presence. On this side all that was to be done are progressing well. We shall tell even more and that there are more 'sandesh' [news] on the way. We were able to come here to be able to deliver the 'sandesh'. This was their main message. " Love and blessings for Sunil many times over. He used to there go quite regularly earlier. Removed due to fear and-----pained. She used to touch objects and shake them trying to convey her feelings, a little joy. Discussions of frequent visits to Rajamaidan [Basti], this time too,It went on, three of us together. Someone laughed out "ho ho ho ho" (Now I could understand clearly why in response to your question 'this cover' came "that reply"). The powers of sensory perceptions of incorporeal beings is ----10000 times greater than mundane beings. I know this myself. All their instincts --and perceptions--and--speed are extremely ---intense. They take 2 & ½ seconds to travel from one point to the next; but they are not independent. Each of them have to abide by laws and have to keep within the confines of their own levels. The two went on caressing all those painful places over my body ...then they whispered "we'll take your leave". Within a moment Matoshri Jagadamba woke up and came near. She gradually covered me with the quilt. She said to herself "....oh, the quilt was displaced'....and left.

She came back in the morning having finished all her work to tend to me. I said"Matoshri Jagadambe, can you raise me slowly and make me sit up? " Ma Jagadamba looked surprised; then slowly, with utmost care, she raised me up, made me sit, and s-l-o-w-l-y made my legs hang down.

Ma's face lighted up with a smile of endless love-affection-grace ---she started stroking my back. On that day I sent you---a happy note filled with joy. Who else did I know!

A few days after the incident my companions arrived. They were quite grave. The news they came with tallied word to word with the 'sandesha'[message] delivered to me that night. I felt blessed (delighted). Now on, in 'those places' where my physical presence is not an absolute

necessity, my work ***cum*** operations shall be done through 'other me-s' . (I have already said that other than 'this me' there are 'other me' s). All "me"s are equally powerful. Whenever the necessity shall arise you shall definitely get the presence of one"me" without any ***GAP.*** I am the hidden ***PRIMUS,***---as long as I am there or shall be there. I have arranged for this long ago. This 'me' will have to be present only in those places where there shall be mega conflicts, manoeuvres, etc in flesh and blood. It is is their decision (that is, it shall be seen that: according to their judgement everything tallies with the timing of whatever was told to me that night).
A letter(envelope) reached me from Dehradun. Written in female handwriting. Ma Anandamoyee was anxious. She wanted me to contact her immediately. I had no idea Ma Anandamoyee was at Dehradun. There was no way of verifying the handwriting. I guessed if the letter was genuine, then it had to be the daughter of the Civil Surgeon. But I had a worry. I Ga. used to frequent Anandamoyee Ma's place at Dehradun. By chance there may be an agent of I Ga present at Dehradun....I kept wondering about what to do. A week passed with me thinking. ..I got news of "fer setting out"....oh what a time must she have spent!.....
At present, by Shriman Ra.Ga. a high ranking official shaking hands, since the few years ....in a cocky manner. Some hints and pointers whatever has to be done by "this me" meaning "your me" (and "these jobs" are progressing "___" "___" well towards completion). Do not be misled by contemporary events in your calculations = ***'A'*** and ***'R'*** (the situation will be such that) shall be compelled to fight together against ***"CH".*** Several processes. All Islamic noises shall certainly "bite the dust". The raging fire, at the places where I had been to and had to spend a few months as their guest, is under wraps at present ----shall burst forth into leaping flames. It will spread out in all directions with tremendous force, from those places where I was a guest, and burn with four fold brightness. I have a desire: all the small countries that are around should unite. Keep an eye all around; with the help of your ***party*** members and companions; if you can----stop people coming in from ***EAST PAKISTAN BANGLADESH*** into India's borders it will be a little helpful for "your me". I reiterate: Janani Janmabhumi, in every spheres,be it mundane, spiritual, political; shall certainly rise to the top of the world.....
.....I am suspicious to the point of certainty that: the other side (those who aspire to be your parallel) get to know all news from your side without much difficulty------every word of it.
A few years ago I had spoken to you about some events that were to have been organised, with which I had a direct connection; and about events in ***Central Europe.*** I read these 100% secret matters in a newspaper.....
This long letter from Mahakal shall find its place in world history. Even as we remain engrossed in the nonsensical trivialities of daily life it is our bounden duty to study or listen to the words of Mahakal relentlessly to be able to assimilate whatever we might. There are innumerable pointers and possibilities in every sentence----every word of his. It is in deciphering these hints and pointers that the decision should be taken regarding the way we should conduct ourselves in the future. Charan devotes and dedicates himself at the feet of Mahakal-----sailing in a sea of mirth.

Jayasree, Bhadra Ashwin 1416(2009).

'Come hither in the woods underneath the shadows of the creepers….'

A warrior monk, at the end of the war, on a peaceful Mahashtami morning sang out a Shyamasangeet [hymns of Goddess Kali] in his gathering in the presence of Charan and his companions; "Eso Neepobone Chhayabeethi tole", one of the favourites of Swamiji[Swami Vivekananda] and many other songs began revolving around. Along with it a lot about the two countries----heart to heart discussions between two friends, Tungabhadra and Mahakal, parts of which Charan has documented in some of his earlier despatches. In the leisure of Durga Puja a lot of what has not been dealt with in these despatches are now coming to notice. The account of how a possible future conflict between the two countries came to be visualised by Mahakal over three decades ago -- shall be presented among others.

The evening session of Mahanavami.

--- He kept shaking his hands vigorously and told--No--no-no it is impossible as long as we live; However much the sabre-rattling be, trust me this is not going to happen again. I shall not hide it before you, your revenge in 1962 for our mistake was enough. Your earlier instruction was flouted due to a small mistake on our part, and the firmness that you showed for the mistake was effective after all.

…..Someone said, fine then when you two are busy fighting one another your friend shall stand away and watch who's winning and who's losing. He laughed and said, it's then a foregone conclusion for you. Someone replied,'It is not difficult to visualise the scenario that is so clearly etched in the background of the future.' After keeping quiet for a while he asked.'Well, if I get busy on a trip to the other side, what would you say about it? Someone laughed out and said, Bravo! You haven't set out yet,if I were in your place I would have set out, what is there to think about it? He said, Won't there be too much shouting? Is there anything left to prepare for yet? The neighbour shall shout to high heavens. Someone smiled derisively and said, Begin your trip the day after tomorrow. Among those whose nature it is to shout are not only your neighbour but many bigwigs too. This person shall not say anything, the bigwigs at times shall get some assistance from your work for expansion of their diplomatic purposes, in their minds they shall get some footing. So much for your neighbours, their making noises is only of ***academic*** interest. There is no substance in it. It's completely devoid of any essence. Quite akin to the sneezing of jackals. He laughed and said, 'how come, eh? Please make it a little simpler.' Someone laughed and said, if you entrust me with the responsibility let me explain it in brief in four words. Look at those who are throwing their fists into the air and shouting that this ***peaceful region*** is being disturbed; the chief of the party who's ***releasing the chorus.*** Turning a ***'Peace Peace Peaceful region'*** into a trouble zone is a great sin. We want ***peace.*** Let the ***UN*** look at every ***Littoral*** in this ocean of ***peace*** and all of them, whether they are able to eat well or not, are engaged in the rat race of buying weapons from the bigwigs to arm themselves to the teeth. Are those who are buying arms procuring them for ***peaceful*** purposes? Not only the ***Littoral states*** but even the middle sized countries are not behind in the mad scramble to purchase arms. To fight whom? Again it is the same nations who are raising to chorus for the demand of a ***guaranteed declaration*** for the Indian Ocean to be demarcated as a zone of peace. The bigwigs giggle and move around with impunity in the Indian Ocean without creating

any fuss. So of what value is this combined yelling of these leaders? In our country there is a proverb 'Haathi chale bazaar mein kutta bhuke hazaar mein" (The elephant walks through the marketplace nonchalantly as the dogs in their thousands keep on barking). This is a perfect illustration. .....Also, remember that at this moment there are twentyfive ***facility vessels*** in the ***Indian Coastline.*** In conflict with your ideology----He jumped up and said, True! They swore that there was not one, not even half a vessel! Some laughed out ,"Ho ho ho ho" holding out both his thumbs and said, Are you assuming the role of what is known in our country as 'old haggard'? The other one too laughed out and said, 'Well when you are rubbing shoulders with the Satan how can you afford to do without being a Devil yourself?' The old demand of 25000 square miles is only to deal with the Satan on the other side. But truly speaking I was under the impression that my "buddy" has got a little relief at some place. You confused me completely by mentioning twentysix vessels. Someone said , This did not come to your notice don't you know the reason your wife has given her own place to her master and her maternal cousin on ***long lease?*** Then he became grave and said, 'Zoom Zoom let me set out the day after tomorrow itself. Someone said,'By all means'. (Now calculate and see ***only for your information*** their vessels are scheduled to enter the ***Indian Ocean*** on the "day after tomorrow" after ***crossing the straits).*** He frowned a little and said, But you shall need us. Someone laughed and asked, "then think what it would have been like if it was where your buddy is sitting smugly. The other one looked at him with amazement and said, as if talking to himself,'True, I did not think of this before. I have not taken him into consideration yet, hmm... But, i hope you do not mind if I say, he is the son of a Hindu dancing girl prostitute, if he starts crying! Someone replied, for him your vocabulary is sufficient. You have never ***Physically*** rushed in to ***back*** him all these years, ***material help*** is enough, about the rest why don't you consider that your verbal support is equivalent to rushing in ***Physically.*** He smiled and said, Oh yes, it is. But please do not take it otherwise when I say that the place whose context came in, that person is only adept at uttering ***bombastic*** words. Actually he is cunning, self seeking and greedy and I repeat, please do not mind---he has underestimated you people and he shall have to repent for this. Someone laughed and said, Great great! But you must not forget that your friend who has been sheltered by you had moved about there quite a bit during the final stages. His friend looked grave and said, you are trivialising me and this is an injustice to me. To get such a friend is the fortune of many a lifetime. It wouldn't have been thus otherwise. I have no idea with what purpose my friend has moved around so much with me in his own vehicle, in such case----It cannot be that he is not fit to be my friend. Someone said. Do not think that the ground is being prepared. Someone laughed and said,'I had guessed it long back, of course, I do not know the reason. For about fifteen to twenty minutes both friends were silent. After sometime someone said,"What do you think about our condition--Someone calmly replied,;Of course I do get worried, especially for somebody. One looked at the face of the other and sighed, saying indistinctly,'***The heritage of all flesh.'*** Another said,; Why don't you pray before Lord Ganesha---In that country there still are numerous statues of Lord Ganesha in many shapes and ***posture***s, they have not been broken----he said, 'looking hither and thither due to my own weakness. Ha ha ha.

...Your remaining in this terrible Dead state wills me with foreboding. Someone said,'From here across the very terrible desert skirting the river and the mountains the huge ***Sharp Lane*** bent like a huge bow in ***shape*** has met with the four lane highway of the horizon and on both sides the huge ***depot***s and ***warehouses*** you have erected is a big wonder to me. On the other hand

sitting in your vehicle I saw you have laid beautiful railway lines right up to the ***Amdo*** province. I could understand this will end up via Lhasa further ahead to the place where there was tremendous...for the last few thousands of years---I have some ***reservations*** about it. Besides, when I think that this country is larger than half of entire Europe, then some unknown foreboding creeps in, no doubt. Someone saying these words got up and began walking back and forth; the other one also started walking about simultaneously---he said in a low voice, we have fired three, which have crossed that country but I doubt some parts might have fallen within my neighbour's landmass. Someone said, As far as I know about them,, parts of the ***1st stage*** and the ***2nd stage*** should have landed there. But I have not read the newspaper of that country that I used to. After walking around a while and descending down to a garden---an extremely beautiful and ancient royal garden--he kept on walking around and suddenly said,' But why did it happen this way? One of them said, 'Which one?' Someone said,' this that you said about the convenient place to stay' Someone sat on a bench at a beautiful place like a *Bower,* along with him he too stretched out on another bench opposite it. He uttered Ah! Next came out,'Look at the face.' Someone asked,'Why did you raise this topic twice? What are you thinking? He silently kept shaking his head for sometime, then began talking in a low voice, as if it was his own judgement coming out from within him. He went on--That country which became independent--a baby was born amid bitterest hatred, bestial human beings who are their own enemies, a family that is a standing testimony to the inhuman side of humanity. Everybody knows that after a baby is born it is the first 5-6 months that are most *critical* to its survival. If a child survives this period, experienced people say that the child is going to survive the rest of its life. It holds good for a nation in the same way it holds good for a newborn human being. The way in which this country was born probably has no parallel in the world. I wonder in 1947 the majority of Muslims got ready to fight for a separate homeland for the Muslims in the east and the west of the country. A separate country for the Muslims. I also think of the horrendous way it was brought about. The two parts which were 1100-1200 miles apart were sought to be united on grounds of a common *religion.* I felt that the bonds of *religion* were weak. I also found out that the population of the East was about two crores more than the West. But it appeared ridiculous that the capital was in the West. 80 percent of the government employees were from the West. 90 percent of the Army was from the West. I used to wonder at the brazenness of the inequality. The majority of the exports were from the East and the lion's share of the profits accrued therefrom went to the West. I had realised then itself that it cannot last long this way. The only connecting bond was *religion.* It appeared to me in the very first instance that this bond was not that strong. There were no similarities in between the two wings. In every aspect, be it language, culture, food habits, dress, they were polar opposites. Please do not mind as I tell you this. The people of the East even dress differently. I know the people from the West used to taunt the women folk from the East by telling them ' You put on the trousers and give the sarees to your menfolk.' It happened as I had thought. When the west tried to impose their language on the East, the hostility and aggressiveness of the East reached its peak. Please do not mind, that was once part of your own country, and that is the part of the country that you belong to. He laughed and asked, 'Well then?' 'Then I was the bit hurricane and the cyclone. Lakhs perished in it, lakhs of homes were wiped out in that *Natural Calamity.* The West could not care less, as if they were somewhat amused to see the 'effeminate race' dying in multitudes. In the subsequent act the flames of anger began raging. I observed. The norm is *Politics must follow the economy.* Mujib started clamouring for *autonomy* after winning

the elections in this atmosphere of anger. The West saw that acceding to *Premier Mujib*'s demand would spell disaster for them. West Pakistan started deploying their Army. And I saw what happened and continued to happen, the description of which has been provided by the author *James Anderson* (?) who was present there and used to frequent India and Pakistan quite often. As far as I know he was with the *New York Times magazine*. He wrote,'I cannot imagine the way the soldiers I knew behaved in East Bengal. I could not figure out how the country that was united by virtue of religion could stoop so low. The average Pakistani Punjabis not only hated the Bengalis, they now set about to kill and *mutilate* them. I know Mujib had driven out thirty lakh Bengalis, even then. If this is true then in nine months half the population of the country was massacred. In four to five years of the second world war an equal number of Jews perished in the gas chambers of Hitler. In the sixties an American diplomat residing in Pakistan had predicted after touring East Pakistan extensively that 'a war between the Eastern and the Western wings of Pakistan is inevitable in future.'

Someone laughed and asked, 'Oh you are so well informed!' I was amazed to see the wry smile on his face,' *Practically no one took this diplomat's warning seriously.'* At that time nobody from any class was spared *from the lowest to the highest.* First, the Awami League supporters were *singled out.* School and college boys were lined up and shot. Unknowingly someone exclaimed 'Eh?' 'Not only that, the *Killings became indiscriminate, helpless women were abducted and raped.* Daughters in front of their parents and mothers in front of their sons. For three nights Bengali women *were kept and ravished.* More than two lakhs *were missing or sent to the west.* Next to be victimised were the Bihari Muslims, who were friends with West Pakistan from the very beginning. This time they were in danger. This was a significant event. I know the government in the West had officially ordered a plunder of anything that was of value. War broke out. You were a thousand miles away at your own place. Mukti Bahini was fighting. I also know that in your mode of transport you toured the entire East Bengal through its rivers which spread through it like arteries and veins and their branches. One crore refugees from East Pakistan poured into India, out of which 95 percent were Hindus. I was worried. *India* jumped into the fray which was a woeful instance of foolhardiness.. Before, during and just after *India* jumped into the fray and Mujib returned to his own country via the country of his former masters, *India* not only neglected to do what it should not have done but did something that was totally out of sync with diplomatic norms. Then itself I realised that *India shall get a rude shock and a left handed slap. West Pakistan,* to realise its target started *indiscriminately eliminating* innumerable unarmed *civilians, educated people,* every kind of socially prominent people in the *community,* doctors, lawyers, professors, etc. But as a result a hardening of attitudes and a bestial resolve of *Vengeance* in the *East. Indiscriminate vengeance was meted out to Bengalees who favoured Pakistan.* Their first *target* were the *Razakars*. Someone said' Yeah! Are you aware of this too?' '20 percent of the Razakars were Bengalis, out of whom 70 percent were from the *criminal section*. Someone said, I was not aware of this. The other one laughed and went on in a low voice, as if speaking to himself looking into the distance,' that there are eighteen lakh non-Bengalis was a danger signal; mostly working for the West. The vengeance that the East enacted against the West can only be termed *barbarism. Destruction, devastation, deprivation, depravity,* these form the basis on which the freedom fighters stand and shall form the foundations of the newborn state of Bangladesh, and even more terrible is the fact that they do not have the wherewithal for its remedy in their hands. Bothe me and you

know the first need is to *restore order*. Vagabonds armed to the teeth by India are moving around in the lanes and bylanes in that country. He laughed and said 'Maoist Alauddin and your right wingers, *please do not misunderstand*, Mujib Bahini. Both these groups need to be disarmed. Besides, there are the refugees. 18 lakhs have fled to India. A majority of them are Hindus, they shall return, but won't get their homes back. They shall come back and see that in the war with Pakistan the Muslims have not left, 95 percent of 75 lakh East Bengalis *shall have to face disease and starvation. I asked myself, is there a future?* If everybody says the first need for Bangladesh is help from all over the world. He slapped his hands on his knees and said it is a *gross misstatement*. It is true that *economic and technical help* is needed in *nation building*. But without a shadow of doubt the first requirement is of food for the millions of people. I have observed that though it is not fully true but it is an almost insurmountable hurdle of Bangladesh. When the *harsh facts of reality* expose their fangs confront them, the *heady flux of nationalism* shall go for a toss. Think of that day when I left the *University Career* and went back to the village. I remember how I moved all around the villages and how I mobilized those youngsters who were of my age. Recall that day when first Sun Yat Sen and later Chiang Kai Shek both and their families accepted the highest honour in the country in place of the *Imperial dynasty*. There was war. 'When there was a war with the foreigners', sitting on the seat of stone and bringing his face forward, he asked, 'Tell me, what was the need for marrying this *American educated, Americanised woman?* ' Actually it was this act which sowed the seeds of disaster. Which country can have a greater dishonor?----It was akin to chopping his own left hand by his right hand. At the advice of a foreigner General he dreamt of *exterminating* a nightmare/, a well-wisher whispered into his ears, we are escaping overnight, and then spread out to into the mountain caves and villages to build up an army It was not the Mukti Bahini of Bangladesh, who would go to the Secretariat in New Delhi and cry for arms' please give us arms we shall fight', and were only experts in throwing crackers, only a handful had the courage to fight upfront, would go at night and carry out silent killings. Yes, I do not know if you know that an international expert has opined that the only way for Bangladesh to survive if it becomes an *International Basket Case*. That is they receive international charity Mistake, it was a big mistake. I have a tape which I can play when just after returning alive via *London* and *India* he declared 'that this country has become independent proves that Netaji is still alive.' And the same person after he met *J.N.'s* daughter did not repeat the words again. I understood he was a *Pariah dog* and I started worrying what and who he was.

I thought there had to be a *logical answer*. I thought one option for them was to be reunited with the *other half of Bengal*----to which they were *traditionally bound* prior to 1947 Although the Hindus of the West Bengal and Muslims of the East Bengal are no longer united today the combination of the four factors, Bengal's real *economy* and Bengal's position in India, Calcutta Port, West Bengal's industry and East Bengal's agriculture, helped Bengal *produce 65% of India's wealth*. But can these two Bengals unite? No. there were hopes, but none remained after hearing his words. So I cancelled my first *solution*. I remembered his words to an American in the period before his *arrest*, although he had never hoped that he would ever be *arrested*. He has hoped to be the *P.M* of entire Pakistan. He said,"*We remember too well that tyranny executed over us when Bengal was united, it is the damnable Hindus who held up like sharks. How could you imagine that I shall allow my people to be pocketed----we shall never, never, go back to*

those Bengali Hindus. Therefore *my dearest dearest one write-off my solution number one,* because firstly no *Nation* can voluntarily give up its own territory.

It was not possible for Charan to continue the longest conversation between Tungabhadra and Mahakal in this instance. It is not a Sharadiya (Durga Puja) leisure----three months elapsed in writing this dispatch, and his finger stiffens in the cold winter of the place where Charan sits as he writes this dispatch, which he hands over before its completion to the courier who is waiting with his bag.

Jayasree, Pous, 1416 (2010)

'Pledge for truth my mind today I shall'

Two hearts, large as two oceans, are way beyond Charan's limited capability to fathom. The mundane location is known to him on a daily basis, together with unexpressed feelings of reverence, and the other is a great ocean—when the opportunity arose of meeting him the other one has already departed for the other world. The mind was overwhelmed in the tug of war between the mundane and astral existences, though. The Leader's ***Lee*** having left for the other world for so long and even twenty-five years after ***Lee's*** departure from this world her Leader is living beyond the veil, and even then among those who were his followers factionalism is still alive----this feeling has persisted as it had been there during his past life Charan is worried about the means to get rid of these factional feelings among those who are there and those who want to join in from different backgrounds. In the forthcoming onslaught will there be the opportunity for such feelings to linger? Will Mahakal allow such mental barriers to persist? The search for certain facts compels Charan to recollect and raise an earlier context once again. What transpired during the reunion between two outstanding revolutionaries in Indian history on the 7th January 1963. The revolutionary Deshnetri had marked that date in her diary in red as *"V.I."(Very important).* But what was that special event? She writes, " Today at noon an amazing truth was revealed before me. Unthinkable are its possibilities, unimaginable are its portents I have no words to express my feelings. I shall only say,' Oh God Omnipotent! I saw once again, what is capable of happening—

"The ever impossible materializes in the form of the ever possible".

To those whom I addressed these have a whole lot of different reactions.
Then from an endeavour unique sincerity and inspiration and single minded concentration over a period of 8-10 days became possible what was hitherto deemed impossible. (On the 11th to the 16th January her son had gone to appear for the *Emergency Commission* examination at Allahabad. From there he returned dejected from failure. Deshnetri reassured him there was nothing to lose. She intimated him of the unprecedented event and the potential of a colossal mission extending from the Himalayas to the Indian Ocean).

After this there is a mention in the Deshnetri's diary from the 21st to the 31st March'63 *On Mission Work.* After this the details of the journey and the destination have been entered in three slips of paper----22/3/63, 7-15 pm *arrival—Lucknow Station overnight in hotel near station.*

23/3/63.

3 AM departure--- arrived destination at 12.30 noon on 23/3/63, and was lodged in the dharmashala wherein medium and his friend stayed, cooked and ate by 2 PM & went out to see the area in the evening and discovered that neither the Leader nor his doorkeeper are here. Was greatly depressed and felt halted, decided to leave the place next morning.

24/3/63.

*In the morning I deci*ded to stay on *till I get a chance of meeting him. Asked Samar (Samar Guha) to go back. He will go on 25.3.63. Anil (Anil Das of INA) would go on 26.3.63 as he had purchased a ticket to go. Panda (anil) came and said that Mataji has returned, the previous plan changed totally. Three of them went and tried to ingratiate themselves with Mataji, especially Saila (Mrs. Saila Sen). I went there but impersonations were not much effective, my inner pride could not be concealed, felt deep humiliation and was mortified which showed itself, so I left sister & came back as I felt I was completely useless at this stage. I came back and I cooked the meal. Meanwhile the entire place went on filing and filling with people of my motherland, poor and simple, devoid of any worldly comfort nor did they appear to show that they were missing anything. Without food, without clothes, without the elementary necessities of human existence, they flocked during the day and whole night they kept coming. My inner being was stirred until I could hold myself no longer.*

25/3/63

In the morning sister went & met Paramanand and got very useful information from him, in such details that I was almost sure that he has got the news of our presence.

"After having bathed in the ocean day and night I have said from the bottom of my heart 'O my motherland, at they feet I bow my head.' Oh my motherland, this land, its people are my Gods have touched me so intensely and has humbled me, and that young girl who had come 38 years ago with with the fervent prayer to dedicate herself---Who shall accept me, I want to dedicate myself.' What an unique coincidence! The call was sent 38 years ago and after that life took me along its flow, without me having the faintest idea in which shore my vessel would lay its anchor. O Mother of myriad manifestations, on your hands I have entrusted my life's treasures! Set out again I have on this exotic expedition---take me where thee shall, in the way thee shall, concluding the way thy will is to conclude" (Part of this has hitherto been expressed in Charan,s dispatches, possibly a lot of it in 'Jayasree', Pous, 1393 under the heading 'Amay

Sakal rakame kangal korache gorbo korite chur`—(meaning-I have been made a destitute in every possible way to curb my vanity).

But today something has happened to Charan, he wants to pour out everything he has assembled. The desire to do so brooks no hindrance—

26/3/63

Renu (Alias Anıl) left this morning. I really liked this lad. He has been associated with us for so long but had never come this close. So simple and unassuming yet *dignified, efficient,* extremely *rare*. As he left, he said, I am *unlucky*, I do probably everything but precisely when it bears fruit I find there's nothing in it for me. Everything will be fine after I leave.' I felt bad for him. Afterwards, towards 1 p.m. Paramanand turned up, I liked him, even though he was of *urban rational mind*, he didn't appear to me as extraordinary. Shaila had handed over a letter to him in the morning. He came to see me, it appeared probably to *verify* me, and I got a detailed account of how '*L*' received my message. Whatever, when he left he delivered the message 'When I manifest myself you shall be the first person I meet'. I heard it, but did not draw satisfaction from it because there was nothing personal in it---what shall we do? Between 5 -5.30 pm we visited along with Lalita Devi Ved Vyas, Brahmakund, Gomtimukh, Chaitanyadeva's place, etc. The sights were beautiful—and I felt the *environment* and atmosphere of this place gradually *grip* me Is this some infatuation bereft of intellect or is there something eternal in this that is appealing to my soul of several incarnations and creating ripples within it It is amazing how it happens like this.

27/3/63.

We left for tarpan at 7 am after having a bath when it was still dark before dawn. Three of us offered Tarpan [Libation offered to deceased ancestors, 'pitripurusha' in Hindu tradition] at the pilgrimage---the priest asked our wishes, I told him of my desires, Tarpan was conducted, in this world and the others, mobile and immobile----who are the Gods, who are desirous of Tarpan from our hands? At 3 o'clock Saila and Samar would go to Malkin's (Mistress's) place for Ramayana reading Thereafter they would visit Mataji. They brought two sarees for Mataji, and cloth for blouse and chemise for her, and dhoti and cloth for a shirt for Peyari

28/3/63

I could not go there as planned, as my companions were in a quandary My mind was motionless and still, but in the minds of others there were many conflicting thoughts, analyses and ideas at play. The situation was unhealthy but I decided to stay with some afterthought. On the 28th I sent a letter at the behest of many, on which I wrote we would visit on the 30th and would not stay any longer if there was no need and handed over the two books *Mosley's Last Days of B*ritish *Raj* and *Dr Majumdar's History of Freedom Struggle 1st Volume.*

29/3/63

Towards afternoon came Srikant and Jagadamba (Mataji Saraswati Devi Shukla). I was a bit surprised.---no words were exchanged. Thereafter *a cup & saucer set*.....Told us to visit there once before we left.

30/3/63

After having been there for some time, we took some rest there and reached the *station.*
We reached Kolkata on the 31st March. Mukul and *Lee*'s son were present at the railway station. The sight of the boy fills my mind with pleasure. God, in how many times and in how many different ways have I been the recipient of your kindness in my lifetime! After this a letter written on 31.3.1963 reached us—it was *typed* and signed in Hindi.

Shri Kanta Sharma 'Kanha'

Kanh Kuteer
Biswan, (Sitapur)
Dt. 31.3.1963

Respected Smt Leela Roy

I am anxious to hear from you that you have reached your destination after completing your journey with pleasure, happiness and without any difficulty on the way.
I shall ever pray Sri Bhagwan for your welfare
My best wishes to all

With regards,

Your sincerely

(Signature in Hindi)

The reply was sent on 6.4.63.

312, Ganguli Bagan
Naktala, Cal-47
6.4.63.

Dear Sharmaji,

Thank you for your letter dated 31.3.63. kindly inquiring about our happy arrival at the destination. The letter reached me in the noon of 5.4.63. We reached Calcutta in the late evening of 31.3.63. There was great rush as was expected, otherwise we had no difficulty enroute.

Yes, we also earnestly pray that time might be the cause for great joy and relief for us all for our dear mother country in the near future, in hope that we live, work and strive.
May the almighty keep you all in peace & health.
Yours sincerely

Leela Roy

Please note my
P.O. is not Cal-40
But Cal 47. L.R.

The same Kanha had recently testified before the Commission. He is no more today.

After this journey in March the exchange of letters began. It is not possible for Charan with his mobile life to arrange the letters chronologically. For the time being he wants to mention one particular letter—

'A few days earlier I had three consecutive visitors.

I do not know how, among them was one whom Deshbandhu had himself *introduced* and *presented* in his *drawing room*, to the last moment----***constantly***....they said,"... You are still alive despite Shaulmari because you are here in this condition in U P. Had you been in Bengal it would have been 100% impossible to remain incognito. It would have been impossible to remain in hiding enclosed by seven walls The way you talk has not changed even a bit. How can those who do not know you or have not seen or heard you only once or twice realize it? But those who have had your company lifelong---cannot mistake you for anybody else When we were listening to you with our eyes closed----we were recalling scenes and events from the past, at so, so and so places. Your Bengali vocabulary and diction---is exactly identical to that in the past. The same little stammer---with a little drawl---frequent use of the same words that--- 'Korto'[used to do] and 'kore ache' [has done] has remained exactly as it was. .Had you remained in Bengal enclosed within seven walls, the walls would have been brought down----Bengali womenfolk would have brought down the walls with their bare hands Bengali women have not yet died. Bengali menfolk are all but dead.. If women folk wake up, the men perforce shall have to wake up too " I held my breath in fear and asked them in a low voice," Has it not changed one bit? Is it the same voice like that of goats and sheep bleating----is it still the same---after the passage of such a long----time,,,?!" He started weeping inconsolably. He began banging his head on the threshold of the temple as he wept such that....it was Ma [Holy Mother] who came running and got upset! It was Ma who got me up. After the guests had gone, Ma began telling, "True, it hasn't changed one bit; the only new development is; due to the prolonged exile and remaining in solitude amid so many unknown people (and perhaps---as a result of renunciation and the practice of yoga) your words carry a '***NOSTALGIC***" touch As if laced with feminine beauty. There's a ***Mellowed*** tone in it. ***That betokens the years you have gone through".*** Had it not been there it would have been surprising." And today you yourself are saying the same thing—***The style is the man himself—Le stylest L'homme meme'*** This ***French dictum*** is true. Therefore to change [the old style of talking] is an utmost necessity. ***No chance, no risk, no***

failure. So kindly do me one favour; Please write to me ***Passages---long, long passages*** in writing (with comments and explanations) I a way that is ***diametrically opposite*** to the way I think, study and write. I will try to think, study and write in the same way.'

It is not known what measures were adopted after the receipt of that letter, but 'Lee's belief about the true identity of her ***Leader*** was rock solid. That is why she had pledged her life, renounced everything worldly and accepted the Mahasadhaka and Supreme Kshatriya [highest saint-cum-warrior] as her Sadguru [spiritual mentor]. There is no power on earth that can suppress the saga of this supreme spiritual reunion into oblivion. Will the people of this country still remain mesmerised by today's print media, electronic media, the ignorance of the state and the central governments and not come forward spontaneously to raise a storm? Charan wants to spread this message out in all directions.

Jayasree, Magh, 1416 (February 2010)

'....A lot of things to share over a long period, anxiousness'...

A melancholy tune rends the heart. Charan is incapable of singing the sorrowful melody that tears the heart into pieces, what a fervent plea! Mahakal in his velvet soft voice sings the song and carries Charan into an unknown realm that he is clearly unable to express. It is impossible to describe in words the sweetness and tenderness that Mahakal's theme radiates. If there is something called heavenly melody or heavenly theme it is this. Every year during 'Holi' 'Abir' from Mahakal reaches Charan and his comrades-in-arms, the colours of which paints the mind with the colours of the eternal spring.

In his first meeting Mahakal had given a list of necessary items, among them were----a short list of records----

1. Brindaban Nanda Dulal.
2. Jhulane dulibe aaj sundar Giridhari.
3. Pralay nachan nachle jakhan apan bhule he Nataraj.
4. Nechecho parlay nachan he Nataraj.

This child of Bengal in his itinerant life, rambling across hills and mountains, rivers, seas and oceans, countries and continents, while in spiritual meditation in caves, has not been able to forget the Kirtans, Bhajans and songs of Bauls of Bengal. A regular visitor to Mahakal at his place is his childhood friend---himself a renunciate Sanyasi. It had not been possible to mention all that Charan suddenly finds in his hands----the words carry deep significance---

..."Where is the opportunity for you to build up an ***unit*** centered around me? (Have you explained the nitty-gritties of all this to Swamiji? Take care so that he does not faint!).

I am there no more Kamala! Neither do I want to be around. Because you need will and determination, both of which have completely withered from within me.

What we are doing shall definitely be consummated. (I am certain about this) Divided Janani Janmabhumi shall be one. The ***Godless, Greedy Creed (of Communism)*** shall be finished. ***Already I have splitted in two, and the worse devilish one has been split in three.*** (Perhaps outsiders do not know of this) They do not have any other ultimate well wisher protector ***beloved*** maternal uncle ***and strategic adviser....***

Five to six ***Revolts & fighting and uprisings*** have already taken place. But nobody even in their dreams have ever imagined that----it is their ***strategical adviser*** maternal uncle who is (a) repeatedly orchestrating ***revolts***, (b) ***General Death and*** (c) ***General Shiva***----several maps will change---and the quest of ***The Ghost of the Dead*** shall be consummated!

"When one by one the stars do shine
And shoot skyward, unbound from the pyre divine
The scene will end with the setting Sun---
My dolorous quest shall be over and done."

You are making (telling) a mistake Kamala experienced connoisseur though you are. Has an ***Unit*** sprung up centered on me? How is that possible? Where am I? I do not exist! I neither have a centre nor am I stationary. There is nothing. I have become Swaha [cast into the pyre of worship]. ***Frankly, categorically, on Paper "The Ghost of the Dead"*** is not on this side....on the other side. Therefore if someone says I am not on this side it will be ***100% officially correct.*** On the other side both camps think "I am with the opposite camp."....The ***"floating in and/or floating out"***of the ***"Dead Ghost"*** is ***100% off the records, off the tape, off the track,*** if anyone even on this side dares to say that "***The Ghost of the Dead is on the other side;*** then ***those shall be his (or her) last words.***

Besides, there is no certainty of my coming and going (there just cannot be, such is my ***life***). I might (perhaps---if possible get an opportunity to) come and go twice/thrice Or it very much might be that I go out and do not get an opportunity to come back at all
Charan wonders, is the present situation similar?

Yes, your Officer fighter-in-arms are in possession of hundreds of hundreds of caves, small, medium and vast, very vast far flung ground caves. Many of them bear clear evidence of having been inhabited by our civilized forefathers. Thousands of years ago. Your fellow officers & fighters (all Indians) in-arms are in absolute possession. There are caves where in battalions could rest and inhabit.

Amazing and inaccessible is that residing place wherefrom Mahakal shall descend or return to his motherland with his mighty warriors. In the dispatch captioned "'Pledge for truth today my mind I shall' there was the mention of a letter from Mahakal, the dispatch had to be sent with the letter incomplete----I am trying to complete it this time. ....Shoulmari. ...old (you are not old), "eternal".If you are not him, I have had it. Those with whom I had the eternal feelings of

love----besides, even among the inexperienced, ***those who possess even the bare essential rudiments, should have no difficulty in getting at the real truth, and know-and-understand the 'ways', 'what' and 'wherefors'.***

Is so much really needed? (My mouth is watering as I tell you this. Ohh... if someone really gave me that much money,then I would have indulged in the delicacies denied even to Gods; to be chewed-lsucked-licked-drunk " I would have had them prepared by someone, and would pretend to be asleep after filling myself up., and would enjoy car rides everyday! But my ill luck! It's the proverbial "Nepo" who makes off with the "Doi (curd)". [Bengali for opportunist who makes off with the booty]. 'Kamalakanter Daftar'. [Literally 'Kamalakanta's Office', a well known Bengali epic of satirical-humour by the author Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyay]. If the family members accept---and adopt, the Government will do so too. Does 'he' from the other side and family members too want that the ***Govt*** accept it? Then everybody would accept and celebrate and enjoy 'Mohanbhog'! Won't the family elders acknowledge otherwise? The ***Govt*** accepts—and then?!!! A lot of questions, shall they be solved? Will Emperor Louis' wife be accepted? Be goody goody eating and sleeping at home. How about the post of a minister? And some chairs and seats for buddies? Or become the leader of a political party? Even if people accept him as 'Him'. Will Bengal benefit from it? Be informed Bengal shall not benefit even a wee bit. There have been instances of people leaving their homes only to become untraceable and incommunicado---for a prolonged period The Government and all else come to an agreement that he has died Then suddenly comes the news of the person being alive through some source, the missing person returns home(there are instances of missing people having returned after 70 years, the person has gone abroad for 14 years, after that he becomes untraceable, returning after 62 years, his parents have long died, he looks around for his ***sweetheart*** before he went away---gets to know after 8 years she is still living—is unmarried---leading the life of a ***SPINSTER***---living with another name in Scotland, they have met got married) people in and outside the family all celebrate, the member of the family has come back home For some time there is happiness and gaiety, after which it mellows down, that does happen thousands of times in this world. There must be some reason that this is not being 'made to happen'.

Even if and when the people and the Govt are 'made to think' that, the stage is now prepared and it was quite time to play up (the Family comes in readily); then what?! The loaded dice shall remain in their hands; hovering cogs 'might' get some crumbs. (remember---'might'). But honey! Take particular note of the opening phrase,"Even—if and when"(yes).
But I think, Oh dear darling fairy head! You are being a 'killjoy' why? Ain't it be the greatest 'Circus-joy' with the 'luscious things' thrown in?!....You are sure an impossible creature he is surely not dying to sniff your "rosogolla self". In, with all that he has, is he?! Or do you (shall you) like it to be so?! Ha, there, Do not screw up your funny nose petals. Huh, Oh by the way----have you 'butter face' ever heard the name of a certain 'Netaji'---Named---'KIM'?"KIM—IL—SUNG?"to be precise? You have? You haven't?---Blast you----then? Hundreds-of-thousands "died". Hun-of-thou 'Fill'd' their country, of the remaining : Half Bandwagoned Half Acquiesced..oh dear! How I envy his lot!!!

Say 'Huh! The hunchback now wants to learn to lie supine"

(Oh; really!! How I have come to hate the word 'Netaji') Just Abhor it! That's of course another matter.

The original name of '***KIM IL SUNG'*** is ***KIM SUNG CHI.*** The real ***KIM IL SUNG was (or is) a very romantic figure. He became a real legend during the Korean independence struggle. He was a legend: He was 'the one venerated---and loved' by the Koreans. He just disappeared: Korea came under Communism : Communist masters saw that a clamorous and menacing name holder is needed : And Lo! And Behold! The KIM IL SUNG appeared!!! C-IN-C and Prime Minister; got a very beautiful wife in the bargain too! Under the regimentation of Communism, the younger generation soon forgot that "KIM IL SUNG" is not (was not) the real KIM IL SUNG. Those vast number of 'Fools' who at once knew and told (the people) about the fake and refused to be trusted down, were promptly liquidated: stage cleared and set as told above: And it were so easy during those bloody days. After the bloody conflict He "emerged" as the Supreme : Carried out a ruthless purge. The end---King Queen. Long –Live-The KIM IL SUNG—the hero the patriot, the idol romantic of Korea---in Korea! They forgot that KIM THE was KIM THE. Do you know Hitler's doubles! and Lord Monty's? And Stalin's? Hitler's and Lord Monty's were 100% ideal and scrutiny proof: but Stalin's were not,*** but that's besides the point ***Look here you cauliflower! Isn't all this the greatest dog on earth, rib-tickling game on earth?*** Na bhut na bhabishyati? ***Earth can never dream of getting a chance of witnessing-and-enjoying such a grand game---a drama (am sure Victor Hugo, Sir Walter, Old Homer, Shakespeare; and our 'Bana' 'Kalidasa' and the gentleman writer of*** 'Noukadubi' [A Bengali novel authored by Rabindranath Tagore, a romantic suspense drama of mistaken identities]—***are all squirming and cursing themselves for fleeing the world so soon) A grand drama of unlimited canvas---*** painted in bright colours of the rainbow, a veritable mine of each of the 'Navarasas'[The nine moods, dominant emotional themes of Bharatanatyam].

Tickets are getting sold out fast for the first, second, third, special, and box classes for the drama. You want to blow the trumpet and and announce "Shrinwantu Vishwe Amritasya Putra" [Listen oh world, children of the immortal!] But lizards have entered the noses of the hero and heroine (unfortunately, all of a sudden) ---- their spleens have burst from their sneezing ---- the drama has been stopped?! Oh you are a real spoilsport! If after the tickets are sold, the drama is not acted out----then Sir, do you know that the tickets have to be refunded? Or will you twist your lips derisively and say 'hooooo, That's still good In that case, do refund everybody's tickets that they have ***already*** purchased. Tell me. Will you?! Besides, I have been waiting since ages by uniting heaven and earth and the netherworld, peeping out of the ground, with only my head out of it, to see palace erected on quicksand, Sisir Bhaduri's (***God bless his dear soul***) play [a renowned director of Bengali theatre stage] 'Sita' ---what will happen to that? Are you guys kidding? Haven't you seen a clear a-b-r-a-c-a-d-a-b-r-a mighty spell-----about to be enacted? And he shall come only to pass his sarcastic comments! Can you silence and cool the ***cauldron*** that is boiling? It is the jaltarang [Indian melodic percussion instrument] of youth! ***"A dead man's soul" seeing with startled eyes ; his discarded former body being grabbed by a*** "Parkaya pravesh Siddha Yogi [A yogi adept at entering into another human body] ***(so to say) entered-into***

and his (the dead's) tantalizing frills! A thousand-drums-and-trumpets heralding to the high heavens .....yes please place yourself in that vantage point, please! And see-and-enjoy. The show of all shows : Do you mean to say that, I should miss the show.....in-a creation's life cycle?!

Who has been fortunate in having had such an opportunity and witness such a great miracle? Has someone had the good fortune? I haven't read of anyone. Even ***Odysseus*** had returned much earlier. Besides there was somebody who was in the wait "weaving throughout the day and opening it throughout the night' for him. You don't even have anyone like that here. (But this deficiency is being made up in this case).

When you people sit on the tables and chairs and taste 'Jilipi' with tea, then,(if I am alive) I shall quietly mingle among the beggars outside the gates and look for half empty dishes thrown out to lick and and eat from. Then I shall sit by the Ganges and lick my hands.
'Who knew that thou shalt come like the unheralded'----etc ***It is the greatest fun------ that a person can desire.***

If you protest then they will say---you must be---a ***planted agent of America, UK, JN,*** in case you do not forget, an ***agent*** of these three + communist. And that's it! Insult added on injury. Family members will say----"You too turned out to be an enemy?"and ***ed tu Brute***?" 'He from Shoulmari shall say,'A-ha-ha-ha. What a beautiful sight it will be! The family members and the ***Government*** shall felicitate him with everybody rejoicing, you shall stand in front of him----Leelamoyee; He (***N.S.Ch.B)***shall ask jokingly,"Why are you silent? ***Et tu Brute***!? You replied in a grave tone,"whoever said so? Here I am standing---in front of you, don't you know why I was standing silently in front of you?! Then both smiled---all disputes were resolved---the proverbial old lady after tasting the chutney climbed up the babla tree---after that ....yes, its 'after that' which is the cause for-----"worry".

Well, let Chintamoyee [Divine will] worry about it I wonder, Chintamoyee star, are you worried for me?

That is why I was asking; will you be able to do anything by opposing and denying? At least there is some balance left between both sides now. If ever 'something' happens from 'this side'---then he is there on this side after all! And if by God's will, 'that side' gets established as genuine, then it shall be wise to keep the door open for being the 'Chief' on the 'that side'.
Is 'someone' getting 'infuriated' [like brinjal getting fried in oil]? There's no harm in it After the brinjal is properly fried into a beautiful reddish brown hue, then I shall enjoy them yummy and hot I shall share it with nobody; I warn you all beforehand. (I had so many things in my mind to share with you all---but that was not to be—so many things remained unsaid—and died out from my mind).

Hatred, shame, fear, thirst, abhorrence, 'cheti panchami kulang shilang ashtabas prakeertita. Paashbaddha---bhavet jeev baasmukta----sadashiv----it seemed there was only one 'bondage of memory' surrounding me. Anyway----leave it out.' These were holding me back like the

bondages of Maya in the well of ego. Removing all hindrance Providence has given me a lot of pain……"today I feel very light and relieved."

Mahakal relieved himself by putting the mundane burden weighing on his mind on someone else. And the other one got burdened thus relieving Mahakal---one day she also unburdened herself putting her burden at the feet of Bhavatarini at the temple of Dakshineshwar. It is a long story---Charan draws the curtain today with the desire of revealing the entire sage someday.

Jayasree Falgun 1416 (March 2010)

'The time has come to break free from the bondage'.

At a historic moment before the Chaitra Purnima [full moon in the month of Chaitra] as I was about to finish the incomplete account of Mahakal's correspondence a slip of paper suddenly flew in a gale from the Mahakumbha reaching Charan. Charan was speechless at its suddenness and the depth of its significance. A wayfarer is moving around on the shores of the Ganges in hope of gleaning the history of Mahakumbh. While trying to trace the origins and the significance of the Mahakumbh, he stumbled on to a Hindi speaking holy man, who advised him to see a Bengali speaking holy man, and the Bengali holy man in turn directed him to the God realized Barfani Dada as the source of all answers to his queries. The wayfarer after reaching the tent of Barfani Dada hears that there is no chance of meeting Barfani Dada on that day. No sooner than he started contemplating returning out of disappointment than he heard the announcement that the seer is arriving and ----would give 'Darshan'[audience] to devotees It was about eight in the morning The wayfarer chose a vantage point and sat down eagerly looking forward to an interview with Barfani Dada. He was barely a few feet away from Barfani Dada as he took his seat He asked Baba's assistants and followers whether he would be allowed to ask him some questions He was promptly refused. After some time there was some shuffling in the assembly of devotees, seizing the opportunity he came right in front of Barfani Dada and asked permission to ask some questions. Barfani Dada smiled and agreed He asked him straightaway,'Baba, you have stated Netaji is still alive, is it true?' 'Yes it is very much true. He is alive and presently he is underground in the Himalayas. At present he is not within India.'

The fragrance of sandal smeared on the Baba permeated the whole area. The wayfarer sat there feeling blessed and his efforts worthwhile. About half an hour elapsed, a car arrived and the holy man famed to be over two hundred years old with flowing red and white beard---clad in white dhoti and kurta, lost in his world of spiritual contemplation disappeared in it '

This news was unexpected for Charan. Charan is praying constantly for the presence of Mahakal, that is why this news is of deep significance for him.

Charan recalls in the seventies, during the Purnakumbh Charan and his companions had gone to see Mahakal at his residence. On that occasion the Kumbh was held at Prayag---whole day the Pandas were coming for an audience with Mahakal and for specific directions before proceeding for the holy dip in the river.

On this occasion his representative Barfani Dada is present, who claims to enjoy proximity to Mahakal.
Blessed is the wayfarer. Blessed is Charan. Charan and innumerable regular readers and followers of Mahakal kathan are fervently praying for that auspicious moment of his appearance.

Charan has repeatedly tried to depict episodes in the amazing life of Mahakal, all of which he has not been able to present. He will now try to present some of those untold anecdotes---
"

1. I have seen statues of different mythological Gods and Goddesses all over Europe---I have seen statues of their ***saints***. if you ask an illiterate Hindu from a village he will be able to tell precisely whose statues they are.

2. Three very aged Egyptians had told me that the "lost tribes of the Jews" were not actually lost. They have married outside their community, they had provided the directions to the routes they took, I could not follow them because of my 'work' They were the ones who informed me ***conclusively*** that ***Jesus*** had come to India and joined the 'Nathyogi'community and whom he got as his guru [spiritual mentor]. He has a deep relationship with Bengal.

3. Leave aside the length of the Himalayas, take only the breadth. Nobody has any idea about what is happening in three fourths of the ***350 miles*** of its breadth ***as the crow files.*** Perhaps I have only been fortunate enough to witness one thousandth of it. What little I have seen---puts the Arabian Nights to shame It was at the Llulang and the Tholing monasteries that I first learnt that 'The ashram is our sage Agasthya still exists ".. there are people who stay here. There are arrangements for the stay of all visitors who chance to reach there.

4. I had heard from a red faced monkey (? European) about a curse inflicted on ***General Tojo*** by a Chinese monk for some heart rending crime committed by Tojo precisely predicting the date of the general's gory death I had taken a Chinese gentleman from a very aristocratic Chinese family to a cave in the mountains. . .(He had briefed me beforehand about the formalities to be observed). Myself along with that aristocrat reached the cave....the holy man was lying supine full length in the cave and as I reached there he got up in a hurry and with his skeletal frame came forward reaching out to me His appearance was so fearsome that even a naughty impish intractable rowdy like me began to feel scared. His skin was like yellow parchment---his body an ugly skeletal frame with the limbs hanging out, wearing a (perhaps silken) yellow flowing robe neck downwards reaching the ground, his lips moving in an almost inaudible speech with his forefinger pointing at me, but I was unable to understand anything, rather I began shaking in fear. After two to three hours a lamp was lit----deep inside the cave----there were many, many more caves, he stood in front of one such cave----we stood behind him---he kept speaking, like he was hissing,he lighted something and did something in front of the cave, a boulder gradually slid leaving the cave open....what happened.. .and what I

saw.....is impossible to write. All this shall remain secret till one day. I can only say this much that ---My eyes could not withstand what I saw for about half an hour----I closed my eyes. A beautiful little diagram drawn on a page, a Blue Sapphire[Neelam]. Some very small gems and perhaps a tola (11.66 grams) gold (perhaps some other metals were also amalgamated with the gold)---in my hand. I was shaking violently. The boulder in front of the cave was open and in front of me, about five feet away was the Chinese tantric and two feet in front of the Chinese tantric lay supine----my companion like a corpse. (At that moment I really thought that he had died). I said to myself 'Su----!' now you've come face to face with nemesis. This is beyond yur power of tolerance----you are now under the spell of Mahashakti. It's difficult to come out alive.'...***LEE!*** you won't be able to imagine the state of my helplessness. But then my inner self became extremely anxious and said out,O Mother dear, I have not been able to consummate your Sadhana. I care neither for death nor fear. I am your son, my death is in your hands, but Mother of mine! Here I am, engrossed in your Sadhana, and it is you who's going to grind this homeless child of yours to death! Ma---Ma Kali---Chandi---Bhawani! In front of me appeared at first my own mother's affectionate face. Looking intently at her unfortunate son----simultaneously appeared----Kali-Chandi-Bhawani—reassuring face of the Holy Mother. I was fervently chanting 'Sarvamangala Mangalye Shive Sarvarthasadhike Sharanya Tryamvake Gouri Narayana Namohstute. Twama Srıtanang Na bipannananag Twamashrita Hrasyayatang Prayanti.' The Chinese monk got up, embracing me with his skeletal hands. .....the entrance to the cave closed ... ...We came out of the cave .....He saw those things in my hand... ...He said----'Within seven days you will be crossing over to the other side---therefore you won't get the opportunity here. As soon as you reach the other side you shall get a ring made exactly in the specifications and scale laid out in the diagram----you shall return within twenty days-------I was speechless! He examined the blue Sapphire very closely and said 'look', I saw that from the middle of the Sapphire to one edge of it was a ***FIVE FRAYED STAR*** already ***formed*** within it. Whatever he said can b summarized thus; Bhawani Mahoday, son of Surya (Sun), Lord Shani (Saturn) is protecting you with utmost care by forming a protective cover from all sides, just like a mother protects her unborn baby within her womb He is the destroyer for everybody else, so when it is Lord Shani himself who is protecting you from all sides----then it is within nobody's power to harm you Look at this Sapphire, its colour is deep blue, which is extremely intense in nature. Shani is a favourite and a plenipotentiary of God. That is why you have received it Lord Shani always remains hidden behind an impenetrable veil of mystery----so shall be hidden behind an impregnable mystery your life too. Even Gods and Goddesses wilt before the aggressiveness of Lord Shani, accordingly he has been protecting you lifelong and shall continue to do so. This is why he has gifted you this blue sapphire. Do not wear it always---if you do so---its ruling Lord---will make you indifferent to everything mundane Wear it sometimes. If it is worn by any other individual, then one of the four consequences shall inevitable befall him or her: harm to health; financial loss; loss of peace and death.

For the greatest benefit Lord Saturn encircles Himself seven times in cosmic circles. Even so He keeps you.....He is the most benign. (this was news to me). Always wear it on such and such day.

5. I was amazed to learn that there are some in ***N.W.F.P.*** who read Ramayana at night. It was an eye-opener for me when I came to learn the cause----the purpose of dropping the mildest of

hints to you in this respect is that the reaction of all this is occurred within me. When I interact with people anywhere and everywhere, with ***Heads*** and ***key men***, I have come to know of their inner thoughts, what they are inside and what they exhibit themselves to be before the rest of the world. I take lessons from all these; what is acceptable to us and what should be rejected outright. How to conduct myself with whom so that the purpose would be best served----I draw my lessons from all these---rectify my mistakes. I have learnt how small I am, how insignificant, how ***PUNY,*** all my pride and egoism has been ground to dust (perhaps it would be a boast to say so). I have understood what kind of foolish pride I was possessed with. ----Why----I told you all this, I really do not know (nobody else knows it too) perhaps----deep in some corner of my mind there is this lurking thought that—if Ma Kali suddenly takes me up in her lap in course of her work then one person---only one person---shall remain who knows about me. That's it, nothing more than that. Its good to keep a ***robust jesting attitude***. In happiness and sorrow, in relations---in poverty, in victory and in defeat, the one who is able to maintain a ***robust jesting attitude*** retains the strength to attain his objective. He does not lose his head, you need to divide yourself into two parts. I beg of you not to misunderstand me.

I have told you ***categorically on my word*** and am again telling you . ***The Bengal (Bengal means India and beyond) which shall rise. The thing which is taking shape, the catalysis which is now operating is invincible, irresistible. It shall take shape and*** Ma ***willing shall be permanent. I love you and in that purity of heart I tell you that there's no force which can nullify the onsurge.***

For this reason ---the "Dead" ----must have to remain----"Invisible" and Dead".
I have told you and am telling you again that accursed Communism shall not remain---not remain------even its roots shall be dug out and burnt. Half of it has ***already*** been painted in the colour of the ***Dead***. Let them jig and dance for the time being. I have already told you what the fate of ***M.CH*** shall be. Just keep watching You shall see with your own eyes that each and every word of the "Dead" shall come true When one after the other revelations come true you'll say,"See! How true! So and so had said this long ago----it's happening exactly the way he predicted... "

Communists and their allied parties ***SHALL NOT REMAIN IN INDIA. ALIEN STRONGHOLD----ANY MORE---OF ANY TYPE."***

Time is nigh, Charan can well guess how far reaching is the significance of Mahakal's letter to Deshnetri---the contemporary developments at home and abroad bear testimony to this---the only prayer is---may the power of his Sadhana radiate from even abroad to the horizons. May the blazing Sun of the future emerge piercing the earth of the Himalayas and shine bright on all----obeisances to the creator of that future.

Jayasree, Chaitra 1416 (April 2010).

Epilogue

Sri Subhas Chandra Bose

Worldly Life, Renunciate life--- Afterlife – what happened afterwards?

We from 'Jayasree' bequeath our all encompassing and ultimate obeisance to the man of India's destiny Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose on his 107th birth anniversary We pray for the younger generation; devoid of the spirit of struggle and diligence, frivolous and self centered, may they come back to their senses---we begin our presentation in askance for benedictions for the reawakening of the youth of India from him on his birthday.

It seems that after a prolonged wait the innate strength of India is gradually beginning to assert itself---in the light of this developement we need to keep an eye on the long term consequences of the SAARC meet held in Islamabad recently at the initiative of the South Asian Nations. In the same breath we cannot help noticing that the ruling family in India which has left no stone unturned in utilizing the national media to propagate paeans sung in praise of the former Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru is finding to its dismay the gradual loss of it's effect. Recently, thanks to the disclosures of the Churchill papers in electronic media the sordid affair between Pandit Nehru and Edwina Mountbatten has been exposed. The countrymen have realized it has nothing to enrich itself from Pandit Nehru whose personal life was blemished by his bohemian lifestyle and moral turpitude despite being in the pinnacle of the power structure in India; rather as an after effect of relentless propaganda by the ruling party the countrymen are directionless and confused The moral degeneration of the youth has stemmed not only from the example set by the high and mighty of the Nehru era and leaders of parties which have branched out from the Congress but even the majority of the so called leftist leadership and their workers who are endowed with the same aforementioned vices, as a result, the youth did not have any role model to look forward to and draw inspiration from.

The nineteenth century scenario of Bengal and thereby India saw the emergence of illuminated and brilliant leaders like Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa, Ma Sarada, Sri Bijoy Krishna Goswami, Swami Vivekananda, Bal Gangadhar Tilak, Ramana Maharshi, Sri Aurobindo, Rabindranath Tagore, Keshab Chandra Sen, Deshbandhu Chittaranjan Das, Sister Nivedita, etc, and the cumulative effect of their powerful influence instilled within the youth the spirit of sacrifice and

service up to the early twentieth century---that atmosphere has been eroded by the wayward and frivolous ways of the subsequent ruling dispensation. Today, in the centenary year of the partition of Bengal and the emergence of nationalist struggle we take the opportunity to re-warn the youth of this country once again urging them to look for ways to join what was torn asunder on the 15th August 1947. To describe the nature of the one to whom we paid our obeisances at the very outset of this presentation---we quote the following lines from the 'Gita'

Pashya me Partha Rupani Shatashohatha Sahahsrasah
Nanabidhani Divyani Nanavarnakritani cha.
Pashyadityan Vasun Rudranashwinau Marutastatha
Bahunyadrishtapurvani pashyashcharyani Bharata.
Gita, Shloka 11//5-6

[Shri Bhagwan said, O Partha, witness this unique manifestation of mine characterized by innumerable colours, forms and shapes and thousands upon thousands of different bodies. O Bharata, witness in this corpus of mine the twelve Adityas, eight Vasus, eleven Rudras, two Ashwini Kumars and the forty nine Maruts, which you have never witnessed before, behold myriad such amazing objects].

To understand the Indian Pilgrim Subhas Chandra the study of Gita, Ramayana and Mahabharata is de rigeur. This is no exaggeration; it will not suffice marvelling at any one of his multiple manifestations---we need to visualize his unmitigated manifestation in our mind's eye---only then following him in his footsteps shall be worthwhile The revolutionary philosopher Anil Ray had endeavoured to portray this manifestation of his in his lifetime

Let us visualise the persona of Subhas Chandra prior to the 18th of August 1945 in brief before proceeding to dwell upon and analyse the aforementioned analogy from the passage in the 'Gita'. The eternal itinerant Indian Pilgrim and India's Man of destiny made his appearance on this mundane world at the behest of Swamiji [Swami Vivekananda] as a heavenly body relocating itself from its celestial abode at 12-15 hrs on the 23rd January, 1897 His primary education was initiated in an English Medium School and thereafter he continued in a vernacular school under the tutelage of Beni Madhab Das---followed by the inculcation of the values of patriotism, sacrifice, service to others, striving for emancipation, struggle and conflict at every step in life, conflict at the Presidency College, the manifestation of nationalist sentiments, completion of college education, journey abroad, emergence with flying colours in the highest examination in the then British Indian administrative services, resignation from the service, return to India and acceptance of Deshbandhu Chittaranjan Das as political mentor. The subsequent phase comprised of grooming and preparation for taking over the mantle of leadership in the spirit of sacrifice and service, stint as the Chief Executive of the Calcutta Corporation, imprisonment in far away Burma and subsequent release, earnest attempts to shape up the Indian youth, emphasis on the role of youth in national planning and nation building, sense of duty and inculcation of the practice of leading a life based on ideals, expression of his political goals in the 1928 Calcutta Congress---the demand for 'Purna Swaraj'[complete independence] and simultaneously invoking the blessings of our ancestors in the creation of an army of liberation---the Supreme Commander of which was he himself. Mockery and brutal

jibes from his detractors---expression of the goals of the struggle for India's independence----in the same breath the background of international politics---having a ringside view of its dynamics---understanding and imbibing it's nature---meetings and prolonged discussions and interactions with the greatest intellectuals of Europe viz Bertrand Russell, Harold Lasky, Romain Rolland, etc, return to the country, election to the post of the President of the Indian National Congress--- conceptualization of a modern independent India with a blueprint for administrative and economic planning---differences with an ageing monolithic Indian political leadership out of sync with prevailing international political situation and emergence as a leonine leader in the international scenario prior to the Second World War pushed Subhas Chandra into an inevitable collision course with it. Poised on one side were Gandhiji and his followers and on the other side were those who were tearing at the leash to inflict the final blow to the British colonizers in India using the golden opportunity that the outbreak of the Second World War provided--- ousted and frustrated Subhas Chandra fast reorganizing forces with his line of thinking and creation of the Forward Bloc platform. All those revolutionaries who wanted complete independence for India in Bengal and the rest of India rallied under the leadership of Subhas Chandra in this platform. Journey to the distant Germany after handing over the mantle of leadership to a handful of trusted followers after encountering insurmountable hurdles in waging the struggle for independence from within the country.The prominent among the leadership to whom he handed over this leadership in India were Maharaj Trailokyanath Chakraborty, revolutionary Anil Roy, revolutionary Leela Roy, revolutionary Satya Ranjan Bakshi, et al Disappointed with Russia, taking up residence in Germany, creation of the Azad Hind Fauz, propaganda campaign against the British through the Indian Legion---always remaining watchful about Russia. Scrupulous avoidance of any harsh undiplomatic words---always exercising an attitude of equanimity during mutual interactions.Hitler's strategic blunder in international politics--- emergence in the war theatre of the South East Asia realising the imminent fall of Hitler's aggressive and headstrong fascism, extensive groundwork by the great revolutionary Rash Behari Bose in the Far East as a prelude to the Indian independence struggle—greater East Asia Conference with the participation of the small East and Southeast Asian nations and declaration of war against the British imperial forces- rapid advance towards the Indian frontier at the head of the Indian National Army after its creation and streamlining and formation of the Provisional Government of Free India (Azad Hind Government) and his transformation as Netaji But the consequences of the anti Fascist war waged by the Soviet Union in collusion with the Allied powers indirectly favoured the British, Japan's defeat followed by surrender. The Azad Hind Fauz dealt a sledge hammer blow at the eastern gateway of India and returned Netaji did not surrender, he only declared a ***ceasefire***---a courageous expedition by a strong nation---his preparations were going on since long before according to the war emerging scenario. He has realized that the imperialist British would not lose the war, but its backbone would snap---the clarion call for independence that he had given would spread in every direction with devastating effect and in the post war scenario the British Empire would disintegrate And the bonhomie of the British with the Russians would soon disappear with the end of the war. The post war international scenario of the future would see the imperialist British and the Americans on one side and the Communist Russians with the socialist Bloc would be on the other. He had clearly foreseen this polarization even before the war had ended. This is the reason he had consciously never uttered one word against the Russians. Besides, he had sent his envoy long ago to the Russians in view of the future possible necessity of having to seek political sanctuary in Russia.

His plans were known to the top echelons of the Japanese leadership and accordingly they had prepared a plan in utmost secrecy, by virtue of which it would be possible for Netaji to reach Russian occupied territory safely. Netaji set foot on Russian occupied territory behind the haze of the story of an air crash in a Sally Bomber at Taihoku airport on the 18th August, 1945. The news of his presence in Russia and subsequent sojourn in China in 1949 has been documented in his biography published by Interpress. The sage of Subhas Chandra----Netaji Subhas Chandra ends here. His presence in contemporary China was published in *The Nation*, a newspaper brought out by his elder brother [Mejda] Sarat Chandra Bose under the headlines **Netaji in Red China** in its issue dated the 7th October, 1949.

After this began the next phase in his life, with the Chinese expansionist aggression over Tibet, which resulted in clashes in Lhasa. The leadership for the Tibetan Khampa tribe was provided by an powerful leader among them. After the Chinese authorities occupied Tibet and got busy in reducing Dalai Lama and Panchen Lama into their vassals it was the Dalai Lama who gave the signal for revolt. Someone named 'General Death' among the Khampas in Lhasa emerged showing exemplary and intense courage and firmly kept the Chinese forces at bay as Dalai Lama was spirited out of Lhasa and was escorted all the way into India. (*Ref: Dalai Lama*, Lowell Thomas Jr). This mysterious leader was known as General 'Death' or General 'Shiva' He crossed over into the borders of India sometime in the fifties. Thereafter, he had a prolonged stay in Nepal and a wide adjoining area in India in North India and established contacts with different people He came to be known in various names. Swamiji, Mendicus, Sadgurudev, Shiv, Pathik Faquir, etc. At one point of time Swamiji came in contact with Sri Atul Sen. Atul Sen intimated the news of his encounter to the renowned historian Ramesh Chandra Majumdar, and Ramesh Chandra Majumdar documented their conversations in the pages of 'Jayasree' But Atul sen broke the promise of secrecy and wrote about the news of his presence to India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru The Sanyasi got annoyed at this and cut off all contacts with Atul Sen But at the presence and the heat of the sun can be felt even in an overcast sky, likewise his presence could be felt for a prolonged period in Lucknow, Naimisharanya, Ayodhya, Basti and Faizabad over a prolonged period Through some source Dr Pabitra Mohan Roy, erstwhile official of the secret service of the Azad Hind got clues to the presence of his leader at Naimisharanya. In the initial stages there was only an exchange of letters, no face to face conversation, and this was the modus operandi of both to verify each other's identity and in the subsequent period the sanyasi sent requests for some essential items for himself. Dr Roy after his return to Calcutta failed to procure all the items on his leader's wish-list and approached the revolutionary Leela Roy disclosing everything and appealed for help in the procurement of the items asked for by his leader. Leela Roy by her tireless efforts satisfied the demands of the leader--- in a subsequent period Leela Roy, Samar Guha, Shaila Sen and Anil Das (Renu) – (who was attached with the Azad Hind Fauz. (On the 16th August, Netaji in a letter to Gen Bhosle instructed him to provide Anil Das with money, weapons and a transmitter, Anil Das had received them). Anil Das had been awaiting orders from Netaji in Bangkok but when he did not receive any communication from Netaji till the fifties, he returned home (India). At Naimisharanya Sanyasi Faquir presented Leela Roy with a cup and a saucer used by him packed up and tied in a piece of saffron cloth as a memento.

The entry in Leela Roy's diary on 29/3/63 reads 'Towards afternoon came Srikant and Jagadamba (Mataji Saraswati Devi Shukla). I was a bit surprised.---no words were exchanged. Thereafter *a cup & saucer set*..... Leela Roy had been present here between the 21st -31st March 1963. Captioned *On Mission Work*.

Thereafter Kamalakanta Ghosh, Santosh Bhattacharya. Sunil Das, Shailendra Sundar Das, Apurba Ghosh, Dulal Nandi et al were sent there in turns during the lifetime of Leela Roy and after her demise Bijoy Nag also visited him. At some point of time the Anushilan Samity revolutionary Ashutosh Kali also went there along with Dr Pabitra Mohan Roy to visit the sanyasi. Besides, Sunil Krishna Gupta was also in touch. After coming in touch with him after his return, Leela Roy suspended all her political activities and entered a life of ceaseless Sadhana and used to address the Sanyasi by the epithet 'Leader'. She devoted herself to whatever little alleviation of physical hardships of the Sanyasi as was possible on her part. This was the prime objective of all representatives whom she despatched in the service of the Sanyasi. The only resolve was to ensure the physical well being and some mental pleasure for the supremely renunciate Sanyasi. The list of activities to that end is long. She neither ever raised questions about his former life ['Purvashrama' in the parlance of Hinduism] nor did she ever invite any reference to his former life and take any initiative for disclosure of publicity thereof. This injunction and the oath of secrecy was adhered to with the strictest possible discipline. The cup and the saucer that was presented to Leela Roy was stolen in a burglary during the emergency period by breaking into Bijoy Nag's residence in his absence---this was no ordinary theft. References to these incidents were drawn during the Commission of Inquiry conducted by the Honourable Justice Mukherjee probing into the disappearance of Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose. Leela Roy did not carry out her mission for her own satisfaction or for her own publicity. She initially sent the Kabiraj revolutionary Kamalakanta Ghosh for the relief of all 'Leader's physical ailments and aided by his *diagnosis* Dr S K Das (Masjidbari street) treated him regularly------irregular hours and prolonged standing in war zones resulted in his suffering from painful *varicose veins* and along with it he also had an old ailment—haemorrhoids and it was through Leela Roy's tireless endeavour and his physician's ceaseless efforts that they were relieved

Did Leela Roy intimate others about his presence in India?

Yes, she conveyed the news of his presence in India to his close friend Dilip Kumar Ray, Swami Aseemananda Saraswati, Maharaj Trilokyanath Chakraborty (he was intimated through the special messenger Shailendra Kumar Roy who was sent to East Pakistan), Ashrafuddin Ahmed Chowdhury, Dr Ramesh Chandra Majumdar, Ashutosh Ganguly, Bina Bhowmick, et al, as also Hemchandra Ghosh and Satya Ranjan Bakshi. Among those who were close to him, she intimated Hari Vishnu Kamath, Nishithnath Kundu and the renowned lawyer of Patna Basanta Kumar Ghosh. In addition, she used to disclose some information in meetings to forty trusted followers. These meetings were designated as 'special' and the agenda used to be stated as 'Leader'. Those congregating in these meetings used to make financial contributions according to their individual capabilities. It was through the help from several people that the personal expenses of the Sanyasi Faqir used to be met His elder brother Suresh Chandra Bose too had links with this group.

We remember with the deepest regards those who were completely devoted to him and sacrificed everything for him during his former life and his life as a renunciate. Especially the unimaginable sacrifice, service and commitment towards him shown by Kabiraj Kamalakant Ghosh, Sunil Das and Santosh Bhattacharya. History will one day reveal the great mission of these men who silently obeyed and carried out their orders from their Netri [Leader-Leela Roy]. But looking at the current trends of publicity all around----it appears that the onus of doing this lies on 'Jayasree'.

Subhas Chandra-Netaji in his Purvashrama and Bhagwanji-Mendicus-Pathik-Faquir had dreamt of an Undivided India---a federation of the Asian continent---whose leadership would be provided by India. His political mentor Deshbandhu Chittaranjan Das had dreamt of an Asian federation. It has already been mentioned that the Greater East Asia Conference was a manifestation of this thinking. Are today's SAARC, Asian Currency, joint efforts towards curbing terror, the initiative towards commemorating the events of 1857 jointly in India, Pakistan and Bangladesh indirect indications towards the fruition of someone's dreams? History and events of the coming days will answer that question.

Lending our voice to that of Swami Vivekananda and Netaji who once gave the clarion call for the awakening of youth in this country we appeal to the Indian youth once again---Arise....youth power----take the initiative to build a new India overcoming your inertia leaving all that is ignominious behind! Today at this auspicious moment I take the opportunity to utter the mantra of obeisance which I had the great fortune of uttering at his feet one day---

Namah Purastadatha Prishtha Taste Namohstu te Sarvata Eva Sarva
Ananta Beeryamitbikramastwang Sarvang Tatohasi Sarvah
Pitahasi Lokasya Characharasya Twamasya Pujyashcha Gururgareeyan
Na Twatsamohastubhyadhikah Kutohanyo Lokatrayehapyapratim Prabhav

11/40 & 43

[I offer my salutations in front of thee, I offer my salutations behind thee; O omni-manifesting! Thou Art Omnipresent, I offer my salutations, everywhere thou art; unlimited is thy chivalry and courage, Thy ubiquity is all pervading, therefore thou art in everything that be!

O Omnipotent, thou art the father of all that lives and that doesn't; Thou art adorable; Greater than the mentor of mentors thou art! In the three worlds, there's none equal to thee, greater than thee how can one be? 43]

· There are a few more names worth mentioning who had devoted themselves to the service of Bhagwanji by the order of Leela Roy indirectly. They are Shailendra Kumar Roy and Sarada Charan Basu.

Jayasree, Editorial, Pous, 1410, (2004)

Revolutionary Deshnetri Leela Roy

Leela Roy, of legendary fame, a relentless crusader against all social and political inequities and injustices, a great intellectual and a literary talent, she was a born-leader and a woman of vibrant and multi y (Nee Leelabati Nag) was one of the foremost revolutionaries of Bengal A patriot of almost ledimensional personality During the hectic days of her public career she plunged herself headlong into various spheres of our national life.

She was born into a family of Sylhet (now Bangladesh) on 2 October 1900 at Goalpara of Assam. The family originally family hailed from Barodi,Dhaka (erstwhile Dacca) The earlier generation of the Nag family migrated to Sylhet.

The idealistic, fearless and patriotic spirit of father Rai Bahadur Girish Chandra Nag, who retired as Deputy Magistrate of Dhaka District, and grand father Prakash Chandra Deb, first Indian Registrar in the secretariat of Assam Government, influenced Leela's early life Her mother Kunjalata taught her daughter how to serve selflessly. She had a religious bent of mind with great devotion to truth. Her home was an abode of self dedication and patriotism Besides her parents Leela was greatly influenced by Swami Vivekananda, Sister Nivedita and Poet Tagore.

She completed school education from 1911-17 at the Eden High School, a residential institution at Dhaka. In 1917 she passed her entrance examination with a scholarship She graduated from Bethune College, Calcutta in 1921 standing first among the girl students and was awarded Padmavati Gold Medal and a cash prize of Rs 100/- She passed her M.A. in English from Dacca University in 1923. She happened to be the first girl student of that University.

Leela Nag was renowned as an activist and educational reformer in Dhaka which was a focal point of anti-British activism, secret societies such as Anushila, Jugantar and Sri Sangha which were dubbed 'terrorist' by the British Government.. In 1921 Leela Nag as the Assistant Secretary of' Nikhil Banga Nari Votadhikar Samiti'(All Bengal Women's Franchise Association) had arranged various meetings to form public opinion about social and economic rights of women. 1923 she along with twelve of her friends founded the Deepali Sangha for all-round development of women. With an objective of enhancing women's education during 1923-29 she founded several Girls' Schools like Deepali School, New High, School, Nari Siksha Mandir, Siksha Bhavan, and Siksha Niketan. Nari Siksha Mandir has now been renamed as 'Shere Bangla Mahavidyalay',.She made an important contribution to Muslim women's education also. Deepali School founded by her has subsequently been renamed as Qamrunnessa Girls' School in Dhaka.

In 1925, joined Sree Sangha- a well known revolutionary group led by Hemchandra Ghosh and Anil Roy. She formed Deepali Chhatri Sangha, a student wing of that revolutionary group- Preetilata Waddedar a martyr of Chittagong Armory Revolt was one of her student recruits, Deepali Chhatri Bhavan, an under-cover revolutionary Centre was established at Calcutta for underground armed revolutionary activity. During the troubled years of 1927-28, when women were targets of physical attacks, she set up a fund entitled 'Mahila Atma Raksha Fund'(Fund for women's self-defence), one of the first self-defence martial arts groups in the region. She also established a society known as 'Gana Shiksha Parishad'(Association for Mass Education) for spreading female education at mass level Her ceaseless work in the field of women's emancipation continued even after independence, she founded Jatiya Mahila Sanghati – a women's organization in 1946 at Dhaka and Calcutta, established a working and needy Girls' Hostel at Calcutta.

She was a delegate in the Calcutta Congress Session in 1928 and presented a paper on the History of Women's movement in Bengal.. She was the founder-editor of 'Jayasree' a women's monthly journal and was published with the blessings of poet Tagore in 1931.She was the first women detainee under Bengal Ordinance Act from Dhaka and was detained in different prisons from 20 December 1931 to 7 October 1938 She became a Member of the Women's Sub-Committee of the National Planning Commission, while Subhas Chandra Bose was the President of All India Congress

On 13 May 1939 she married her compatriot Anil Roy.

She joined the Forward Bloc on its formation by Subhas Chandra Bose and dedicated herself in the work of that organization. In July 1940 Leela and Anil Roy were arrested on charges of defacing the Holwell Monument in Calcutta. She became the editor of 'Forward Bloc Weekly' founded & edited by Subhas Chandra Bose. From 6 July 1940 Immediately after the failure of Cripp's Mission on the night of March 11, 1942 Leela was arrested and imprisoned till 1946. After the Calcutta and Noakhali riots of 1946 she took up relief work in the name of National Service Institute. For her Noakhali relief work she drew high appreciation from Mahatma Gandhi. She was elected as a Member of the Constituent Assembly in 1946. She opposed

Partition and resigned from the Constituent Assembly, formed East Bengal Minority Welfare Central Committee , doing massive relief and rescue work.

Rehabilitation of refugees from East Pakistan- she settled refugees in between Tollygunge to Ranikuthi and adjacent areas of Calcutta on behalf of the East Bengal Minority Welfare Central Committee. She opposed the Unauthorized Person's Eviction Bill 1951, organized protest meetings and demonstrations, It was due to her relentless struggle the Bill was revised and was enacted as "Resettlement of Refugees and Eviction of persons in Unauthorized Occupation of Land Act 1951".

With her initiative Forward Bloc (Subhasist) merged with Praja Socialist Party, she along with her close associates Sunil Das, Atindranath Bose, R.S Ruikar, H.V.Kamath,Swami Ashimananda Saraswati, Nisithnath Kundu, Prof Samar Guha & many others joined P.S.P. She became a member of the Central Committee in 1953 and was the Chairperson of the West Bengal State Praja Socialist Party. Her last imprisonment was in 25 March 1964 during the 'Save East Bengal' movement.

Leela Roy met the Warrior Saint at Naimishranya (Neemsar) at U.P.in March 1963 accompanied by Kaviraj Kamalakanta Ghosh, Shailaq Sen(called by Bhagwanji Shailukumari), Prof Samar Guha, & Anil Das (Renu) of INA Secret Service. Leela Roy with her team stayed their for 10/12 days. Bhagwanji presented a Tea cup with plate wrapped in saffron cloth, Later he presented his self used Schaeffers Pen to Lee as a token of remembrance.

She disclosed about her contact with Bhagwanji-Netaji to her close associates and important personalities of the country The entire episode came into light during the proceedings of Justice Mukherjee Commission of Inquiry on Netaji ef Evidence of Bijoy Nag, Editor of Jayasree and nephew of Leela Roy

After a massive cerebral attack on 4 February 1968 she remained in a state of coma for 29 months and left this mortal world on 11 June 1970 A portrait of Leela Roy was unveiled by Prime Minister Dr Manmohan Singh at Central Hall of Parliament on 22 December 2008. Her greatness lies in her supreme sacrifice and her glory in her achievements through perpetual struggle She will ever shine forth as the morning star and illumine the path of mankind for ages to come.

Revolutionary Anil Roy

A man of impressive appearance, he was a gymnast of exceptional skill , a musical prodigy displaying equal virtuosity in the ancient and modern songs and also a talented instrumentalist. He mastered classical music and could sing Hindi and Urdu songs with equal ease and felicity. Himself a poet, he composed many songs, and was a master of many languages His proficiency

in Sanskrit drew him to the mysteries of Hinduism. An ardent revolutionary, a radical political thinker, a selfless social worker, a philosopher and a litterateur of exceptional ability. Anil Chandra combined in himself all those unique elements that go into the makeup of many faceted life destined for the leadership of men.

Born in a middle class family of Dhaka (erstwhile Dacca), Bangladesh, on May 26,1901 to Arun Chandra and Saratkumari Debi at Baira, Manickgunje (now in Bangladesh) .Father Arun Chandra held a high post in the Government Education Department. Though their ancestral house was at Gobindapur village under Nababganj Thana Arun Chandra purchased a house at Buxi Bazar in Dhaka Town at his service place.

Anil passed entrance examination from Dhaka Collegiate School in 1917, He graduated from Dhaka College in 1921 and passed MA in English from Dacca University in 1923 He joined the revolutionary fraternity lead by Hemchandra Ghosh when he was a school student. In his early life Anil came in contact with Swami Brahmananda & Swami Premananda of Ramakrishna Mission and thus inspired by Swami Vivekananda he founded Social Welfare League – a Social service organization which under took night classes for adult poor in general and Muslims in particular. The Secretary and Chairman of Social Welfare League were Anil Roy & Dr Gyan Chandra Ghose, renowned Scientist, respectively. Anil was one of the founders of Sri Sangha, a revolutionary Party of Bengal He put great emphasis on the all-round development – physical, intellectual and moral – of his young followers. This ultimately resulted in the formation of a party which was one of the best revolutionary organizations that Bengal of that time had seen.

He did not neglect the political aspect of women's organization. In fact, he was perhaps the first amongst the revolutionary leaders who could visualise that women have also their distinct role to play in our freedom struggle and are important in a political organization as their male counterpart. He initiated Satyabhusan Gupta, Bhupendranath Rakshit Roy, Rasamoy Sur, Bhabesh Nandi, Anil Das (Martyr), Manindra Roy, Dr Sailesh Roy, Dr Arun Nandi, Dr Bhupal Bose, Anil Ghose, Khsitis Roy, Rebati Burman, Sunil Das, Kaviraj Kamalakanta Ghosh and many others. His first initiation to a woman was Leela Nag and through her a bunch of women were recruited in Sri Sangha.

Anil Roy was twice imprisoned for a long period, once in 1930 and again in 1941 for about 14 years He was detained in Dacca Jail, Alipurduar New Sub Jail, Buxa Camp, Deoli Detention Camp, Berhampore Jail and Alipur Central Jail .

After coming out of Jails in 1938 Anil Roy quite keeping with his nature aligned himself with Subhas Chandra Bose in the common political struggle and worked most relentlessly for forging the ideological front of Forward Bloc.

Married Leela Nag a fore ranking women revolutionary on 13 May 1939.

A regular contributor in Forward Bloc Weekly & Jayasree Bengali Monthly. He was known as a critique of Marxism. His published books are, Jagrata Parashya, Dharma O Bijnan, Samajtrantir Dristite Marxbad,[Marxism] Hegeliya Darshan [Hegelian philosophy]– a treatise on Hegel, Bibaha O Paribarer Kramobikash – a refutation of Marx-Morgan theory, Netajir Jibanbad, Party

& Leadership, [What Netaji Stands for] etc, He composed and directed a dance drama titled 'Netajir Dak', Nabagitika - a collection of his compositions, He passed away on 6 January 1952, suffering for a short spell from Cancer. During the First General election he was candidate for the House of people , cruel hands of death suddenly fell on him while he was in the peak of his activities. Thus ended the dedicated life of a selfless patriot, a valiant fighter for the cause of oppressed humanity and above all a giant amongst men. A few can inspire and move men's mind to action. He was one of the few such.

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Sunil Das

Sunil Das was one of those revolutionaries who dedicated themselves heart and soul for the cause of India's freedom. He was initiated into the revolutionary outfit "Sreesangha" under the tutelage of his elder brother Anil Das and under the inspiration of the late revolutionary Anil Das and his spouse Deshnetri Leela Roy Sunil Das was a close confidante and assistant of the revolutionary couple during their lifetime He remained true to the vow that he took committing himself to India's freedom movement as a student till the last day of his life.

A brilliant student in school and college, he completed his MSc degree from the Dacca University with flying colours He began his scientific research work under the guidance of the renowned scientist Jnan Chandra Ghosh The call of the revolutionary activities during the thirties, however proved irresistible for him and sucked him into its current.

His elder brother was mercilessly beaten to death in police custody in 1932. His younger brother Parimal Das lost his life in a tragic accident while being pursued by the police for his revolutionary activities. Later in life his only sister Latika (Das) Sen was killed in police firing on a peaceful demonstration in independent India. His is a shining example of a family of martyrs for the cause of India's independence Sunil Das, the only surviving scion of this illustrious family carried on the tradition of selfless service to the nation as long as he lived

He was first imprisoned in October 1931 on charges of attempting to assassinate the District Magistrate of Dacca. He was arrested once again in 1933 on charges of conspiracy to murder the District Magistrate Midnapore for which he was detained in different prisons without trial till 1938

He joined the "Forward Bloc" of Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose soon after its formation along with his mentor couple and other colleagues. Going underground in 1941 to evade arrest, he was

ultimately arrested in June 1942 and cast into prison where he remained till 1946. Soon after his release, however, he got busy strengthening and reorganizing the Forward Bloc.

1946 was marked by communal violence and the conspiracy to partition India. Sunil Das devoted himself fully in attempts to preserve communal harmony in the riot affected areas of Calcutta, Dacca and Noakhali. In those days a relief camp had been opened for sheltering the nationalist Muslim leaders of Calcutta the responsibility of running which fell on the shoulders of Sunil Das. Simultaneously he participated in the movement for resisting partition which was led by Sarat Bose, Satya Ranjan Bakshi, Anil Roy, Leela Roy, et al. The twin fallout of the tragic partition was issues of protecting the minorities in East Pakistan and rehabilitating the refugees in West Bengal, to which he devoted all his energy under the leadership of the revolutionary couple Leela and Anil Roy.

He played a stellar role in organisational work in the pre-Independence revolutionary work as well as the post independence political activity. He has been the Secretary of the Forward Bloc, leader of the Subhasist Forward Bloc, Secretary and later President of the Praja Socialist Party and Assistant Secretary of the Janata Party leaving his mark as an organiser everywhere. He was the prime motivating force behind the South Calcutta Netaji Birth Centenary Celebration Committee.

Elected to the West Bengal State Assembly in 1957 again, he left his impression with his well thought out and logical deliberations. Simultaneously he also led agrarian and agricultural labour reform movements. He took over the mantle of editing "Jayasree" in 1970 after the demise of Deshnetri Leela Roy the founding editor True to his nature he devoted himself totally to upholding the ideals and traditions of this periodical which had behind it the heritage of revolutionary Bengal and the struggle waged by its greatest revolutionary, Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose He edited the Golden and the Diamond Jubilee editions of Jayasree Publications, which were two of its most authentic and best compilations.

Sunill Das met Bhagwanji in different places from 1965 to 1981, He used to be addressed by Bhagwanji as "Mukul".

He remained underground once again for a prolonged period in 1975 during the Emergency He had to undergo surgical operations on several occasions for his ailments. Physical infirmity, however could not dent his determination and motivation for working for what he considered his mission.

He edited the six volumes of Complete works of Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose for the Jayasree Publications They remain a treasure trove for those willing to do research on or are just eager to know about Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose. He authored a booklet on agrarian reforms and agricultural labourers' movement while in prison during 1942-43. He also authored books in Bengali as well as in English on language and minorities issues. The Committee on National Language and Communal Harmony" published an English booklet authored by him titles "Language Separates-Assam Happenings." He also wrote a few articles in the English weekly "Janata". His book "The Bangladesh Revolution" was published in 1971 during the emergence

of independent Bangladesh. As a member of the Sarat Bose Academy he composed a lengthy English Essay in 1982 commemorating Sarat Bose "Fateful Partition; A Plan for an United Sovereign Bengal." Other remarkable series of articles authored by him were "Russia-China War" and "Marxism in the Twentieth Century". He has written innumerable editorials and articles as Assistant Editor and subsequently as Editor of Jayasree since 1970. He has an incisive pen and his articles created a sensation in the period leading up to the Emergency in 1975, as a result of which censorship was imposed on the "Jayasree". He has left his mark on varied fields of knowledge such as science, literature, philosophy, history, international politics, economics, etc. Lastly he was in the process of publishing an autobiographical series titled "Atmavishkaar" [Self Discovery] which unfortunately could not proceed to its completion.

His 1398 Pous editorial of "Jayasree" "Ki Korecho" [What have you people done] regarding Netaji created a sensation. He played a leading role in opposing the award of "Posthumous Bharat Ratna" to Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose. . He held the firm belief that Netaji did not perish in any air crash. His last editorial was for the 1398 Magh issue on "Dr Manmohan Singh's Budget:1992-93" which was never published.

He shunned publicity. He was a follower of traditions, free from parochialism and deeply spiritual. He was wholly steeped in the teachings of the Gita. That is why he always reiterated "I am part of the whole" His "whole" comprised of Anil Roy, Leela Roy and , above all, the unifying ethos of Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose The guiding principle in his life were the words "Who am I?"He never expressed a thought as that of his own self or that of any particular personality. He always maintained " I do not have any separate identity of my own. I am the eternal itinerant " The eternal itinerant was always committed to the welfare of all, known, unknown and of people within or outside the confines of his political party. Till the last moment of his life, the only concern was never "What I have received" but "What I have yet not been able to provide."

Once while speaking about him Mahakal remarked," Sunil (Mukul) is after all a pupil of Sriyukta Leela Roy, that too of the highest order of the ideals of her heart. Astounding indeed is his sacrifice. He could have really made it big in his life. But when he saw the old associates (of Leela Roy) are no more, he stood by her ***like a rock*** forgetting and forsaking all that was his own in life. I doubt if there is another one like him. I pay my respectful homage to the greatness of his heart, solemnity and depth I love him most of all because of the greatness of his heart. One may come across a ***shortcoming*** or two if looked for carefully--- as one has to look hard to notice the flickering light emitted by the firefly in the midday sun.

We offer our homage to this totally renunciate all-sacrificing great revolutionary

The Uncompromising Revolutionary Samar Guha

Samar Guha, the revolutionary was born on the 27th January, 1918 on Saraswati Puja. Little wonder he was gifted simultaneously with academic and musical brilliance. He went to Pogose School, Dhaka, graduated from Jagannath College, and did his post graduation from Dacca University where he came out first among the first class pass candidates in Chemistry. Thereafter he started his scientific research on coal under the guidance of Dr Jnan Chandra Ghosh, the renowned scientist. This however could not progress far as he gravitated into the revolutionary activity that was at its peak in Bengal. His elder brother Bhupal Guha was already a revolutionary in the "Sreesangha" led by Leela Nag and Anil Roy. He started doing secret organisational work for SreeSangha under the guidance of revolutionary martyr Anil Das and Anil Ghosh. In those days Leela Nag and Anil Roy were in prison and the young Bhupal Guha was running errands for "Jayasree". His elder sister Labanya Prabha Bose was also a lifelong associate of Leela Roy.

After the historic Tripuri Congress split the revolutionary groups sided with the outgoing Congress President Subhas Chandra Bose and meetings used to be held in Dacca under the leadership of Anil Roy. Shortly afterwards Subhas Chandra Bose visited Manickgunje, Boyra, and other areas of East Bengal.. Samar Guha the student joined the Forward Bloc along with Anil Roy and Leela Roy. During the Quit India movement in 1942 Samar Guha joined the ranks of revolutionaries who were imprisoned en-masse. Samar Guha spent 1942 in Dacca jail and in 1943 he was interned in the Buxa special prison. He came in touch with Santosh Bhattacharya, Piyush Raut, Rasamoy Bose, Naresh Guha Khasnabis, Sudhir Nag, Bhabesh Nandi, et al. In jail the prisoners did regular physical exercise, observed silence one day a week and pursued study and music. He gradually picked up the art of leadership from Anil Roy who was specially adept in academics and music By the time the leadership of "Sreesangha" were out of prison the criminal conspiracy for partitioning the country on religious lines was wholly in place and the situation had become ripe for partition Leela Roy made an unsuccessful attempt to prevent partition from Dacca but she had to migrate to Calcutta crestfallen from her failure. On the one hand there were communal riots and the ethnic cleansing of Hindus from East Bengal and on the other there was the huge problem of rehabilitation of the refugees crossing over into West Bengal. Samar Guha stayed back in Dacca where he formed the East Pakistan People's' Committee and the East Bengal Minorities Committee of which he was the Secretary. He started spreading the message for raising the demand of an independent and united Bengal and printed and distributed thousands of booklets and pamphlets under a Muslim pseudonym. The Government of Pakistan got wind of things and had him arrested in 1949 The majority of the Hindu political leadership migrated into West Bengal but Samar Guha remained there. He published a weekly magazine the "Janamat"[public opinion] Meanwhile the government of East Pakistan had plans to liquidate him. Samar Guha made good his escape from East Pakistan in the guise of a Muslim Immediately on arrival at the Dum Dum airport on the 20th February 1951 he came to meet Sarat Bose, Netaji's elder brother as directed by Leela Nag (then Roy) and narrated to him the horrendous accounts of ethnic cleansing of Hindus in East Pakistan. Sarat Bose was shocked to hear all this and on the same night he passed away after suffering a massive heart attack.

In 1951 Samar Guha started doing organisational work for the Forward Bloc under the leadership of Anil Roy and Leela Roy and became the Secretary of the West Bengal branch of

the Subhasist Forward Bloc. The entire leadership of the Subhasist Forward Bloc including Samar Guha lost the first general elections with the exception of Dr Atindranath Bose. In 1953 the Subhasist Forward Bloc merged with the Krishak Mazdoor Praja Party and the Socialist Party to form the Praja Socialist Party. Guha became a member of the Central Committee of the party, a post which had earlier been held by Leela Roy. He was also elected Secretary of its State Branch. Thereafter he participated in the Bhoodan movement led by Jayaprakash Narayan and as part of "J.P's" campaign to garner international support against the Chinese aggression and illegal occupation of Tibet he made an extensive tour of South East Asia in course of which he came in contact with several colleagues of Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose in South East Asia which he has mentioned in his book "Netaji's Swapna O Sadhana"[Netaji's Dream and Quest].

Emotional, adventurous and romantic, he wrote several books, essays and articles reflecting Netaji's views and thoughts.
He was disappointed in his quest for political salvation in the "Bhoodan" movement after he had a brief tryst with spirituality in the form of a sojourn in the Himalayas which he narrated in his literary composition the "Uttarapath".
Over and above his political activities, he joined as a professor first in the Jyotish Ray College in Bijoygarh followed by the Jadavpur University. Here he wrote his celebrated text book in Chemistry in Bengali, the first of its kind in a vernacular language under the inspiration of the scientist Satyendranath Bose. The book gained outstanding acceptance from the student community in Bengal and continues to be an authentic textbook even today.
Besides, his impassioned speeches in the Lok Sabha challenging the government's version of Netaji's reported death in the so called air crash at Taihoku in Taiwan on August 18, 1945 and his unrelenting struggle on this issue to unravel and establish the truth have become the stuff of legend.

He met Bhagwanji for the first time along with Leela Roy in 1963 March Subsequently he visited him on several occasions at different places of stay.

In 1970 his life took another turn as he was catapulted into a position of central political leadership. When the campaign for establishing an independent Bangladesh was at its peak he was indirectly responsible for the government decide its stand in the issue. The then Prime Minister Mrs Indira Gandhi depended on Samar Guha's opinion on almost every major issue relating to Bangladesh's struggle for independence. At that time his extensive tours along India's eastern borders with erstwhile East Pakistan along with his calm, composed and resolute speeches had a profound effect on moulding public opinion in favour of the Bangladesh Liberation War facilitating both the Mukti Bahini and the Indian Army in their overt and covert operations He created a "National Coordination Committee for Bangladesh" with M.C.Chagla as President and himself as acting President headquartered at the Netaji Bhawan in Kolkata. Socialist leaders from all over the country especially Maharashtra gave full fledged support to his effort Impressed by the capabilities of Samar Guha Mrs Indira Gandhi tried her best to pull Samar Guha into the fold of the Indian National Congress, her own political party. Needless to say, Samar Guha, who was well set in his own course in life, declined the offer.
With the declaration of Emergency he along with the rest of the opposition leaders all over India were arrested in the massive pre-dawn swoop on the 25th June, 1975. In 1977, after the

Emergency was withdrawn, while speaking In the Lok Sabha regarding the tyranny unleashed by Mrs Gandhi and the Congress he said "I leave it to the wisdom of the members of the house on what to be done regarding Mrs. Indira Gandhi". After being elected to the parliament on a Janata Party ticket in 1977 he functioned as its coordinator. It was at this juncture that he once again raised the demand for discarding the reports of both the Shah Nawaz Committee and the Khosla Commission inquiring into the disappearance of Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose. Satisfied with his reasoning and arguments Morarji Desai, the then Prime Minister rejected both the Inquiry Commission reports. It was primarily the pressure mounted through his efforts that led to the institution of the Justice Mukherjee Commission of Inquiry in 1998.

He wrote innumerable letters to prominent personalities all over India for the observance of Netaji's birthday on the 23rd January in proper spirit and due solemnity.

It was thanks to his efforts that the oil painting of Netaji drawn by the artist Chintamani Kar that now adorns the Parliament hall was put up there in 1978. It was also primarily owing to his pressure that the former soldiers of the INA were granted the status of freedom fighters in 1978 which made them eligible for a government pension in Independent India. Also during Netaji's birth Centenary in 1997,"Subhas Chandra's contribution in the Planning Commission" and a big meeting was held presided over by Madhu Dandvate. Samar Guha himself however could not attend the meeting due to poor health.

He represented the Contai Parliamentary Constituency from 1967 to 1980 on behalf of the Praja Socialist Party and later the Janata Party. He played a powerful role as a leader of the Socialist group of politicians. He was close to the socialist leaders T.A. Pai, N.G. Gore, S.M. Joshi, Ganga Sharan Singh, Surendra Dwivedi, Hem Baruah, Hari Vishnu Kamath, Prem Bhasin, Madhu Dandvate, Piloo Modi, et al.

He also actively strove to secure grants for the Netaji Research Bureau, a contribution which has gone largely unacknowledged. It was also at his behest that the government of India issued commemorative stamps in 1968 and 1993 on the silver and the golden jubilee of the establishment of the Provisional Government of Independent India in Exile in 1942 by Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose.

He fought tooth and nail resisting the mala fide attempts to bring the so called remains of Netaji kept at the Renkoji temple in Japan

His literary compositions include "Netaji'r Mat O Path" [Netaji's ideology and way], "Netaji'r Swapna O Sadhana" [Netaji's Dreams and Quest], "Rabindranather Drishtite Subhas Chandra"[Subhas Chandra in Rabindranath Tagore's eyes], "Akhanda Bharate Akhanda Bangla"[Undivided Bengal in Undivided India], "August Biplab"[The August Revolution (of 1942)] , "Swadhin Purba Pakistan"[Independent East Pakistan], "Padarther Swarup"[The true nature of matter], "Uttarapath"[Sojourn in the North(Himalayas)], "Netaji Dead or Alive", "The Mahatma and Netaji- The Two Men of the Destiny of India" and "The Country Must Know What Happened to Netaji". He edited the "Jayasree" for four years since 1992 after the demise

of Sunil Das, though he could not continue beyond 1999 due to failing health. He believed the "Jayasree" family to be the true standard bearers of Netaji's thoughts, ideals and his legacy.

On the 23rd of January 1999 he addressed nine public meetings at Deshpriya Park, Shyam Bazar, Calcutta Maidan, Maharashtra Niwas Hall, etc and the strain proved too much for him to bear and he fell sick within a few days from which he never recovered. He suffered a series of haemorrhagic strokes rendering him paralyzed. He was hospitalized with respiratory distress on the 9th May 2002 at the AMRI Hospital where he breathed his last on June 17, after one and a half months, leaving behind his wife Basana Guha and daughter Srimati and granddaughter Medha who were present at his bedside.

His life is an enduring saga of uncompromising struggle for justice for which he suffered imprisonment in British India, Pakistan and India. It is a beacon light for today's younger generation.

Revolutionary Dr Pabitra Mohan Roy- traveller on a perilous journey.

Born on July 2, 1908 in Bikrampur in Dacca district, Dr Pabitra Mohan Roy passed his matriculation form Tangail School in 1927. He completed studying medicine from Dacca National Medical College in 1931. In the same year, evading arrest for revolutionary activities, he arrived in Malaya via Rangoon, where he came in contact with revolutionary Rashbehari Bose. He got involved in doing organizational work for Azad Hind Sangh. After Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose came and took over as the Supreme Commander of the Azad Hind Fauz or the Indian National Army, he joined its Secret Service following his order. In 1944 a team of Secret Service personnel from the INA landed on the coast of Orissa in a Japanese submarine. The team functioned in India for a year having set up base in Calcutta. Dr Roy was arrested in Puri in 1945. He was sentenced to death by hanging after trial. Later the death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. In prison he started writing his own diary which contains the details of the preparations and the execution of his secret mission for the INA in India. He was released in December 1946. In the first general elections he was elected to the West Bengal Legislative Assembly. He passed away on March 21, 1993.

Towards the end of 1962 he went to Naimisharanya on the basis of the report of Professor Atul Sen searching for Netaji Subhas where he was said to be living as a saint in seclusion. He was able to finally meet the saint in a dilapidated temple in Naimisharanya. After having spoken to him he was convinced that the saint or the sanyasi was none other than Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose. By way of testing him the saint handed over a list of items to be delivered to him. Unable to complete procuring the wish list of the sanyasi he confided everything to Revolutionary Leela Roy and sought her help. She sought seven days' time within which she was able to procure everything as per the list provided by the Sanyasi. Before the 23rd January 1963 Dr Pabitra Mohan Roy set out for Naimisharanya along with all the items asked for by him. Then on till

September 16, 1985 he maintained uninterrupted contact with the Sanyasi. As he had risked his life obeying the order of the Supreme Commander once undertaking a perilous journey and a dangerous duty which resulted him being sentenced to death, he surrendered to his leader once again and kept serving him with utmost loyalty and obedience. Nobody came to know of the reunion that took place after loss of contact for over fifteen years between the leader and his trusted loyal follower.

…" There is only one consideration I have ever had in mind; I shall have to see to it and I need to keep an eye on only one objective in this life, what I have not been able to deliver as yet. It is not this life's objective to dwell upon what I have not received. The prime consideration in my life is not what I have received but what I have not been able to deliver as yet. That's it! My life shall be fulfilled."

Mahakal

…I believe and know and have faith in divine grace. I know that honest endeavours pursued with dedication are surely blessed with divine grace…..And even if the pioneer dies, his Sadhana dies not. It is taken up by other Sadhakas of the same line----and thoughts pursued to its final glorious consummation……my Sadhana cannot----shall not fail! Matri Sadhana can never fail!"

Mahakal.